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See Visitor N.º I.

THE VISITOR.

By Several Hands.

Published by

WILLIAM DODD, M. A.
Chaplain in Ordinary to His Majesty.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
Printed for Edward and Charles Dilly,
in the Poultry, near the Manſion-Houſe.

M.DCC.LXIV.

THE VISITOR.

By several Hands.

Publish'd by

WILLIAM DODD, M. A.
Chaplain in Ordinary to His Majesty.

VOL. I.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE GRENVILLE,

First LORD of the TREASURY,

In grateful Acknowledgment of Favours
conferr'd,

And in juſt Teſtimony

To his Diſtinguiſhed Virtues,

Theſe VOLUMES are Inſcribed,

With all due Reſpect,

By his moſt obliged

and devoted

humble Servant,

West-Ham,
April 1764.

The Editor.

200730

ADVERTISEMENT.

MOST of the following eſſays, under the title of *The Viſitor*, made their appearance in the Ledger *; in which the editor was induced to write, by a friendly diſpoſition towards ſome of thoſe, who firſt embarked in that paper. It gave him great pleaſure, to find theſe pieces ſo well received by the public: For, as they were principally upon ſerious ſubjects, he could not fail to collect a good inclination to ſuch ſubjects from that favourable reception. This rendered him the more ready to comply with the ſollicitations of thoſe who deſired to ſee *the Viſitor*, preſerved in volumes: eſpecially, when he conſidered the debt he owed to thoſe ingenious friends,

* In the years 1760, and 1761.

who had been ſo kind as to aſſiſt him in the undertaking. Two volumes therefore of ſelect papers are now preſented to the reader; moſt of them upon ſerious and important topics, and ſuch as the editor flatters himſelf will repay attention. Yet, that they might not be wholly devoid of amuſement, ſome are admitted on entertaining ſubjects; and the whole, it is hoped, will afford the reader ſatisfaction. The editor has the leſs doubt of it, when he recollects, which he does with peculiar pleaſure, the ingenious friends who have lent him their aid; ſome of whom he is not allowed to mention. It muſt be left to time, if haply theſe papers ſhall ſurvive, to point out their eſſays. It has been but lately diſcovered that Lord *Hardwicke* was a writer in the Spectator. The ancients never ſacrificed to heroes, till the ſun was ſet.

But

But tho' he *may* not mention ſome, yet he muſt be permitted to inform the public, that the very ſprightly papers from *Selima Seeker*, were written by an amiable young lady in the country, Miſs *J---n---n*, whoſe lively pen conſtitutes the leaſt part of her excellence. Thoſe marked with the letter N. would, without any ſignature, have diſcovered their judicious and ſenſible author, whoſe compoſitions would do credit to any work, and muſt be acceptable to every reader: the editor muſt always think himſelf peculiarly happy in his friendſhip, and rejoice to have any of his works recommended by the joint labours of ſo diſtinguiſhed a writer. For the papers ſigned T. we are obliged to Mr. *Thompſon*, than whom few men think more deeply, or more juſtly: the editor's worthy friend, the Revd. and ingenious Mr. *Duncombe*, claims the paper ſigned

Crito:

Crito : and to Dr. *L*——, he is obliged for many uſeful hints, and the papers marked H. and S. Of the reſt, generally ſpeaking, thoſe without ſignatures, as well as thoſe ſigned M. were written by the editor; who, in this enumeration of his friends, muſt not with-hold from Mr. *C*—— of *Upton*, that tribute which is juſtly due for his good aſſiſtance, and for the kind part he has taken in this publication. Let the ſucceſs of which be what it may, the editor will always enjoy a heart-felt pleaſure in the reflection, that his endeavours, however feeble, are ſincerely and uniformly exerted in the cauſe of virtue and religion: that he diffuſes no malignant poiſon to diſturb the peace of the community or of individuals: that vice and folly are the only objects of his hate or ridicule: and that the great wiſh of his heart, and, he truſts, the main end

of

of his life, is to be, and to do good to the utmoſt limits of his little power.

N. B. The paper ſigned *J. B. Senex*, was received by the poſt, from an unknown correſpondent.

THE VISITOR.

NUMBER I.

By PHILANTHROPY CANDID, Esq;

Præclarè Socrates, hanc viam ad gloriam proximam, et quasi compendiariam dicebat esse, si quis id ageret, ut qualis haberi *vellet,* talis *esset.* CICERO.

WALKING in my garden the other morning, and amusing myself with the pleasures of rural privacy,

Marking how spring
My tended plants;
How nature paints her colours; how the bee
Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweets;

I was interrupted in the delightful employ by the approach of two gentlemen who had stolen upon me before I was aware, my worthy friend Mr. *Manysheets*, the bookseller, and his coadjutor, Mr. *Fairtype*, the printer. "Welcome, gentlemen, quoth I; what hath brought you from the busy world and the bustle of trade to this sequestered vale, this silent abode of retire-

ment and ſolitude?" They bowed and they ſmiled: "Sir, we have taken the liberty to pay our reſpects to you: we have long had a deſire to viſit *Candour-hall*, of which we have heard ſo often, and ſo much: though we find it, indeed, a place of greater elegance and pleaſure than we even imagined. Bleſs us, what a charming Proſpect! how beautiful the Garden! and the Houſe, why it is very noble, though it ſeems ſomewhat antient." "Somewhat antient truly, gentlemen; it hath been the ſeat of our family time immemorial. Do you chuſe to enjoy with me the air and the garden, or ſhall I have the pleaſure to conduct you within doors?" "As you pleaſe, Sir; but poſſibly our Buſineſs," ſaid Mr. *Fairtype:* "Your buſineſs, gentlemen — not a word of that, I hope, in this place, which is devoted to other purpoſes. You have left your buſineſs behind, I trow, in the city." "Why Sir, to ſay the truth, it was buſineſs which brought us down hither— Pardon us, good Sir— but we are petitioners"— And then they both removed their Hats once more from their Heads, bowed ſomewhat more low than at firſt, and ſmiled ſomewhat more expreſſively. "Nay, gentlemen, your hats I pray to their proper places; not a word of buſineſs or petitions, or ought beſides, till that be done— Well, and now then for this ſame petition." "Why, Sir, the LEDGER"—"True, quoth I, the LEDGER is a very good and uſe-

ful

ful paper; I take it in, and value it much. This declaration of my real ſentiments, I ſoon found, gave them high delight: we touched the right ſtring; for again they bowed, again they ſmiled, and expreſt a vaſt opinion of my wiſdom and ſagacity. "But, Sir, ſaid they, you could ſerve the LEDGER ſtill more than by your good wiſhes: you have a *pen*, Sir — I am ſure I would take great care to be very correct, ſaid Mr. *Fairtype:* and as for me, obſerved my good friend the bookſeller, I would keep the name of the author a moſt profound ſecret; and I can keep a ſecret, let me aſſure you, Sir; and moreover, when you had written as many *eſſays* as you pleaſe, I would be careful to reduce them to elegant volumes."

The matter thus opened, half the work was done; and I ſhall not indulge my readers curioſity with the multifarious excuſes and difficulties urged by myſelf, againſt engaging in the propoſed deſign. Suffice it to add, that the *bookſeller* and *printer* got the victory over the *author*; —at this who will wonder? and drew from me a promiſe to furniſh out lucubrations at my leiſure, for the *emolument* of the *public*; or in other words, for the private profit of their well-planned paper the *Ledger*; in which, it ſeems, my *learned* and *wiſe* labours are to ſtage themſelves to the general eye.

But after the whole affair was well nigh ſettled, two things occurred, which were pregnant with difficulties; and which indeed we *hardly* ſurmounted. The *title* of our paper in general, and the *ſubject* of our firſt number. Mr. *Many-ſheets* was of opinion, that a *good title* was of infinite conſequence: he ſeemed to ſuggeſt that a good title was even better than good matter. For, ſaid he; a good title will often carry through bad matter: whereas a bad title often mars and damns the beſt matter upon earth. We were extremely uneaſy upon finding almoſt every *title*, however inſignificant, uſurped by our predeceſſors of immortal memory; and Mr. *Fairtype* puſhed back his peruke with much chagrin and in gloomy ſilence, to find not only the *author* but the *bookſeller* poſed. At length, "Gentlemen, quoth I, the incident of your coming hither will furniſh a title. From you, my good *viſitors*, call we our paper the VISITOR"—"An excellent hint verily," quoth Mr. *Fairtype*; his eyes ſparkling with pleaſure. "Under this title, continued I, we may convey our ſentiments with propriety enough; and not be out of our way, whether we *viſit* public or private life; whether we attend the court or the city; the camp or the ſtage; the church or the conventicle; the chamber of ſorrow, the ſocial fire-ſide, or even the ſhop of the bookſeller."

"But

" But for the firſt number; all the world will form their judgment from the firſt number." " Nay, then, replied I; they will ſurely do wrong. The family of the *Candids* never act thus. But be ſatisfied on that head. I am reſolved reſpecting the matter. I will take a ſtep different from all my brother writers in this way. A bold attempt it may ſeem, but not therefore leſs pleaſing. You were kind enough, Mr. *Manyſheets*, to promiſe inviolable ſecrecy. Sir, we will not deſire it. I will put my name to our *paper*, and our firſt number ſhall contain ſome account of myſelf. Other *eſſayiſts* may ſtudy to conceal themſelves; and with mighty art ſhroud themſelves in darkneſs from the public, that they may break out at length into ſudden and ſhining celebrity. We will be more ingenuous. You are welcome to my name; and I flatter myſelf it will not diſſerve your paper." Of all the bows hitherto given, on this occaſion I received by far the loweſt. " Oh! to be ſure, they jointly obſerved; to be ſure a real name is of the utmoſt uſe;—and then, Sir, a gentleman like you, of ſuch fortune, family, and reputation: we can never expreſs ſufficiently our obligations." " But, Sir, what if you was to be ſo kind:—you have a ready pen—we can amuſe ourſelves here in the garden: it will not take above half an hour: and we ſhould be mighty glad to convey home with us the firſt

Eſſay, that we might ſhew it our partners; and begin as ſoon as may be. We preſume on your goodneſs, Sir; but we hope you will not find us ungrateful."

I was once again overcome by the importunity of theſe gentlemen, and left them in the garden, while I retired to my ſtudy, with an intention to write ſome account of myſelf and my family: but falling inſenſibly into an introduction, after I had written two or three pages, my two friends, rather keen with impatience, came gently tapping at my door, to enquire, how it flowed? "Oh! well, very well, gentlemen, replied I; enter and hear." Upon which I read to them, what hath gone before, and "Behold, ſaid I, an unexpected firſt *Eſſay*—Take it and print it, and tell the public that our next ſhall contain a proper hiſtory of the *author*, with whoſe family it hath always been a rule "to read with attention: to weigh without prejudice: to be deliberate in deciſion: forward to approve, ſlow to condemn: ſince temerity in cenſure indicates at once weakneſs of judgment, and want of candour."—Whilſt not only for an *author*, but for all mankind, my father uſed to obſerve, in the words of the writer, prefixed to this *eſſay*, that "the ſureſt and ſhorteſt way to fame, was always to endeavour really *to be*, what you wiſh, to be *eſteemed*."

This

This ſaid, they ſeized my paper: and behold, gentle reader, it waiteth upon thee, with all due deference: courting a favourable reception, from thy benignity and politeneſs.

NUMBER II.

By PHILANTHROPY CANDID, Eſq;

Friend, parent, neighbour, firſt it will embrace:
His country next; and next all human race:
Wide and more wide th' o'erflowings of the mind,
Takes every creature in, of every kind:
Earth ſmiles around, with boundleſs bounty bleſt,
And heav'n beholds its image in his breaſt.

POPE.

THOUGH it is a maxim of prudence to ſpeak little, if at all, of ourſelves; yet we find a ſtrange propenſity in human creatures to indulge this ſubject, and to make themſelves "the little heroes of a tale." Moraliſts, and poſſibly with much truth, have attributed this practice to no very commendable motive. And I, who am not unconſcious under what predicament it is claſſed, ſhould the rather for that reaſon, perhaps, be ſtudious to avoid it. But the honourable teſtimony, which my own heart bears me, of my perfect freedom from that diſingenuous motive, nay, my certain aſſurance of

the influence of a principle diametrically oppoſite, renders me regardleſs of a cenſure, which I cannot deſerve; as I ſpeak of myſelf, only with a view to advantage others. Without further preface then, I proceed according to my promiſe in the former paper.

Among the laſt inſtructions given me by my good father, full well do I bear the following in mind: "my dear *Phil.* (ſaid he) the honour of our houſe will very ſoon devolve upon you; it has been my care to ſupport it: and my poſterity, I flatter myſelf, will have no cauſe to condemn me. As to temporals, you will find the eſtate improved; and *Candour-hall* you are ſenſible is in decent repair. As therefore you will have the leſs engagements on theſe accounts, you will be able to attend more circumſpectly to ſuch things as immediately concern the reputation of our houſe. It is no ſmall pleaſure to me, that the very *ſight* and *repetition* of your *names* will at all times remind you of your duty; and ſuggeſt the relation *you* bear to mankind. Act agreeably to it and be happy. Conſider yourſelf as a *citizen* of the *world*; and deem nothing which regards *humanity* undeſerving your notice. Active in the cauſe of *virtue*, ſhew *vice* her deformity in the mirror of your own amiable practice; and rather ſtrive thus to force her, covered with ſhame, into the ſhades of darkneſs and oblivion; than to combat her with the

weapons

weapons of moroſe ſeverity, and to endanger yourſelf in the rough plain of malevolent harſhneſs. I would not have you by any means, forget either the *family* of your mother, or the chriſtian name which your grandfather was pleaſed to give me: for an attention to theſe will at all times properly direct your conduct, and keep your veſſel clear of any extremes."

My father's chriſtian name was *Judgment*, and well had he merited the appellation, even if it had not been involuntarily impoſed upon him in infancy: his whole life manifeſted the moſt *judicious* conduct; and the family of the *Candids*, through his wiſe meaſures, roſe much in eſteem. But never, in my opinion, and I believe in his own, did he more ſignally diſcover that cardinal excellence in the human mind, than when he made choice of the lady, whom I am ſo happy as to call mother, for the partner of his heart and bed. She was the eldeſt daughter of an ancient family, which has lived generally in near neighbourhood, and great friendſhip with our own: the name of the family is *Chreſtotes*; and the name is well known, though of Engliſh ſound, to be derived originally from a Greek word (χρηστότης) which ſeems to expreſs pretty nearly what we mean, by the word *good-nature*: and indeed, as if their name influenced their manners, they are commonly called, and uni-

verſally known by the title, (a truly honourable one) of "*the good-natured family.*"

I cannot attempt to give any deſcription of my mother. Figure to yourſelf the faireſt and beſt-natured nymph you know or ever ſaw, and it may give you ſome idea of her. Nay, rather figure to yourſelf *beauty* and *good-nature* in a female form, and that is ſhe. In her twentieth year my father unlooſed her virgin zone, and I was the much-loved ſon of their firſt embraces. My good old grandfather, who had ſome peculiarities, inſiſted upon giving me my name; and accordingly, by his appointment, I was called *Philanthropy:* "for, ſaid he, from the happy union of *Judgment* and *Good-nature*, the nobleſt humanity, the moſt unaffected candour, and the moſt rational *love* of *man* will proceed." Thus my worthy anceſtor prognoſticated.

The tenderneſs of my parents ſuffered them to omit nothing which they conceived likely to advance my happineſs or utility: and that affectionate, yet wiſe fondneſs, which they continually diſcovered, ſo wrought upon my mind, that the ties of nature were ſoon ſtrengthened by the approbation of reaſon; and my judgment beheld with the higheſt reverence and eſteem, thoſe whom my heart loved with the moſt endearing affection.

At the uſual age I was admitted a member of *Univerſity college* in Oxford; to which body, for many

many years, our family hath been attached; and for a reaſon, (as we have a tradition amongſt us) to the ſoundneſs of which I will not by any means ſubſcribe; but as it ſeems it was the notion of one of my forefathers, who preferred that *college* for its name; and conceived it more adapted to the genius of our family, than any of private appellation. "For I, (ſaid he) according to the *motto* of my arms, profeſs myſelf *civis mundi:* and *Univerſity college* agrees well with a *citizen of the world*, and an inhabitant of *Candour-hall.*" In conſequence, however, of the old gentleman's choice, this is become our family college; and thither have I lately ſent my nephew; who, by the way, will be uſeful, if in our future lucubrations we ſhall think fit to viſit that ſeat of the muſes.

Having finiſhed my ſtudies there, my parents, though reluctantly, indulged my ſtrong deſire of travel; and with a worthy, and ingenious clergyman, who now makes me happy with his company, and whom I have preferred to the rectory of my pariſh, I made the grand tour, and ſurveyed foreign countries: not without ſome uſeful attention, I hope, as well to the men and the manners, as to the ruins, pictures, wild beaſts, and burning mountains, &c. Much is due to my prudent companion, for what improvement I made, during my abſence from home: and it is not improbable, but he may be

perſuaded, if his parochial duties will admit, to favour me with an eſſay now and then, which I am ſure will be much to the ſatisfaction of my readers.

The illneſs of my honoured father haſtened my return from abroad ſooner than I intended. He lived to ſee me, but ſurvived not long after. I was then obliged to enter into a new ſcene of life: and, at the ſollicitation of my mother, who ardently wiſhed to ſee me ſettled, I paid my addreſſes to a neighbouring young lady, who gave me her hand, and became

My life's companion, and my ſofter friend;

miſtreſs of my heart, and wife of my choice; with whom I have now paſſed ſeveral years of ſerene felicity; but of whom I ſhall ſay no more at preſent, as poſſibly my fair readers may hear of her hereafter.

It is my pleaſure to reflect, that I have happily maintained thus far the credit of our family; and it may be ſaid, I believe, with ſome truth, that our houſe was never in greater reputation than in this age. We have had indeed, like moſt other families, ſtrange viciſſitudes and much variety. Sometimes *Candour-hall* hath been as it were deſerted and depopulated, and the very walls almoſt raſed to the ground. Again it hath reared its head; and the antient fabric, at preſent, under my father's

ther's care and my own, looks tolerably neat and ſtrong. My eldeſt ſon, a promiſing boy, often tells me, that, if he ſurvives me, he will beautify and decorate it ſtill more highly.

Though I always ſpend ſome of the winter months in town with my family, yet my principal reſidence is at my ſeat in the country: and as my diſtance from London is not great, and my gates are always open to my friends, I am ſeldom diſguſted with the wearineſs of ſolitude, happy as I am in the frequent viſits and very entertaining converſe of the moſt worthy and the moſt inſtructive. Perſonages of every rank are kind enough to pay a regard to me; many noble *lords* of high diſtinction are fond of viſiting *Candour-hall*; and indeed ſome of them have done me the honour to ſuggeſt ſome very valuable improvements of the edifice; as have alſo ſome right reverend and reſpectable *biſhops*, as well as others of the clergy, whoſe viſits are always particularly acceptable to me, and I am never better pleaſed, than when they will indulge me with an hour's familiar chat in my ſtudy. To ſay the truth, I am fond to cultivate their acquaintance, as their enemies, as well as the enemies of our family, have ſometimes repreſented them as no great friends to our houſe: but my preſent experience fully confutes all ſuch invidious ſuggeſtions.

Theſe connections render me no ſtranger to what paſſes in the great or ſmaller world; in the more retired walks of muſing ſcience; or the more thronged haunts of active buſineſs. Hence the labours of the learned are before me, as well as the ſchemes of the benevolent. Each of which I am always forward to encourage; and my reader muſt have noted, that no public act of general good can be pointed out, in which I am not a very principal perſon concerned. I muſt be allowed to mention two particularly wherein I have been an eſpecial inſtrument; and which I mention with the more ſatisfaction, as they have met with ſuch general approbation. *Philanthropy Candid* will be found a diſtinguiſhed promoter of the ſubſcriptions for the relief of the *French priſoners*, and for the aſſiſting our *gallant countrymen abroad.* Indeed it was moved to make me *chairman* and *treaſurer* in both thoſe committees; but I declined it, as I like not that kind of popularity. I love to do good, let who will run away with the *honour* of it.

The diſpoſitions which I have received from the care of my parents, are ſuch, that as I enjoy myſelf the greateſt bliſs and compoſure of ſoul; ſo my ſincereſt deſire, and my moſt zealous endeavour is, to diffuſe the ſerenity I ſhare, and to augment, all I may, the felicity of thoſe, whom I have ever been taught to eſteem as men, as brethren, and as fellow creatures.

P. S.

P. S. I muſt beg my reader to bear in mind, that a certain writer, who has aſſumed the name of our family in a late work, hath grievouſly impoſed upon the public; for I cannot find, by tracing his pedigree, that he is at all allied to our *houſe*; nay, I think, I may ſay, with great ſafety, that there is not one drop of the blood of the *Candids* in the *Optimiſt*. I take him to be of a *meagre French* family, very *ſour* and *miſanthropic*.

NUMBER III.

To the VISITOR.

——Their various labours they ſuſtain,
A decent competence for age to raiſe,
And then retire with indolence and eaſe.

FRANCIS's HORACE.

SIR,

TWO philoſophers there were, in the antient world, who contemplating *Life*, in different points of view, expreſt in a very different manner, their ſentiments: the one ever laughing at the egregious follies of man; the other, with greater humanity, as it ſeems, declaring his ſorrow for their vices, by continual weeping. Every day preſents us occaſions, either for ſympathiſing with the grief, or partaking the merriment of theſe philoſophers. To the

the contemplative eye nothing appears more extraordinary or irrational than the conduct and purſuit of thoſe who are ſo proud of their *rationality*. As a moraliſt, you propoſe to conſider and to correct theſe abſurdities, we preſume. And with this view, I beg leave to point out a glaring defect, which placed as I am, in a country retirement, ſtrikes me with greater force, than it can thoſe of you, who traverſe the crowded ſtreets of the vaſt metropolis. Your paper * too, calculated principally for the advantage of commerce, and peculiarly dedicated, as I conceive, to the ſervice of the trading world, will be the moſt proper vehicle to convey my remarks, and may be a means, perhaps, to bring them before *their* eyes, whom moſt they concern.

For the object I have in view, is what men commonly call *country retirement:* retirement from buſineſs: a matter doubtleſs highly neceſſary, under proper reſtrictions. But it is to be queſtioned, whether, as too commonly conducted, it may not prove a deluſive phantom, ſeducing men under the falſe glare of happineſs, into much miſery and diſquietude. Every man, endued with rational faculties, was certainly deſigned by the ſovereign creator, to fill up ſome ſtation, and to diſcharge ſome duties in life. It is incumbent upon every man, to act agreeable to this opinion; and in whatever rank he is ſtationed, honourably to fulfil the obligations of his place.

* Alluding to the *Ledger*.

place. But as man owes a duty, ſuperior to all merely worldly reſpects, to himſelf and his eternal intereſts, there can be no doubt, but a ſeaſonable retirement upon all proper occaſions is indiſpenſably requiſite; and towards the cloſe of life, when a man has done his buſineſs, if I may ſo ſay, there is no reaſon, why he ſhould not be diſmiſſed from the public ſtage, for the better ordering his private and moſt important concerns.

When a man retires with this view, and dedicates the remains of exiſtence to the retroſpect of paſt life; to the ſerious review of former tranſactions: to the ſervice of God, in rational piety, the improvement of his mind, and the preparation of his ſoul for that tremendous futurity—which, alarming thought, is eternal!—When theſe purpoſes, and theſe reſolutions lead a man from the hurry and tumult of the world, to the calm and quiet ſcenes of privacy and contemplation, we heſitate not to pronounce ſuch a retirement as honourable, as it is uſeful; ſubſervient to the beſt intereſt of rational creatures, and productive of the happieſt conſequences.

But alas! how rarely is this the caſe: how ſeldom do we find *retirement* ſought upon theſe principles! Every man is buſied and toiling with this end in view, "at length to be quiet, to leave off buſineſs, and *enjoy* himſelf." Amidſt the numbers

bers that are fatally deceived, and for ever prevented from executing their procraſtinated purpoſes; ſome are fortunate enough, as they deem it, to attain the deſired end; and ſatisfied with gain and with public engagements, they relinguiſh the latter, to reap in rural felicities the ſweet conveniencies of the former. The neceſſary hurry of removal, fitting up the country-houſe, planning the little garden, contriving the rails *tout Chineſe*, and erecting the ſummer-houſe, by way of ſmoaking-room, in the *Gothic* taſte: theſe and the like weighty concerns ſerve well at firſt to engage the attention, and nothing is ſo charming as the country! Oh! how happy, and how excellent a thing is *retirement!* But ſoon the fairy viſion vaniſhes; there is no more to be done; and the poor man is left to all the vacuity of an uncultivated mind; unaccuſtomed to reflection, a ſtranger to mental enjoyments, and reflective thought; equally inſipid to rural employments, and diverſions, he begins to feel the heavy load of himſelf; and wonders, whence it comes, that with every means and with the full purpoſe of happineſs, he is not, he cannot be happy. To kill poor time is now the grand object of his wiſhes. But time moves ſlower, while he is moſt earneſtly wiſhed to quicken his even pace.

Behold! this maſter of himſelf ſleeps, and riſes, walks, and yauns, and eats, and drinks, and

and yauns and ſleeps, and riſes and walks. Oh! what a comfort to him is your *Public Ledger* and ſuch faithful intelligencers, over which he may doſe away the tedious hour. What a comfort every lazy, idle neighbour like himſelf: but above all, what a comfort, the club, and the fortunate houſe of entertainment near him! yet all this is inſufficient. The void ſtill remains: and amidſt the wonder at his want of comfort, Death comes haſtily on; and he is forced from the ſtage, before he has learned how to live properly upon it.

My old neighbour and acquaintance Jerry Love-the-fleſh is full in my view, while I write. Alas, poor Jerry: It is but a few days ſince we attended him to the grave, (a place of all others Jerry liked the leaſt:) and that after having enjoyed him amongſt us but a ſhort time. Fifty years had our honeſt friend trod the walks of trade, and with a very fair character amaſſed his thouſands. But as his buſineſs lay ſomewhat in the drinking way, he had been unhappy enough to treaſure up ſome unpleaſant diſorders too—which lying a little hard upon him, Jerry opened his mind to his wife; and told her, that as they had no children, he reſolved to leave off buſineſs and retire. His wife felt much uneaſineſs of conſcience to leave ſo good a buſineſs: eſpecially as they had no friends or relations to put into it: however, under

under the ſmiling hope of being a country lady, at length ſhe gave her conſent.

Jerry had but one diſturbing qualm: and that was, quitting the honour and dignity, and the feaſts of the common council: for he had arrived at admiſſion into that reſpectable body. A ſevere fit of illneſs at length, after long delays, fixed the reſolution. And now behold Jerry and his wife handſomely dreſt, in the country church, for the firſt time, in order to give their neighbours notice, that they ſaw company. The company came, and the viſits were returned. But the returns again were ſlow. The days hung heavy. Only fortunately for Jerry, a good public houſe was diſtant about half a mile, known well by many worthy Cits, by the celebrated ſign of the Cat and Bagpipes. Thither Jerry retired, ſoon as breakfaſt was done, to read the news; thither retired Jerry, ſoon as dinner was over, to ſmoke his afternoon pipe: ever ſweet and charming to his ear was a call to the Cat and Bagpipes; there to live and die was Jerry's utmoſt wiſh. Nothing but the little tittle tattle of the village, and his own wealth and importance filled Jerry's mind or dwelt on his tongue, and having for near two years thus enjoyed the ſweets of retirement, at length, amidſt a complication of diſorders, our worthy neighbour departed; and left no vacuity in any man's wiſhes or any man's hopes.

Reflect

Reflect upon such retirement, and lament.—I forbear to pursue the subject: perhaps upon another occasion, if you'll permit me, I may shew the necessity of better retirement: and I have some pleasure in observing, that I can give you in a worthy friend, a perfect example of *such* a retreat from the world, as becomes a *man* and a *christian*.

I am, Sir, yours sincerely,

H.

NUMBER IV.

To the VISITOR.

See from his mother earth God's blessing spring,
And eat his bread in peace and privacy.

MASON.

SIR,

A Genius, like Hooker's (for the saying versified by the excellent poet above, was that great man's), such a genius might well relish the privacy of retirement, and the walks of solitude. Self-furnished, he could never want a fund of contemplation: and his mind, like a fountain ever flowing, yet never exhausted, must have supplied him with a perennial source of intellectual gratifications. But how

few are form'd like him for retirement; and what a contraſt to the ſecluſion of ſuch a man from the world is the dereliction of public life and labour, which we made honourable mention of, under the ſanction of Mr. Love-the-fleſh's example? Few need live long in the world, eſpecially in our part of it, and want inſtances of miſtaken retirement like Jerry's. But what then? Shall we ſeclude the toilſome tradeſman from the view of that which animates every endeavour, and draw a ſable veil over that ſparkling hope, which ſo brightly gilds the gloom of his deepeſt perplexity? Far be ſuch a malevolent attempt from us. Rather let us wiſh to lead him from deluſive proſpects to real poſſeſſion; and to conduct him from a flattering hope to a ſubſtantial enjoyment.

Retirement then, we heſitate not to pronounce, is not only commendable, but highly neceſſary: but that retirement muſt be entered upon with proper motives, in proper time, and with proper means, in order to give the happineſs, to confer the profit, expected from it.

If a man's motive for retirement be ſolely to indulge ſenſual gratifications, and to enjoy the luxury of wealth and of indolence: to ſeparate himſelf from the buſineſs, the better to purſue the pleaſures of the world; he acts a part unworthy a rational being, and degrades himſelf from the rank of an uſeful member of ſociety, to that

of

of an encumbering, uſeleſs excreſcence, deforming the body. But, when conſcious of his dependant ſtate, and future expectances, when awakened to a ſerious regard for immortal concerns; and convinced, that the hurry of the world, and the tumult of unwearied application to earthly attachments, much indiſpoſe the mind from proper attention to divine conſiderations; when moved by ſuch reflections, a man reſolves to quit the public ſtage, and to retire, that he may gain a better knowledge of himſelf, his God and his duty; the reſolution is as noble, as the performance of it will be happy; and every thing, that can dignify human nature, riſes up at once to adviſe and applaud it.

But before even ſuch a man enters upon the new ſcene; ſequeſters himſelf from the thronged walks of buſineſs, and covers himſelf in the embrown'd ſtate of obſcurity; let me adviſe, that he firſt explore his own diſpoſition; that he firſt make a trial of himſelf; and for ſome weeks, in order thereto, let him leave the world, and dedicate himſelf to his intended ſolitude. Perhaps this trial may convince him, that he did not well know himſelf; that he hath not a ſufficient fund of ſelf-ſatisfying reflection; nor a ſufficient reliſh for rural occupations to diſſipate the languor of lonelineſs; to avert the wearineſs of vacuity.

Happy

Happy in the knowledge, he may prevent the ill conſequences, which would have ariſen from a too haſty ſtep; and by retaining ſome connections with the world, which may ſerve to occupy a degree of regard and of time, he may reap all the pleaſures of retirement, while he is diverted from no valuable purpoſe, by the indiſpenſable incumbrances of large worldly connections.

And this perhaps is the beſt method for thoſe gentlemen to purſue, who have all their life long been engaged in the hurry of commerce, and the frequency of buſineſs. Sure I am it is the beſt method for the generality of them to purſue; whoſe minds, unaccuſtomed to a continuity of reflection, nay, and on many accounts incapable of it, will ſoon grow torpid and muddy; and cauſe them either to fly to the relief of drinking, or to ſink in uneaſy melancholy. But if, while with rational attention they ſeek retirement, they retain at the ſame time ſome attachments, which may engroſs ſuch a regard, more or leſs, as they ſhall find themſelves diſpoſed to give; they may, with good grounds, expect the beſt fruits from their receſſion; and may hope, that ſelf-reflection will become every day more pleaſing and more profitable.

As we would wiſh to ſee men retire with ſuch views, ſo we think that they ſhould not too long delay the deſign: life is ſhort, and the buſineſs we have to do in it great and important; and of

ſuch

ſuch a nature, that if it be left undone here, we are ruined irretrievably. What will it avail us, to defer our purpoſe another and another year, till we have gained ſuch a ſum, or effected ſuch a worldly ſcheme? Have we enough to ſupply our own wants, to furniſh our families with every neceſſary means of well-being; we are more wealthy than princes: indulging the deſire of more, is only indulging a diſeaſe, which the more it is fed, the more it encreaſes. Beſides, there is ſomething ungenerous in conſecrating the remains of a ruined conſtitution and ſhattered health to the deity, while we have been dedicating all our youth and ſtrength to the ſervice of the world.

Miſtake me not, as if I ſuppoſed, a man could not live in the world, and ſerve his maker ſincerely: far be ſuch a ſuggeſtion from me. I am convinced of the contrary by pleaſing experience; but I am reaſoning in reſpect of one, who has too much neglected that great concern, and has retirement now in view, on that account principally. And ſuch we would by all means exhort not to defer too long the important purpoſe; but while yet the mind retains its vigour, and the body its health, let them by all means, if they wiſh to improve retirement, haſten to its ſhades, and lay before them the ſerious plan of themſelves, of the end of their being, and the means to attain it; and with due application ſet

themſelves to the earneſt practice of thoſe virtues, which will render their grand *Retirement* from the world leſs painful and perplexing.

" It is this (ſays the excellent Dr. *Sherlock*) which makes retirement from the world ſo neceſſary, and ſo uſeful; not merely to eaſe our bodily labours, and to get a little reſt from buſineſs, to diſſolve in ſloth and idleneſs, or to wander about to ſeek a companion, or to hear news, or to talk politics, or to find out ſome way to ſpend time, which now lies upon our hands, and is more uneaſy and troubleſome to us than buſineſs was. This is a more dangerous ſtate, and does more indiſpoſe us for a happy death, than all the cares and troubles of an active life: but we muſt retire from this world to have more leiſure and greater opportunities to prepare for the next: to adorn and cultivate our minds and dreſs our ſouls like a bride, who is adorned to meet her bridegroom.

When men converſe much in this world, and are diſtracted with the cares and buſineſs of it: when they live in a crowd of cuſtomers or of clients, and are hurried from their ſhops to the *Exchange* or the *Cuſtom-Houſe*, or from their chambers to the bar; and when they have diſcharged one obligation, are preſſed ſo hard by another, that at night they have hardly ſpirits left to put up one prayer to God, nor any time for it in the morning: and the Lord's day itſelf is thought more

more proper for reſt and refreſhment, than devotion: what dull, cold apprehenſions muſt ſuch men have of another world? and after all the care we can take, how will this world inſinuate itſelf into our affections, when it employs our time and thoughts: when our whole buſineſs is buying and ſelling, and driving good bargains, and making conveyances and ſettlements of eſtates? How will this diſorder our paſſions, occaſion feuds and quarrels, give us a tincture of pride, ambition, covetouſneſs? So that there is work enough after a buſy life, even for very good men to waſh out theſe ſtains and pollutions, and to get the taſte and reliſh of this world out of their mouths, and to revive and quicken the ſenſe of God and of another world.

This is a ſufficient reaſon for ſuch men to think, when it is time to leave off, and if not wholly to withdraw from the world, yet to contract their buſineſs, and have the command of it, that they may have more leiſure to take care of their ſouls, before they have ſo near a call and ſummons to death; but much more neceſſary is it, when death is even at the door, and by the courſe of nature we know that it is ſo.

It is very proper to leave the world before we are removed out of it, that we may know how to live without it, that we may not carry any hankerings after this world with us into the next; and therefore it is fitting, that there ſhould be a

kind of middle ſtate between this world and the next; that is, that we ſhould withdraw from this world, and wean ourſelves from it, even while we are in it; which will make us more eaſy to part with this world, and more fit to go to the next. But it ſeems ſtrangely indecent, unleſs the neceſſities of their families, or the neceſſities of the public call for it, and exact it, to ſee men who are juſt a going out of the world, who, it may be, bow as much under their riches as under their age, plunging themſelves over head and ears in this world; courting new honours and preferments, with as much zeal as thoſe who are but entering into the world. It is to be feared, ſuch men, think very little of another world, and will never be ſatisfied with earth, 'till they are buried in it."

This quotation, I fear, has exceeded the bounds allowed me: and I muſt beg leave to poſtpone the concluſion of the ſubject to your next Saturday's paper. For that day's paper ſeems the moſt proper vehicle for ſuch contemplations; as it may ſerve to awaken the attention of ſome, who take it with them in their poſt-chaiſe to their country-retreats: and may lead them on the ſabbath to ſome reflections, which they do not chuſe to find in the church. I am, Sir,

Your conſtant reader,

H.

NUM-

NUMBER V.

To the VISITOR.

In honourable eaſe, and rural bliſs,
The remnant of his days he ſoftly paſt,
Nor found they lag'd too ſlow, nor flew too faſt;
He made his wiſh with his eſtate comply;
Joyful to live; yet not afraid to die.

PRIOR.

SIR,

THO' the poets have ſpoken of it with a kind of enthuſiaſtic rapture, yet few men are form'd for abſolute ſolitude: ſuch is the conſtruction of human nature, that torpor and laſſitude will invade the ſublimeſt genius, if left to all the lonelineſs of a ſequeſtered retreat. To render ſolitude tolerable, even to great minds, it muſt be qualified with ſeveral neceſſary adjuncts. Much more then will they be requiſite for the ſolitude and retirement of that order of men, who have engaged our former ſpeculations; and concerning whom we have determined:—that to retire from the world, with a proper motive, the motive of ſelf-recollection, and dedication to the ſupreme; and in proper time, before age hath benumb'd the faculties, and abſolutely riveted the ſentiments; is both uſeful and becoming; pro-

ductive of the beſt conſequences, and agreeable to the beſt reaſon.

But leaſt diſappointment ſhould meet and diſtreſs them in this laſt ſcene, it is neceſſary, that they be ſupplied with ſuch aids, as will conduce to render retirement ſatisfactory. I have adviſed, that ere the reſolution be abſolutely fixed, a ſhort time be aſſigned to probation; in which, if they perceive themſelves ill qualified for the privacy of perfect abſtraction, they will do well to retain ſome proper connection with buſineſs and life. If otherwiſe, let them purſue their reſolution with activity, and apply to every proper method of improvement. As we ſuppoſe, the improvement of life, and the ſervice of God the grand motive of retirement; in ſuch a caſe, theſe important concerns muſt be imagined to occupy no ſmall portion of time: to which we may add, the due attendance to proper and ſerious reading and meditation. But the mind will not bear a continued and intenſe application to theſe; eſpecially a mind unaccuſtomed to deep ſpeculations. There is need therefore of ſome other attachments, which may amuſe and give motion to the tardier foot of time. Amongſt theſe, nothing ſeems to promiſe the retired greater contentment, than the pleaſing amuſement of the garden; and the cultivation of their little fields. This is as rational as it is inſtructive. Health will be invigorated by the exerciſe;

piety

piety will be exalted by the reflections, which every herb, fruit, and flower will inculcate. A taſte for the delights of the garden ſhould be brought into retirement with every man; or, by all means, be learned by him there. Happy the man, in ſolitude, who hath ſome knowledge, however ſuperficial, of the politer arts, eſpecially muſic and drawing: muſic in particular will diſſipate many a drowſy idea, and calm many a deſultory thought. Drawing or painting will innocently and gratefully employ many a vaçant moment. And eaſily as a ſmall knowledge with theſe is attained, one would marvel, that any man ſhould omit to attain them; or that any parent, who is able, ſhould fail to give to his children an early acquaintance with them. No man ever regretted the knowledge, many have much bewailed their ignorance of them.

A ſerious reſolution to review life, an earneſt and ſedulous endeavour to ſerve God; a tolerable attention to books; a taſte for innocent rural amuſements; the pleaſure of the garden and the field eſpecially; and ſome acquaintance with the politer arts, muſic, drawing, the microſcope, teleſcope, &c. are means, with which, whoever is furniſhed, he may enter upon ſolitude with a ſatisfied mind; and may reſt aſſured, that retirement will open to him a ſcene of chaſte and enrapturing delights: cuſtom will ſoon make this life more ſweet

Than that of painted pomp. He'll find the woods
More free from peril than the anxious world:
While this his life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in ſtones, and good in every thing.

Such my worthy friend Benvolio finds it. His character will exemplify every thing that I have ſaid, or could wiſh to ſay on the ſubject. Early and deeply engaged in a dangerous profeſſion in life, he met with good ſucceſs; though attended with a variety of perils, and diſtinguiſhed by ſeveral ſignal acts of providence. Theſe made ſtrong and laſting impreſſions upon him. In conformity to which, he reſolved to relinquiſh the hazards of trade ſoon as poſſible; though fortune ſeem'd to ſmile and promiſe him greater advances: and, therefore long before the decline of life, with a decent competency, and a proper proviſion for his family, he left the tumult of the world, and pitched his little quiet tent in a pleaſant village on the banks of the Thames; determined to dedicate his future life to the more private devotions of piety, and the unwearied practice of benevolence. And he hath now for near fifteen years continued, the pleaſure and the envy of his neighbourhood. Wherever you meet him, ſerenity ſmiles on his forehead; and chearfulneſs lives in his eye. The calm ſunſhine of his heart diffuſes an unſpeakable pleaſantneſs over his countenance.

tenance. Temperance waits on his board; and health mantles on his cheek, pleaſed to attend, where exerciſe and temperance hold uninterrupted ſtay. He riſes with the ſun, and ſalutes with vivacity, undiminiſhed by age, the early dawn; and, after the duties of religion, betakes himſelf generally to ſome appointed and pleaſing toil in his garden. Happy in a wife of ſimilar temper and diſpoſition, more ſocial concord and dearer amity is no where to be found. Together, with grateful praiſes, they elevate their ſouls to the Lord of eternity: together they partake of the ſalubrious health of the fields: together they go, with unremitting feet, to the temple of God. Not auſtere and moroſe, they enjoy with freedom the friendly intercourſe of ſociety; and all their vicinity are as much pleaſed with their company, as charmed with their manners.

For acts of benevolence you are always certain of a patron and aſſiſtant in Benvolio; the weeping eye of affliction ever departs from him dried up; the throbbing heart leaves his houſe freed from its anxiety; ſollicitude and miſery ſeldom quit him unrelieved. In ſhort, he ſeems only to live, that he may impart felicity and diffuſe conſolation far as he is able, and to the utmoſt circumference of his ſphere. Never have I heard him complain of the tediouſneſs of time, or groan beneath the irkſomeneſs of lonely ſecluſion. On the contrary: "Time, ſaith he, is alarmingly ſhort and fleet-

ing; great need have we to huſband well the precious minutes, which are to determine our eternal lot;—Minutes, of which we live ſo few properly ſpeaking, ſo few redeemed from ſleep, and the neceſſary avocations of life. So many too as we have miſpent in early days, ſhould make us anxiouſly cautious to redeem them, by better huſbanding the preſent." In this view, he is moſt exactly conſcientious in the diſpoſal of his time: he who would be rich in time, he often obſerves, muſt be as frugal of his minutes and the ſmaller portions of it; as he who would be rich in worldly wealth, muſt be of his ſmaller and inconſiderable ſums. No wonder, that with a pleaſing ſenſation and heroic fortitude ſuch a man looks forward to futurity; and awaits, without the gloom of terror, or the trepidation of doubt, the ſolemn ſtroke, which ſeparates at once from all earthly dependences, and admits into an unalterable, ever-during ſtate.

Happy Benvolio, object of my higheſt admiration, far more to be envied in thy little dwelling than the titled noble in his palace of cedar and vermilion! ſweet is thy ſlumber! undiſturbed thy repoſe! Peace builds her halcyon neſt in thy conſcience! chearfulneſs and health dance round thy board! Convinced of the upright integrity of thy doings, of the conſequent approbation of thy God, hope builds for thee her towering airy in the bliſsful realms on high; Faith points out,

with

with ſteady finger, the infallible road; and cherub-eyed benevolence leads thee ſmiling along. Happy Benvolio! who would not wiſh to retire and to live like thee! *Sic oh ſic juvat vivere, ſic perire!*

Ye children of the world, break the ſhackles of diſingenuous ſlavery; learn the real eſtimate of human life; conſider the importance of eternity; follow the example of Benvolio; Be wiſe; retreat with becoming propriety. And over your moſt frequented apartment engrave that ſolemn admonition, ſo well fitted to cloſe theſe reflections: *What ſhall a man be profited, if he gain the whole world and loſe his own ſoul? Or what ſhall a man give in exchange for his ſoul!*

If theſe reflections may be acceptable to you, Sir, or any ways ſerviceable to the public, it will be a ſufficient pleaſure to

Your humble ſervant, &c.

H.

NUMBER VI.

Let reaſon, and let virtue faith maintain:
All force, but theirs, is impious, weak and vain.

L. LYTTLETON.

WE have Societies for propagating the goſpel abroad, as well as for promoting Chriſtian Knowledge at home; calculated for the beſt ends, and conducted by gentlemen of the moſt reſpectable characters; and Proteſtant

Charity Schools have been ſet up in Ireland, the effects of which, it is hoped, may be ſalutary; though without the beſt management, and due inſpection, thoſe advantages, which may be ſuppoſed, will not ariſe from them. Need, however, there certainly is of the moſt exact and conſcientious regard to them, if we would wiſh to unite our fellow-ſubjects in that kingdom to us in the Proteſtant faith, and remove the evils which may always reaſonably be ſuſpected from their bigotted attachment to Popery. And ſurely it well deſerves the attention of thoſe pious Societies, which we have juſt mentioned, to extend their beneficent endeavours towards the illumination of thoſe who, ſo nearly allied to them in a ſocial tye, are yet in all the darkneſs of ſuperſtition and error.

The late tumults in Ireland naturally lead every reflecting man to ſerious thoughts on the ſtate of that kingdom: and as it appears beyond a contradiction, that had our enemies ſucceeded in their deſign, religious zeal would have animated numbers to have joined their ſide: it ſeems that even in a political view, nothing is of greater conſequence than the abolition of ſuch intemperate zeal, and the introduction of a better and more pacific faith. I am ſorry to obſerve, but truth is prevalent, that the tenets of the Romiſh church are ſuch that we can never expect any fidelity from its devotees; as

that

that church can diſpenſe with the moſt ſolemn oaths, the faith of its votaries muſt ever be equivocal; and as its votaries are known to have ſuch an attachment to their church, that every tie muſt be diſſolved, before that can be looſed; we may reaſonably preſume that they will not be backward to unite in any probable and plauſible attempt, where the watch word is "God and the Church." The Iriſh nation hath verified this, more than once.

But what, you may ſay, is to be done in ſuch a caſe? The Proteſtant religion forbids all degree of perſecution; and admits no weapons or arms to be employed, but the perſuaſive ones of truth and reaſon. Theſe, are the weapons, theſe are the arms, I wiſh to be employed; and that with all zeal in this cauſe. Clergymen of known reputation and approved abilities, ſhould be encouraged to go thither: clergymen who would labour in the vineyard, preach and catechiſe diligently: men of whoſe earneſt regard to chriſtianity no doubt ſhould be had; not ſuch as gape for the ſtipend, and leave the flock to the tuition of a Popiſh prieſt. It is to be hoped, and greatly to be deſired, that all who have preferments to diſpoſe of in Ireland, would conſcientiouſly ſo beſtow them, as to have good grounds to expect that proteſtantiſm, by the zeal of the *labourer*, would daily gain the aſcendant. And permit me to add, that

that if our future lords l——ts would make it a point to take with them *ſuch* chaplains, and preſer them to biſhopricks; we might hope to ſee that kingdom and church in a far better ſtate than at preſent. Every man who has any true love for his country, will, we are ſatisfied, make it his ſtudy to find out ſuch; and not take a man as chaplain, merely becauſe he is a friend, or relation, or a man whom he wants to advance, without any the leaſt conſideration of his qualifications, moral or mental. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.*

We are pleaſed to reflect that ſome noble lords have been ſpoken of as hereafter to enjoy this high dignity, of whoſe patriotiſm and other virtues there cannot be a doubt; and by the channel of your paper, intended to communicate uſeful hints, we earneſtly wiſh to commend an attention to this moſt important particular; which in all human probability would lay a happy foundation of the moſt deſirable union; and this concerns us much as men, as Proteſtants, and as Britons. A few biſhops, like Biſhop Bedell*, would be of univerſal utility.

Before I cloſe my remarks, I muſt beg leave to ſay, that I do not mean to reflect on any man. If ſtipends and revenues ſolely are conſidered by the clergy, without a view to the future ſalvation of the people committed to their charge, then the clergy diſhonour and diſgrace them-

* See the Life of Biſhop *Bedell* by Biſhop *Burnet*.

themſelves. I reverence the venerable body; and I ſincerely wiſh they were all venerable. However, let us hope that the very beſt will be henceforth aſſigned to this difficult but neceſſary poſt; we may, then perhaps, ſoon ſee a more pleaſing coalition. Then faction and fury, rebellion and maſſacres need not be apprehended; and an endeavour after ſuch a work is worthy that eminent charity, which ſo honourably characteriſes our preſent proſperous days. My beſt wiſhes are with thoſe who ſhall uſe their influence to that end, as they will have the beſt wiſhes of all good men.

S.

NUMBER VII.

By PHILANTHROPY CANDID, *Eſq;*

That I was born ſo great, I owe to fortune:
And cannot pay that debt, till virtue ſet me
High in example, as I ſtand in title:
Till what the world calls fortune's gifts, my actions
May ſtile their own rewards ———

Sir JOHN DENHAM.

A Diſtinguiſhed nobleman, very nearly related to our family, did me the honour to take me in his coach to the late ſolemn and auguſt aſſembly at *Weſtminſter-Hall:* an aſſembly, which no man could have viewed without the moſt

moſt exquiſite pleaſing ſenſations, had not the mournful occaſion damped every impulſe of joy. Unhappy e—l! called for ſuch offence to the bar of ſo venerable a tribunal! condemned to appear as a criminal, where his rank ſhould have placed him as a judge! The dreadful ſentence was heard with awful ſilence; and methought almoſt every perſon preſent ſeemed to be wonderfully impreſſed on the melancholy occaſion. I leave it to other writers * to enlarge on the ceremony: this may employ the pens of journaliſts. It was on another account, that I introduced the ſubject: it was to lay before my readers, and my *noble* ones eſpecially, the remarks, which my illuſtrious relation made to his *ſon*, as we returned home together; which gave me ſo much ſatisfaction, that I took the firſt opportunity to recollect them: and which, if I deliver not with his elegance, and in his order, the reader muſt attribute it to the defect of my memory.

We ſat ſilent ſome time, after our entrance into h s coach, mutually reflecting on what we had ſeen; when his Lordſhip broke the ſilence, and addreſſing his ſon, a youth of the firſt parts and moſt engaging qualities. "It gives me pleaſure, lord ***, ſaid he, to perceive you are not unaffected by the ſad, but ſolemn ſentence juſt now paſſed. The ſight you have beheld, and the

* This has been done in the Ledger of *Monday, April* 21, No. 86.

deciſion you have heard, my lord, deſerve well a large place in your moſt ſerious reflections, and in your perpetual remembrance. Let ſuperficial obſervers take note of the gaiety of dreſs, and the ſplendor of appearance: you, my dear lord, (whoſe mind you can teſtify, I have laboured to form with the utmoſt care; and of whom, not merely thro' parental affection I truſt, I have ventured to conceive high hopes) you will derive from hence the beſt inſtructions, and gather freſh motives to ſtimulate your virtue and honour.

You have ſeen in the unhappy e—rl at the bar, that it is not mere title which conſtitutes the noble; that it is not accidental circumſtance of birth which conveys nobility; that it is not the rank which can exempt either from offence or from puniſhment.

That you are born of noble blood, is not ſo much your merit as your happineſs: your *happineſs*, if you dignify your birth by a ſuitable demeanour; if ſuperior in ſtation, you ſhew yourſelf ſuperior in conduct. An exalted birth, ſo far from relaxing the bonds of duty, binds them more ſtrongly: ſo far from unlooſing, it doubles every tie of honour, and enhances every obligation to virtuous and praiſe-worthy actions. Where theſe are found, the nobility of birth greatly brightens their luſtre: where theſe are wanting, the nobility of birth only renders infamy more infamous.

Flat-

Flattered from the cradle, and attended with a crowd of ſycophants, young noblemen are frequently apt to conceive of themſelves much more highly than they ought. They are led almoſt to fancy themſelves of a race ſuperior to the reſt of mankind; *privileged* from the common ties, and ſcarcely ſubject to the common evils.—But of theſe pernicious defects in education, I have taken care, my lord, that you ſhould have no cauſe to complain. Lectures of humanity have from infancy been read to you; and you conſider yourſelf, I am perſuaded, as elevated by birth to pre-eminence, only for the purpoſe of pre-eminence in example.

Without ſuch example your *birth* will add no real dignity to you; nor will it ſerve at all to ſilence the voice of public reproach; or to repreſs the ſlow and moving finger of ſcorn from pointing at you. Nor in a nation of liberty like ours, can the higheſt rank, or moſt diſtinguiſhed place deliver from the demand, or ſave from the impartial deciſion of juſtice. I am grieved that the preſent times enable me to hold forth to you more than *one* inſtance of this truth; that not only in the unfortunate e—l whom we have juſt left, but in one of much higher abilities, and much fairer expectations, you may ſee, my dear lord, how vain is the boaſt of birth; and how unavailing the titled

an-

anceſtry, without the dignified and becoming deportment.

God knows, I mention not this to preſs a fallen man, he has my pity; I ſympathize with his family. But your welfare and honour, my ſon, is near to me; and examples of this kind, properly conſidered, may be no leſs advantageous than the view of more ſhining characters, than the nobler proſpect of diſtinguiſhed merit.

It is a pleaſure to me, that the preſent times afford no ſmall harveſt of the latter: and I flatter myſelf, that the many excellent patterns before you, will animate every laudable principle in your ſoul. Come not behind your cotemporaries: but, happy in the firſt rank of honour by birth, labour to be firſt, my lord, in the rank of glory.——You know I could eaſily produce from the annals of our own houſe, examples ſufficient to enkindle the moſt generous ardor—

Te pater Æneas et avunculus excitet Hector.

You know I could ſpeak of thoſe, great in the cabinet and in the field, to whom we owe much of our honour; and whom of conſequence we are bound to imitate, if we would preſerve freſh and fair the ſplendid coronets, wherewith they have encircled our brows.

Nay, and beſides, we owe, my Lord, a peculiar duty to our country, in whoſe welfare our ſtation

ſtation eminently intereſts us; and whoſe welfare, be aſſured, will ever beſt be preſerved by the virtue and merit of her nobles.

It is a high ſatisfaction to reflect, that, as in this realm of freedom, vice however dignified, will not paſs off undiſgraced: ſo neither will virtuous actions ever loſe their due meed, or want that honourable acknowledgment which ſtimulates ſo forcibly to them: virtuous actions, and a patriotic conduct, will, amongſt us, of themſelves *ennoble*. And for my part, much rather would I ſtand the firſt ennobler of my obſcure family, by generous and commendable deeds, than appear at the end of the moſt reſpectable pedigree, an inſignificant barren bearer of titular nobility.

Let that be your ambition, my lord. Remember, that as a man, humanity becomes you; as a noble, the niceſt honour and moſt virtuous conduct. Dignify your high rank, in private, by making your ſuperior place and influence the happy means of diſpenſing ſuperior good to mankind: in public, conſider yourſelf as the ſervant of your country; and ſhew by the generous ſenſibility of your mind, and your ſtrict attachment to the intereſts of your king and his dominions, that you are not more a Noble by *birth* than by *diſpoſition*.

There are certain crimes to which ſome minds are at an almoſt impoſſible diſtance: of which

which ſort, with reſpect to yourſelf, I doubt not is that for which the unhappy E—l is to ſuffer. But remember, that all vice is gradual; and the greateſt monſter in guilt was once a trembling beginner. The firſt ſallies of *paſſion* are to be curbed, and checked in their riſe: it is an unmanly and diſgraceful evil: it degrades the man inexpreſſibly: and gives all who ſee you vanquiſhed by it, a ſtrange triumph over you.—And as to paſſion, ſo to the intemperance of *drinking*, the very firſt inclination is to be cut off in the bud.—But I enlarge not upon this, as your lordſhip, I am convinced, is even free from the temptation.—And I am happy (then while the tear of affection filled his eyes, he took Lord **'s hand) I am happy, my dear ſon, in noting your amiable diſpoſition: only let me add briefly (for I perceive we draw near home) do not think it ſufficient to be free from groſs vices; I would have you eminently virtuous. To which end, cultivate the moſt awful regard to the Sovereign of heaven, whoſe dread beheſts it much becomes the higheſt as well as the loweſt to obey. Remember that you live not for yourſelf: remember that your high rank cannot prevent your appearance at a bar—nay ſtart not my lord, for *you* muſt one day ſtand to be tried at a bar, muſt one day be preſent at a court, infinitely more ſolemn and tremendous, than that which we have this day ſeen: the de-

ciſion

ciſion of which is of all others the moſt important, for it is irreverſible, and it is eternal.

There can be no ſhuffling: there the action lies
In its true nature; we ourſelves compell'd
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To give in evidence.——

There ſuperior rank will be ſo far from conciliating favour; that the grand rule of the court is, "To whom much is given, of him much will be required." And there of neceſſity the ampleſt diſtinctions of birth, of honour, of place, of preferments, will be expected to ſhew the moſt commendable productions, and to offer the fruits of faireſt eſteem, and moſt pleaſing acceptation".

NUM-

NUMBER VIII.

To the VISITOR.

——Your bounty is beyond my ſpeaking:
But tho' my mouth be dumb, my heart ſhall thank you:
And when it melts before the throne of mercy,
My fervent ſoul ſhall breath forth prayers for you;
That heav'n will pay you back, when moſt you need,
The grace and goodneſs you have ſhewn to me.

ROWE.

SIR,

THOUGH I can ſcarcely hope that my mean and unadorned eſſay can be worthy a place in your paper, yet I am prompted ſo ſtrongly by gratitude, that I muſt make the attempt; and ſhould eſteem it particularly kind, if you would enable me to ſpread as extenſively as I can my preſent felicity, and the bleſſed ſource of it.

Without further preface, Sir, I muſt inform you that I am one of thoſe, who owe life, ſalvation, happineſs; every comfort and every hope, to that happy place the MAGDALEN-HOUSE. Believe me in what I deliver; for I do aſſure you in the moſt ſolemn manner, that it is the ſtricteſt truth. I was amongſt the firſt who

ſought

ſought that hoſpitable dwelling; and alas, it makes my very blood run chill, to reflect upon my ſituation, when admitted into that houſe! Good God, was there ever ſuch an object of pity and diſtreſs! Abandoned by every friend I had; abhorring my dire buſineſs, but obliged to continue it for bread; almoſt naked; broken-hearted; without a roof to receive me; without an eye to pity me; without any kind chriſtian to look on and reſcue me. People, Sir, think, that no hard uſage is bad enough for *us* in that ſtate: but indeed, if they knew all, they would not think ſo. For as bad a creature as I might ſeem, I would have given the world to have been employed in any honeſt means of livelihood: though there was a time when I ſhould have thought ſervile employ much beneath me. But, alas, times were ſorely changed, and my affliction was greater than could be fancied. If you indulge me by printing this, perhaps, when I can get a little time, I may ſend you ſome ſhort account of my misfortunes, to ſhew that we are not *all* ſuch objects of every body's worſt contempt and inſults. But I beg pardon for running from my ſubject; women's pens, Sir, are not uſed to order.

In my calamitous diſtreſs I applied to the *Magdalen-Houſe*; and I was received with all that humanity which diſtinguiſhes the worthy managers of it. I fancied and foreboded every

good

good to myſelf, when, on the day of admiſſion, I perceived many of the gentlemen wipe their eyes while I was relating ſome of my early miſeries! For alas, Sir, though I am old in grief, I have yet ſeen but nineteen years! It is impoſſible for me to deſcribe, as I ought, the comforts I found in that houſe. I was neatly cloathed, ſatisfactorily employed, and had ſuch proviſions as the very beſt would be contented with. But theſe were ſmall to the comforts abounding to my mind: the divine inſtructions I have heard in that *chapel*, which I muſt always think a little heaven, (the door to heaven, I am ſure it has been to me;) thoſe inſtructions will never be eraſed from my mind! They have calm'd my troubled ſoul, and convinced me that my repentance will not be in vain; that my reſolutions of virtue, through grace, will not be ineffectual. Reſolutions! Oh, Sir, can it be poſſible that any of *us* who have ſo much experienced the miſeries of vice, can ever return to it again! This, I think, muſt be impoſſible.

To ſpeak of every thing commendable and humane in the houſe, would exceed my preſent limits. Nothing, ſurely, can be calculated better for the relief, the comfort, the information, of poor unhappy girls: and the gentlemen act like fathers indeed. Satisfied with my behaviour, our worthy and never enough to be applauded *treaſurer*, was ſo kind ſome few weeks

ſince as to inform me, that if I choſe to accept it, a place offered tolerably advantageous, and he would recommend me. I deſired his, and our incomparable matron's advice; and in conſequence of that, have accepted it. I was fitted out with all things proper and decent, much beyond my wiſh or expectation; and am happily ſituated with a worthy lady, whoſe amiable behaviour makes me perfectly bleſt; and be ſatisfied, my whole ſtudy ſhall be to pleaſe her; and to ſhew myſelf ſenſible of thoſe divine mercies which I have experienced, in the deliverance of both body and ſoul from death.

Now, Sir, all I wiſh is, that this may be known for the ſatisfaction of thoſe concerned in this noble charity: whoſe humane breaſts it muſt fill with pleaſure, to think they have redeemed a poor girl from the depth of miſery: a girl not yet twenty: who lives happy and peaceful through their bounty; lives to pray for and to bleſs them every day! May the Lord of heaven crown them with all their heart's wiſhes: and increaſe the number of *thoſe* daily, who are friends to this glorious deſign. To the advantages of which, not myſelf only, but numbers already are witneſſes. *Polly* * * * is a comfortable inſtance. This charity has ſaved her poor mother's life: with whom ſhe now lives: and I would fain have perſuaded her to write to you.

I be-

I believe I ſhould have deferred it myſelf, ſomething longer, if it had not been for an accident, which happen'd laſt night; and which determined me in my purpoſe: as I was led to hope, that, perhaps this notice in your paper, may be ſeen by ſome unfortunate *girls*, who may be curious to read a letter from one, unhappy enough to have been of their number: though, thank God, by miracle almoſt, reſcued and ſaved. And great need there is for thanks. For as I was about to tell you, Sir; laſt night, as I was going croſs our ſquare on an errand for my miſtreſs, a poor creature, in a ſad hollow tone, begged me, for Chriſt's ſake, to give her a bit of bread. I turned to look at her, and ſhe was almoſt naked, with a tattered blanket thrown over her, and an old handkerchief tied about her head; ſhe aſked very preſſingly, for a piece of bread, only a cruſt, any thing to relieve her hunger. I thought, I knew ſomething of the voice: and taking her to the next lamp, —Bleſſed father, can I ever enough expreſs my horror and ſurprize! I was ready to drop down! For it was *Nancy* * * *! who came into the *Magdalen* ſometime after me: but her ſad temper would not permit her to ſtay there: ſo that the gentlemen, after having long waited her better behaviour in vain, (for nothing can be imagined more tender and careful than they are, more ſlow to puniſh, more deſirous to continue us) were forced

to diſmiſs her! and ſhe, having no friend to receive her, was obliged to return to her old way of life; and now diſeaſed and caſt off, was at the point of ſtarving, when thus accidentally ſhe applied to me in the ſtreet! The moment ſhe knew me, ſhe burſt into the moſt lamentable cries and tears, I ever heard or ſaw! 'Oh! 'happy girl, ſaid ſhe, would to God, I had 'been like you. Now, I am ruined and loſt 'for ever. I have no cloaths to cover me: no 'food to ſupply my hunger, and I am almoſt 'periſhing with it: diſeaſe is preying upon me 'in a terrible manner: I have no where to hide 'my head: I am caſt out by every body; 'and in a few days muſt periſh; and what 'will become of my ſoul, I dare not even 'think.'

You may imagine, Sir, what a ſituation mine was, while I heard her ſpeaking thus; I gave her what preſent relief I could: and provided for her laſt night. I have made her diſmal caſe known to my humane and charitable miſtreſs; and ſhe will aſſiſt this poor creature. And now, Sir, if I ſhould be ſo happy, after all, as to be made an inſtrument of ſaving my fellow-ſufferer, I ſhall bleſs God, indeed; and think that ſuch a mercy granted me, is a proof, he has graciouſly and fully pardoned me. I wiſh all the poor unfortunate girls in the city, and every where, could have ſeen poor *Nancy* * * *: for none

none, I am ſure, would then be bad upon principle, or ſtay a minute from the bleſſed *Magdalen*, to periſh in the ſtreets, like a beaſt, neglected by all, in cold, in nakedneſs, in hunger, in diſtemper,—unhouſed, unfriended, unpitied, unrelieved — What diſtreſs can be equal! I hope, Sir, you will correct all my miſtakes: and, as it is proper to conceal real names, I ſhall beg leave to ſubſcribe myſelf, now, and whenever again you will ſuffer me to trouble you,

A GRATEFUL MAGDALEN.

NUMBER IX.

Redemption! *'twas creation more ſublime:*
Redemption; *'twas the labour of the ſkies:*
Far more than labour:—it was death in heaven!
A truth ſo ſtrange! 'twere bold to think it true;
If not far bolder ſtill, to diſbelieve!

YOUNG.

SERIOUS reflections only can be ſuitable to the preſent ſolemn ſeaſon; † when *devotion* awakens her moſt languid adorers; and the buſy clamour of *amuſement* and *diverſion* is huſh'd into

† Good-Friday.

awful and attentive ſilence. If any day peculiarly demands the reſpect of chriſtians, it ſurely muſt be that which commemorates the laſt act of him; whoſe amazing *philanthropy* wrought life and ſalvation for mortals. The ſaying of an old friend of mine, reſpecting this day, always pleaſes me: "a bird, he uſed to obſerve, would not carry a ſtick or ſtraw to her neſt upon it!" And indeed, when we conſider the ſtupendous act, either in itſelf or in its moſt bleſſed conſequences, we ſhall think no religious application too exact for the remembrance.

There are ſome, we know, who, averſe to the obſervance of days and times, and eſteeming it too much ſavouring either of *Judaiſm* or *Popery*; would annihilate all diſtinction of ſeaſons, and appropriate no peculiar days to the commemoration of acts, which, properly ſpeaking, ought to be *daily* commemorated. But, with the good leave of our brethren, we muſt remark, that there is no leſs wiſdom than utility in appointing and ſetting apart ſeaſons for the commemoration of important facts, and for the exerciſe of more ſolemn devotion; and herein we have the example of the whole world before us. Search through the annals of ancient ſtory; examine every nation under the ſun in every period, and you will find this cuſtom prevalent. There is ſomething in it of gratitude, which nature

nature and the common reaſon of mankind ſeem to dictate. How ſoon would many facts have otherwiſe been forgotten? How ſoon (for inſtance) may we ſay with great probability, would the knowledge of a deity almoſt totally be loſt, if the *ſabbath* was abrogated; and men were not called upon in that weekly rotation, to remember their creator and redeemer?—But let me alſo obſerve, that in appointing days of commemoration there is great utility: for thereby not only the remembrance of actions is preſerved, but their reality is proved and authenticated. A very ſtrong evidence, not to ſay an irrefragable one, that *Charles* the Firſt was beheaded on the 30th of January, is our annual ſolemnity on that day. And if any man was to be ſo wild, as to doubt or deny that fact, we might with much reaſon demand of him, the cauſe of that days obſervance, and *whence*, *when*, and *how* that cuſtom aroſe?

Now the ſame reaſoning may be applied to the great chriſtian feſtivals; which have been obſerved not only in our nation, but in the whole chriſtian world, from the very beginning of chriſtianity; and which of conſequence afford convincing teſtimony, to the truth of the facts commemorated. And if the deiſt or infidel will deny, at all hazards, that Jeſus Chriſt *was born*, *died*, and *roſe again*: before we either give up our

faith, or admit his arguments, we muſt requeſt him to ſhew us by very plain proofs, the time when, the place where, and the men by whom theſe ancient cuſtoms and theſe days of remembring ſuch events were introduced; and we muſt beg leave to have clear and convincing evidence, ſince the argument, which the oppoſer of chriſtianity hath to ſupport, is in direct contrariety to the univerſal uſage of Chriſtendom; and ſince we can trace the obſervance of theſe ſolemn ſeaſons to an age, and a time when it would have been no ſmall difficulty to have impoſed upon the credulity of the world.

The being of the ſacraments, and of the great feſtivals in the church, ſupply us with a kind of viſible and ſenſible evidence of the truth of chriſtianity. They in ſome meaſure render it a matter of immediate and direct knowledge. And thoroughly conſider'd, afford the moſt ſubſtantial teſtimony to the important facts on which reſt our hopes and our happineſs. A celebrated writer has laid down four rules, as unerring touchſtones, whereby to examine the veracity of any fact; and which he avers, with great propriety, can leave us no room to doubt of the authenticity of any matter of fact where they are found. Theſe are, 1. That the *matter of fact* be ſuch, as that mens outward ſenſes, their *eyes* and *ears*, may be judges of it. 2. That it be done *publickly* in the face of the world. 3. That not only public *monuments*

naments be kept up in memory of it, but ſome outward *actions* to be performed. 4. That ſuch monuments, and ſuch actions or obſervances be inſtituted, and do commence from the time that the matter of fact was done.

Now apply theſe rules to the *Moſaic and Chriſtian* diſpenſation; and they will fully ſquare with them: while others, which pretend to a divine original, will be found wanting, if weighed in this balance. The particular fact, however, which, we this day commemorate more immediately claims our preſent attention. And this very commemoration of it expreſſes its agreement to one of theſe rules. Certainly too it was the object of men's ſenſes, they could not doubt whether Chriſt was crucified and ſlain, or not: it was done publicly; as publicly as poſſible: *not in a corner*, as one of its great advocates expreſſeth it: the day itſelf is a *monument*; and the ſacrament of the Lord's ſupper, is a ſignificant *action:* each of which have been inſtituted, and did commence from the time, when the matter of fact was done. So that this ſolemn day, and that bleſſed *ſacrament* (properly celebrated on this day) are evident and ſenſible demonſtrations, before our eyes, of the truth of this moſt intereſting fact, that "Jeſus Chriſt died on the croſs at Jeruſalem, a ſacrifice for ſinners."

Let me obſerve, that as this is an argument of great force, and not eaſy to be confuted: ſo is it plain and level to every man's capacity: and

every ſubtlety of refined ſpeculiſts, who wiſh to ſhake the foundations of rational faith, may be baffled by the moſt unlearned man, with this ſimple, though ſignificant quære, "If, as you ſay, the whole religion of Chriſt is falſe, and invented to deceive; whence aroſe the celebration of *Good Friday*, and of the ſacraments in the Chriſtian church? And how came they to be uſed ſo univerſally, and from ſuch high antiquity?"

But if this be indeed a fact; if, as we profeſs to believe, Chriſt the incarnate ſon of God, did, as on this day, offer himſelf an immaculate ſacrifice on the tree for human offences; if, indeed, he was thus afflicted, tormented, and crucified; brought as a lamb to the ſlaughter, and ſtricken for our tranſgreſſions! Men and brethren, how awful are our calls to gratitude and duty! how vaſt the obligations we owe him, for this immenſe, this unſpeakable gift of love! obligations, which ariſe to the moſt exalted height, when we conſider this inſtance of the divine benevolence in its full diſplay; when we reflect upon the dignity of the perſon; upon his amazing condeſcenſion, and unparallelled ſtoop from celeſtial glories to terreſtrial ſorrows: when we conſider the ſeverity of his ſufferings, and the ſavage cruelty of his perſecutors: and when we conſider the objects, the ungrateful, the unworthy ſinners, for whom he thus condeſcended, lived, and bled, and died!

But

But by your permiſſion, theſe particulars ſhall exerciſe our meditations in a future paper; while we conclude the preſent with Milton's beautiful apoſtrophe, which, though frequently quoted, will not be therefore leſs agreeable—*Decies repetita placebit.*

—O unexampled love!
Love no where to be found, leſs than divine!
Hail ſon of God! ſaviour of men, thy name,
Shall be the copious matter of my ſong
Henceforth; and never ſhall my harp thy praiſe
Forget, nor from thy father's praiſe disjoin!

Par. Loſt, B. III. 410.

NUMBER X.

The REAL HISTORY *of a* MAGDALEN.

To the VISITOR.

——Man, the lawleſs libertine may rove
Free and unqueſtion'd, thro' the wilds of love:
While woman, ſenſe and nature's eaſy fool,
If poor weak woman ſwerve from virtue's rule,
Ruin enſues, reproach and endleſs ſhame;
And one falſe ſtep entirely damns her fame.
In vain with tears the loſs ſhe may deplore;
In vain look back to what ſhe was before;
She ſets, like ſtars that fall, to riſe no more.

ROWE.

SIR,

I AM much obliged to you for giving my poor performance a place in your paper *; and, upon that encouragement, I take the liberty once more to trouble you. I have a plain and artleſs tale to deliver; and I deliver it only to ſhew, that pity and relief may not improperly be extended to unhappy objects like myſelf. Pa-

* See this Paper, No. 8.

rents

rents too, perhaps, may learn ſome inſtruction from my ſtory.

I am the daughter of a tradeſman in this city: my father, though engaged in a reputable and advantageous buſineſs, had yet no right to the privileges of a gentleman; but my mother deſirous to aſſume thoſe privileges, from her marriage determined to live and act as a gentlewoman. With this view ſhe always followed the faſhion: her dreſs was ever in the mode; and her dining room was furniſhed in taſte; the chimney piece had no ſmall ſhare of *Bow-china ware*; the curtains were made after the moſt elegant manner; and the whole floor was covered with *Wilton carpet*. You may be ſatisfied from this diſpoſition of my mother's, that ſhe was careful, whatever elſe ſhe might forget, to inſtruct her children in politeneſs. Indeed, Sir, ever from the time that I can remember ought, I remember nothing ſo diligently inculcated upon me as leſſons of my own importance, gentility, and beauty, and the neceſſity of ſetting off my perſon to the beſt advantage. Imagine not, that I mean to diſhonour my mother by repeating theſe things, which may appear trifling, but were in reality the inlets to my ruin: I reverence the memory of my parent; but by mentioning her miſtakes, perhaps I may happily warn others.

I am

At the age of fifteen I loſt my mother, who left my father a widower, with myſelf, a ſiſter, and two brothers; and, as I was the eldeſt, and my father was very fond of me, the chief conduct of domeſtic affairs fell upon me. But Oh! Sir, how ill capacitated was I for this, who had been initiated into all the faſhionable diverſions and amuſements, for which I had contracted an inſuperable fondneſs; as they led me to diſplay thoſe perſonal graces, which alone I was taught to cultivate; and which, alas! I valued but too highly. My mother's death tended to advance me more early into a ſtate of womaniſh behaviour; and my father gratified too blindly my wild inclinations. As I had heard only general and random leſſons of virtue, and very few or occaſional inſtructions in religion, it is not to be ſuppoſed, that mere *female* honour could give me great ſtrength to withſtand temptations. But, indeed, I thought little of temptations: as I ſcarcely knew what was vice, ſo it gained little of my reflection: my chief wiſh was to be admired; and my grand aim and purſuit, to get a very fine and wealthy huſband. Chariots, country houſes, routs, dreſs, and gaiety occupied my waking and ſleeping thoughts.

Thus a year and more ran on: during which time I wanted not admirers; for I muſt be allowed to ſay, my perſon was pleaſing and attractive. Amongſt theſe the ſon of an opulent merchant

chant in our neighbourhood attended me moſt aſſiduouſly; and his endearing behaviour ſoon won my unſuſpecting heart. My father encouraged his viſits; which yet he himſelf deſired might be as ſecret as poſſible: "For his father, he informed us, would be greatly offended, if acquainted with his attachments to me, the only thing, he daily proteſted, which prevented his marrying me." I heard his oaths, I liſtened and believed. But how diſtant was I from ſuſpecting any diſhonourable intentions, ſince, in all the fervour of paſſion, he would curſe his fate, and the vile folly of mankind in ſuffering *prieſts* to obſtruct their bliſs by a fooliſh ceremony, deviſed ſolely for their profit; ſince, in the ſight of God, (if there was a God who took notice of ſuch things) an union of hearts, and mutual oaths and vows, muſt doubtleſs conſtitute a marriage. Much of this I often heard; and love blinded my eyes to its intent.

In the mean time a ſudden ſhock overwhelmed our family in the deepeſt diſtreſs: my father became a bankrupt; and the miſeries impending over his children ſo affected him, that he turned perfectly melancholy. This accident was Mr. **'s triumph: his friendſhip and tenderneſs for me on this occaſion was ſuch, that I fear it would have prevailed over a heart better fortified. Wonder not, Sir, that it prevailed over me, whoſe heart was melting with the ſofteſt love to him!

Cruel

Cruel deceiver, he perſuaded me to leave that diſtreſsful ſcene, and to take poſſeſſion of a lodging, which he had provided, he told me, till better times would allow him publickly to acknowledge me as his wife. My father's brother took the management of his affairs, and the kind protection of my brothers and ſiſter; while I, only I, was loſt to them; drowned in a ſtate of inſenſibility, though not without the tendereſt regard to my dear relations; whom I endeavoured to perſuade, that I was married to Mr. **; but they were too wiſe: they could not be deceived; and, foretelling me my fate with ſeverity enough, utterly caſt me off.

Poſſeſſed of Mr. **'s affection, I felt, I conceived no loſs or hurt from any other's neglect. And my heart can bear me witneſs, that I never knew a thought, or indulged a wiſh from him. Seven months he continued all I could hope: and I began to believe that every thing, (though little enough) which I had heard of formal virtue, was a name; and that outward ceremonies, and the like, tended only to the infelicity of the married ſtate. But ſoon, too ſoon, was I awakened from this golden dream. Mr. ** grew thoughtful in my company, began to make his viſits leſs frequent and more ſhort; urging great buſineſs in the compting houſe, the preparation of ſhips, and I knew not what: it gave me pain, but I ſuſpected nothing. One day, however,

when I was at the window waiting for him, as uſual, with fond impatience, a meſſenger came with a letter: but what words can expreſs my anguiſh upon reading it! It was to inform me that his father had found out his connection with me, and had provided a match for him with a lady of very great fortune: and ſince it was impoſſible for him to refuſe, as he muſt thereby forfeit all his father's regard, he hoped I would make myſelf eaſy: eſpecially, as he would take care of the child I ſhould bring into the world, (for I was then with child by him) and would procure me a good place after my delivery; to ſupport me till which time, he ſent me a bill of thirty pounds.

My torture and diſtreſs were beyond all deſcription, I will not therefore attempt it; a miſcarriage enſued, and a dangerous illneſs, in which I had good hope that I ſhould have finiſhed a burthenſome life: though the dread I had of ſomething future deterred me from any thing violent, to which my diſtreſſes frequently prompted me. For though I wrote and entreated but for one interview, would you believe that I intreated always in vain? This hard-hearted man, this moſt unkind and cruel ſource of all my ſorrow, would ſcarcely deign me a reply! My relations were equally obdurate: I deſired but to ſee my ſiſter; my aunt and uncle ſent me only in return

to

to my requeſt, ſharp upbraidings and ſavage counſels! Gracious heaven, what a ſituation was mine! How early did I begin to drink of the bitter cup of penance for my unlawful pleaſures and criminal indulgencies!

My youth ſupported me under this heavy load; the heavieſt part of which was my ſolitude, and the want of ſome female friend to conſole me, and to amuſe my gloomy thoughts. My nurſe, to whom I had frequently made my complaint, and from whom I had concealed no part of my afflictions, at my repeated requeſt, was ſo kind (I conceived it kind) to introduce to me a lady of the neighbourhood, as ſhe told me; whoſe frank and generous converſe ſoon engaged my fooliſh heart; and I thought myſelf happy in the friendſhip of Mrs. *Marriot*. Mrs. *Marriot* took me to her country houſe; ſeveral ladies were recommended by her to my acquaintance. Two or three gentlemen paid us ſhort viſits; and after a day or two's ſtay there, we returned to town together; but, as it happened to be late, ſhe preſſed me much to take a bed at her houſe. I complied, and laid me down to ſleep under her care and cuſtody, dreaming of nothing ill. When I was awakened in the night, by the admiſſion of a perſon into my room and bed; whom I found it in vain to reſiſt, as he informed me truly where I was, what I muſt expect,

pect, and how unreaſonable and unavailing any refractory conduct would prove. The terror of the ſcene deprived me of my ſenſes, and I have no recollection of myſelf, but as ſurrounded the following day by Mrs. *Marriot*, and ſeveral of her houſe, uſing their endeavours to ſupport my life, of which they ſeemed almoſt to deſpair.

It would be ſuperfluous, Sir, to tell you the horrid ſituation I was now in, ſince this is an evil but too commonly known: I was again a ruined wretch; and beſides this a beggared priſoner, deſtined to every miſery that human nature is capable of. My very ſoul abhorred my manner of living; but alas, I knew not, I could not apprehend any method of redreſs! Some months I was compelled to the drudgery of this deteſtable life; and as ours was a much frequented houſe, mine was the more deplorable a fate; With ſome difficulty I again found means to apply to my uncle and my ſiſter, but they were as obdurate as the flint. Good God, that neither wretchedneſs, relationſhip, prayers, nor entreaties ſhould avail! If thou waſt as ſevere as our fellow creatures, what muſt become of ſinful mortals!

But that I may not be tedious: at length, Sir, myſelf and the reſt of our unhappy ſiſterhood, were delivered from our priſon, and diſperſed by the diſgrace of our miſtreſs, who for ſome miſdemeanor fell into the hands of juſtice. But,

alas!

alas! I was then as much to ſeek as ever. Sally ***, with whom I had contracted a friendſhip, adviſed me to go with her to ſome public office, and there to enquire for a place: but at theſe offices we were again and again rejected, unable, as we were, to refer any where for a character: and too plainly as our improper dreſs diſcovered our manner of life. We had no money: we had no friends: we wept together, but we could find no poſſibility of deliverance from a purſuit of our former life, in order to obtain ſuſtenance. I am ſure, and can ſay it with the moſt ſolemn truth, any employment would have been bleſſed, in compariſon of this. For let the humane only judge of a timorous young girl entering the ſtreets with a guilty mind, and a ſhameful purpoſe; darkneſs and diſtreſs around her; and under the dire neceſſity of ſubmitting to the brutality of luſt with any wretch who is inclined to uſe her. I was ſhocked with horror. Exquiſite and preſſing hunger, I truly declare, alone compelled me. Sally and myſelf took a little apartment, and there breathed a miſerable exiſtence.

Some weeks after which, as I was croſſing the *Strand*, a young man met me, and uſing my name, I looked at him attentively: but what was my ſurprize and my pleaſure to find it my *elder brother*, who was grown much ſince I ſaw him, and was now near ſixteen years old! I was ready to faint at the ſight of him! For there had always

always been a particular love between us. I perceived the tears guſh down the cheeks of the dear youth, and you may eaſily conceive I could not refrain mine. He beckoned me to follow, and when we came to a private avenue in the ſtreet, he took my hand, and, 'Oh! my deareſt 'ſiſter, ſaid he, how happy am I, that at laſt I 'have found you! my uncle and my friends have 'continually repreſented you to me as loſt, and 'I have been unable to learn more, than that 'you are become a vile and abandoned woman 'of the town!' Oh! brother, I replied, they have indeed been cruel, though I am worthleſs: but had they been more kind, they might have ſaved me from my preſent diſtreſs. You muſt have heard how often I have wrote to them, and to you; why was it that *you* would never give me one word of an anſwer? 'I never received 'a line from you, replied he; and whenever I 'enquired concerning you; my uncle bad me be 'ſilent, and never aſk after the ſcandal of the fa-'mily, uſing other vile names, which I ſhall not re-'peat. But, for God's ſake, tell me, are you that 'unhappy woman? I tremble to think it.'—You may be aſſured I could give no anſwer. To hear this from a brother, and ſo young, and whom I tenderly loved, and whoſe ſight renewed the remembrance of all my paſt offences, the remembrance of my deareſt friends, and ſhewed me

myſelf

myſelf in the utmoſt degree of horror; to hear this, ſhocked me beyond expreſſion; and his tears and affectionate anxiety added poignancy to every reflection. 'Oh! ſiſter, ſaid he, this is too much 'to be ſupported: but heaven has made me 'happy, that I may be the bleſſed means, I hope, 'of adminiſtering relief to you. If you have any 'proper place to go to, let me attend you, and 'tell you what I have to offer.' We went to my little lodging immediately. And can I, Oh! can I ever enough expreſs my joy, when this good young man, now dearer to me than life, informed me of the *Magdalen-Houſe:* whereof he told me his excellent maſter was a governor, and to the chapel of which he had one *Sunday* introduced him.

There needed not much recommendation; for how could I be unwilling to abandon a life which was big with miſery and ſorrow? But had I not been ſo, his deſcription of this bleſſed *Houſe* would have certainly led me to it. I told him, I hoped he would recommend me to his maſter, not naming my relationſhip to himſelf. But this he ſaid was impoſſible; ſince no favour was ſhewn in admiſſion. The moſt proper objects, the trueſt penitents, and the moſt afflicted, being always preferred by the governors. If ſo, ſaid I, there is no doubt but I ſhall obtain their favourable regard. I thought the hours long,

till *Thurſday* arrived, the day of admiſſion: upon which I repaired to the *Magdalen*; petitioned; prevailed; and was bleſt!

Thus, Sir, I owe, under God, my preſent happineſs to my brother, which endears it ſtill more: during my ſtay in the *Houſe*, I was frequently bleſt with his company, which is always inſtructive; and he has conſtantly ſupplied me with ſome religious treatiſe or other, which I read with a double pleaſure as coming from him. I have hopes too of regaining the regard of my other friends, and have already ſeen my ſiſter. My poor father, to my exquiſite ſorrow, died ſoon after my departure. This is at preſent the greateſt burden to my mind.

Such is my ſtory; which I have delivered in the plaineſt manner. I want not to exculpate myſelf: That I am criminal, very criminal; that I have done amiſs, very much amiſs, I am ready to acknowledge; I do acknowledge in the ſight of God and man. But oh! dear Sir, let the moſt rigidly virtuous conſider a poor uninſtructed young girl, without any principles almoſt but thoſe of *vanity*, attacked by every thing that can allure, youth, wealth, perſonal graces, ſolemn vows, and the moſt awful proteſtations and promiſes of marriage from a faithleſs heart; her own, ſick with love; and let pardon at leaſt

be

be granted for one fault. For the reſt, treachery, perfidy, cruelty, neceſſity, will ſpeak. My ſufferings have been very ſevere: and oh! that I had known thoſe dictates of virtue and religion, in which I have been inſtructed at the *Magdalen*, and which found a properly humbled mind to receive them! Oh that in early youth I had known them; that my parents had early taught me the ways of piety; for, I am perſuaded, I ſhould then never have taken the firſt falſe ſtep. I ſhould then have preſerved my innocence, and have eſcaped thoſe ſorrows, which, I am ſatisfied, are the never-failing attendants of Vice.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

A GRATEFUL MAGDALEN.

NUM-

NUMBER XI.

Pardon for infinite offence, and pardon
Thro' means that ſpeak its value infinite!
A pardon bought with blood: with blood divine;
With blood divine of him, I made my foe!
Perſiſted to provoke, tho' woo'd and aw'd,
Bleſt and chaſtis'd! A flagrant rebel ſtill!
A rebel 'midſt the thunders of his throne;
Nor I alone—a rebel univerſe!
My ſpecies up in arms! Not one exempt!
Yet for the fouleſt of the foul he dies!
Moſt joy'd for the redeem'd from deepeſt guilt:
As if our race were held of higheſt rank,
And Godhead dearer as more kind to man!

YOUNG.

IT is not eaſy to conceive how man can pay a higher or more honourable ſervice to the Deity, than by faith or truſt in his moſt ſacred word and promiſes. Nor is it eaſy to conceive how man in his preſent circumſtances, could otherwiſe honour the Deity: ſince it is impoſſible for him either evidently to ſee, or fully to comprehend the objects of his *faith* or his *hope*. The great advocates for *natural* religion, in oppoſition to *revealed*, ſeem not duly to have attended to this principle; ſince it is certain that

faith and *truſt* muſt be exerted in the former, no leſs than in the latter; *faith* in the general exiſtence; *truſt* in the *probable* mercy of the Supreme.

The believer in revelation hath by far the moſt ſolid footing: convinced of the reality of the facts, offered to his aſſent, he preſumes not to fathom their depths: he imagines not that he can penetrate into all their reaſons, cauſes, and dependencies. But aſſured that ſuch is the matter of fact, here he reſts, believes, and adores.

That Chriſt Jeſus ſuffered at Jeruſalem, is a truth ſo undeniably atteſted, that a man muſt abjure reaſon and common ſenſe, before he can really diſbelieve it. Why the all-wiſe God thought fit to uſe this aſtoniſhing method for the recovery and ſalvation of men: and whether that effect might not have been produced by ſome other cauſe, tho', perhaps, we might be able to aſſign ſome very probable reaſons, yet we attempt not to ſay or explain. Suffice it for us, that ſuch was the will of God; and that he hath ordained this as the grand means of our ſalvation.

And *grand* indeed we muſt confeſs it, when we reflect upon the whole tremendous proceſs! The long ſeries of *prophecies*; the ſeparation of the Jewiſh people to preſerve thoſe prophecies, and as it were to prepare the way for the

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entrance of this mediator into the world, clearly ſhew that this was no ordinary, no common undertaking. And what could be ordinary in which ſuch a *perſon* was concerned? The everlaſting SON of the everlaſting *Father*; the brightneſs of his father's glory, and the expreſs image of his perſon; who, ſeated on the throne of celeſtial magnificence, had from endleſs ages received the adoration of all the heavenly hoſts, and enjoyed the fulneſs of divine beatitude! That ſuch a perſon ſhould undertake for fallen man, is wonderful! But that he ſhould undertake in ſuch a manner, is ſtill more ſo! Had he deigned to viſit the earth, and to have diſplayed at all his glorious preſence here; this had been much! But that he ſhould vouchſafe to *aſſume* human nature, and to appear as a man amongſt men; this is a condeſcenſion we want words to acknowledge. How then is all wonder loſt, when we reflect that he not only aſſumed human nature, but aſſumed it in its meaneſt character: he took not upon him the form and office of a prince or a noble, but that of a ſervant; of a poor mechanic, a carpenter himſelf, the ſon of a carpenter! And had this been all, we could never enough have adored the infinite humiliation. But as if all this had been nothing, the great apoſtle remarks, that in this ſituation he *humbled* himſelf, and became obedient unto death: had it been a

common death, an eaſy and natural reſignation of his own, to purchaſe the *lives* of men, we were bound to render him everlaſting praiſes: But it was a death of the moſt opprobrious, and of the moſt dolorous kind,—even the death of the croſs.

That ſuch a *perſon*, the eternal and immaculate ſon of Omnipotence, ſhould thus humble himſelf for us men and for our ſalvation, is worthy unceaſing acknowledgment, is matter of the moſt awful wonder! but conſider we with proper attention, the whole ſad ſeries of his ſufferings, from the beginning of his life to the day of his death, and we ſhall confeſs, that as never ſorrow was like unto his ſorrow; ſo his whole exiſtence amongſt us was a life of ſuffering; was a continual ſacrifice, and offering to God. The cup of which he drank, was nothing but vinegar and gall. Ingratitude, envy, perfidy, treachery, anguiſh of body, and anguiſh of mind rendered him truly, according to the prophetic information, "a man of ſorrows, and acquainted with grief." His familiar friend betrayed; all his choſen friends,—nay, even his Father, forſook, him.—*My God, my God, why haſt thou forſaken me!* Stretched on the dewy ground, under the cold canopy of heaven, with the heavy load of human ſins upon him; with the dread foreſight of Divine wrath, he prayed, he wept; the ſweat diſtilled down his ſacred body—

body—*ſweat*, amazing to tell, bloody *ſweat*—*his ſweat was, as it were, great drops of blood falling down to the ground!* And to finiſh all—ſee him crowned with thorns; buffetted, mocked, ſpurned, ſpit upon.—See him ſtretched in intolerable anguiſh on the croſs, "how his wounds blacken! his body writhes, his heart heaves with pity and with agony. Look down, look down, Oh! Almighty ſufferer, from thy triumphant infamy! Lo, he inclines his head to his ſacred boſom—Hark, he groans! See, he expires! The earth trembles; the temple rends; the rocks burſt; the dead ariſe: Which are the quick? Which are the dead? Sure nature, all nature is departing with her creator!" *

If now, to theſe reflections on the greatneſs of the *ſufferer's perſon*, and the complicated horror of his *ſufferings*, we add the conſideration of the *objects*, for whom he thus condeſcended how will our wonder and gratitude increaſe! It was not for angels; it was not for dutiful, deſerving creatures. It was for *ſinners*, for *rebels*, for miſerable and depraved children of the duſt. St. Paul dwells upon this: "*But God commendeth his love towards us; in that while we were* YET SINNERS, *Chriſt died for us.*" And the fine poet, in the words prefixed to this eſſay, hath in a beautiful climax ſet forth the marvellous mercy.

* See Sir Richard Steele's Chriſtian Hero, p. 38.

Pardon for *infinite* offence—and pardon
Thro' means, that ſpeak its value infinite!
A pardon bought with *blood!*

Of all things moſt valuable—but obſerve, it is not common blood—*with blood divine—with blood divine of* HIM.—Amazing to tell—moſt comfortable to be told! Of him *I made my foe*—and not only *made*, by one or more direct offences, but of *him* whom *I perſiſted to provoke*, and that under the ſtrongeſt obligations to the contrary, for he *woo'd* and he *aw'd* me; he *bleſt* and *chaſtiſed* me; all in infinite love to win me to duty and happineſs.—Yet I perſiſted, a *flagrant rebel ſtill!* a rebel, hard-hearted and unwiſe even *amidſt the thunders of his throne!* But hear, Oh! heavens, and thou earth be aſtoniſhed! *Not I alone*, not one only: but a rebel *univerſe! My ſpecies up in arms! Not one exempt!* For all have gone out of the way! All like ſheep have erred in the paths of iniquity: in Adam all died, and became ſubject to ſin! *Yet for the fouleſt of the foul he dies!* Oh! ye ſinners hear the joyful ſound! Chriſt hath died for *you*, for the greateſt of *you*: and there is pardon thro' him, if in faith and ſincere repentance ye will turn to him, and turn from tranſgreſſion!

He is moſt joyful *for the redeemed from deepeſt guilt*,—as their danger was moſt imminent, and their

their recovery moſt doubtful and difficult: and *as if our race* was held of higheſt rank!

And Godhead dearer as more kind to man!

Let the proud and ſelf-ſufficient deiſt diſclaim the Saviour, and deſpiſe his atonement! For us, who are conſcious to the *thoughts*, the *words*, the *deeds* of depravity, let us rejoice in, and make our boaſt of pardon, through a ſuffering mediator!—In whom we cannot believe, and not be warmed into the moſt exalted love to that glorious Godhead, which hath imparted ſuch a bleſſing to mankind! It were almoſt impious to be cold on ſuch a ſubject: to be languid towards the author of ſuch inexpreſſible good.

Oh ye cold-hearted, frozen, formaliſts;
On ſuch a theme 'tis impious to be calm:
Paſſion is reaſon: tranſport temper here:
Shall heaven, which gave us ardour, and has ſhewn
Her own for man ſo ſtrongly, not diſdain
What ſmooth emollients in theology,
Recumbent virtue's downy doctors preach,
That proſe of piety, a lukewarm praiſe?
Riſe odours, ſweet from incenſe, uninflam'd?
Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout:
But when it glows, its heat is ſtruck to Heaven;
To human hearts her golden harps are ſtrung;
High heaven's *orcheſtra* chaunts *Amen* to man!

Obſerve we too, that as *love* is the neceſſary conſequence of a fiducial reception of a ſuffering Saviour: ſo the moſt lively and active confidence muſt warm the heart, and rejoice the ſoul: for we may ſay with the moſt exact propriety of reaſon—"If when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God, by the death of his Son; much more, *being* reconciled, we ſhall be ſaved by his life." And, "He that ſpared not his own Son; but gave him up for us all: how ſhall he not alſo with him freely give us all things?"——If he gave him for *us all*, if he hath ſo loved *us all*, members of one body, made of one blood, children of one father—how ought we—what a forcible obligation is it upon us, to *love one another?* The natural reſult of a contemplation of our Redeemer's paſſion is gratitude to God—deteſtation of ſin—univerſal benevolence and goodwill to all mankind! Pleaſing proof of the wiſdom and goodneſs of God, which hath thus exemplified our duty; and bound it upon us by the moſt endearing and awakening motives! Happy they, whoſe lives correſpond and coincide with the great deſign: Happy they, who love as they have been loved; and manifeſt that love by every act of religion and humanity in their power.

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NUMBER XII.

To the VISITOR.

Shall I like Curtius *desperate in my zeal,*
O'er head and ears plunge for the common weal?

POPE.

SIR,

AS I have a very sincere regard for the *clergy*, and am well satisfied that it is much for the political interest of a kingdom to preserve and cultivate that regard: it always gives me unpleasing sensations, when I perceive public and general reflections thrown upon the body. It is true, where those reflections are ill-founded, and as ill supported; with the serious and discerning they will produce no bad effects: but their influence cannot fail to be pernicious upon the minds of those who are unaccustomed to think much for themselves, and who implicitly receive what is plausibly written.

I am led into these remarks by the perusal of a periodical paper * now before me; from the merit of which I mean not to detract; perhaps, for some good services, I might be willing to pay all due respect to the writer: on the

* The Monitor, March 29, 1760.

ſubject eſpecially which is handled in that day's paper, to which I refer, he certainly deſerves the thanks of his countrymen; and we are much indebted for his zeal and patriotic efforts, in oppoſition to that infernal liquor, gin! the invention of which we may with as much juſtice and propriety aſcribe to the prince of the devils, as Milton aſcribeth to him the invention of thoſe death-doing inſtruments; which have diſembogued from their iron mouths, ſo much deſtruction and miſery. †

But I would wiſh to know what this gentleman would have the clergy do in ſuch a caſe? Indeed he taxeth them very heavily, and calleth aloud both upon thoſe of the *eſtabliſhed and diſſenting* communion: "how *careleſs*, ſaith he, doth "it appear in thoſe to whom the *eſtabliſhed* "church hath committed the care of ſouls; and "in our *diſſenting* paſtors, to whom is commit-"ted the inſtruction of their congregations, in "the paths of righteouſneſs, ſobriety, and true "holineſs; not to bear their teſtimony againſt "a law, that ſhall lay an *everlaſting* temptation "for immorality, irreligion, confuſion, and "every evil work."

He then produceth ſome very alarming ſentences from the prophets, which he is pleaſed to apply on this occaſion; how juſtly I will not preſume to ſay. But only beg leave to remark, before

† See Par. Loſt, B. 6. L. 470, &c.

before I proceed with my ſubject; how injudiciouſly, full often, warm and rapid writers *overload* their arguments; giving them ſo much *gravity* and *proof*, that they have neither weight nor proof at all. This may truly be ſaid to be the caſe with our author; for as to the "*everlaſting* "temptation to the vices" whereof he ſpeaks: we may aſſert, I perſuade myſelf, both in the name of the *clergy*, and of the moſt thinking *commonalty* too, that they have ſo high and ſo venerable an opinion of our noble and honourable law-givers, as to be perfectly convinced that this "law, whenever it ſhall be plainly found not "an *everlaſting*, but a *temporary* cauſe of the "evils ſpecified, will undoubtedly be abrogated."

But granting the fact, what would this writer have the clergy do in ſuch a caſe;—the body of the clergy? Would he have every pulpit ſound with the deſtructive nature of gin? And if ſo, we might aſk, *cui bono?* The only proper place thus to preach, the only proper perſons before whom thus to preach is that *church*, where aſſemble the *perſons* who are concerned in paſſing this law: for thoſe who are no ways concerned in it, why preach on this ſubject to them? For we muſt do the writer ſo much juſtice as to ſuppoſe, that he would not wiſh the clergy to be the trumpeters of ſedition, as in a former diſgraceful period of our hiſtory; when the pulpit

——Drum eccleſiaſtic
Was beat with fiſt inſtead of a ſtick,

In the humourous phraſe of our poet; and when "Down with Jeroboam and his calves"—"Curſe ye Meroz and the inhabitants thereof †" unhappily ſpirited up the enthuſiaſtic mob to uſurp by the moſt licentious proceedings the conduct of matters, for which they were by no means qualified. Thanks to our better times, and better reaſon, the clergy have too much ſenſe and candour, to be ſtimulated to any ſuch peſtiferous abuſe of their ſacred function!

"No—We mean not this—would our author "ſay: but they ſhould bear their teſtimony." How ſhould they bear it? An addreſs would be impertinent; eſpecially as their *biſhops* have the honour to bear a part in the adminiſtration. Nay, but "the *diſſenters* petitioned, ſays this "writer, againſt the breach of the ſabbath "by the *militia* act." Not to ſpeak of the propriety or impropriety of this ſtep, we obſerve, that the caſes are very different: "the breach "of the ſabbath" is an allowed tranſgreſſion of a plain and poſitive law of God. It will be difficult to prove the uſe of *gin*, ſuch, in itſelf, ſeparate

† See Lord Clarendon's Hiſtory of the Rebellion, vol. ii. p. 22, 23, 8vo.

ſeparate from the conſequences; which conſequences, if the legiſlature uſe their beſt and wiſeſt endeavours to prevent, the queſtion is, againſt what ſin or vice have the *clergy* to petition?

"But ſtill it is their duty to inſtruct their "congregations in *righteouſneſs, ſobriety, holineſs.*" —Verily we grant it; and wretched inſtructors muſt they be, who omit to inculcate theſe capital duties. We are well ſatisfied every worthy and ſerious divine, as well of the *diſſenting* as of the *eſtabliſhed* church, is diligent in this important exerciſe. And perhaps by the way, not a few of them, where they ſee any propriety or conceivable utility, are found ready to ſpeak of the dangerous conſequences of an exceſſive uſe of *gin*.

But after all, I will ſo far agree with our author, as to allow, that there are ſome methods by which the clergy may "bear *their teſtimony*" againſt this evil; tho' in a more proper as well as more prevailing way, we may ſuppoſe, than by any *public*, and perhaps obnoxious proceeding: that is, by their *writings* and *arguments* laid before the public in general, and the legiſlature in particular. By their private *ſuggeſtions*, *letters*, *hints*, and the like, to the *nobles*, *members*, &c. with whom they happen to be more or leſs connected. And that many, very many reſpectable clergymen have omitted to uſe theſe methods, is more

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we imagine, than this writer would take upon him to ſay. At leaſt, if peradventure he ſhould ſo ſay, we ſhould know perhaps what in return to reply. But I muſt juſt drop one hint much to the *honour* of the *clergy*, (the *Monitor himſelf* being *judge)* namely, that it hath been ſhrewdly ſuſpected, and very freely ſaid by ſome, that the writer of theſe papers on the matter in hand, the *Monitor* himſelf, is a *clergyman* :—and if ſo, the ſervices done by this champion may well ſerve to acquit the whole body.

However, joking apart, we will readily agree with the writer, that the general uſe of *gin* is by no means an indifferent matter: but one wherein the public good is peculiarly intereſted. Nay we will not be backward to wonder, how any man profeſſing *Chriſtianity*, and really knows what he profeſſes, can either ſatisfy his conſcience, or by any means make his proſecution of this buſineſs conſiſtent with his Chriſtian profeſſion.—We will alſo allow, that it is the duty of every member of the community to expreſs, in the moſt proper and decent manner, his ſenſe of the evil, and his knowledge of its malign conſequences: nay, that he who is conſcious of any peculiarly pernicious effects; that he who can detect any frauds; that can diſcern any abuſes; that can prove any diſadvantages ariſing from the *law*, under ſuch and ſuch circumſtances; we will allow, I ſay, that ſuch a man,

man, whether *cleric* or *laic*, is deficient in the duty he owes to ſociety, if he omit to notify his particular obſervations. And if this be true of individuals, much more is it of *cities*, of *corporations*, of *ſocieties*; who doubtleſs in this caſe ſhould, with all becoming deference, addreſs their ſeveral repreſentatives.

But when thoſe *repreſentatives* have with care and caution; with aſſiduity and attention; with prudence and impartiality, weighed every argument: we conceive that it ſavours more of an arrogance, which (to ſay the leaſt) merits not commendation; than of a patriotiſm, which claims the nobleſt applauſe; to cavil at, and controvert their beſt determinations.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

M.

NUMBER XIII.

To the VISITOR.

——And did he riſe?
Hear, oh ye nations: hear it, oh ye dead!
He roſe, he roſe; he burſt the bars of death;
Lift up your heads, ye everlaſting gates;
And give the king of glory to come in!
Who is the king of glory? He who left
The throne of glory for the pang of death!
Lift up your heads, ye everlaſting gates,
And give the king of glory to come in!

YOUNG.

SIR,

AS you indulged me by admitting my reflections on the *death*, I beg leave to employ one more *Saturday*'s paper, with ſome general remarks on the *reſurrection* of Chriſt. Permit me to ſay, that whatever ſome may advance reſpecting our age; it is no bad ſign, to perceive papers of ſo ſerious a nature, as our laſt, ſo well received, and ſo generally acceptable, as I have had the pleaſure to remark, (in various companies,) theſe have been. It is an encouragement to proceed.

The *reſurrection* of Chriſt we acknowledge, is an article of the utmoſt moment. The very being

being of the chriſtian religion depends upon the truth of it. For could we ſuppoſe that Chriſt never roſe from the dead, the whole ſuperſtructure muſt fall, our *faith* be found folly, and our *hope* deluſion. But ſo far is this from being the caſe, that the *evidences* in ſupport of this *fact*, are infinitely ſtronger, than any which can be produced in ſupport of whatever other matter of belief: as indeed, we readily allow, they ought to be, ſince the *fact* is of a nature ſo extraordinary. And I think, we may ſay, with great truth, that it requires a much larger *faith* to diſbelieve, than to believe it.

"No, ſaith the infidel; *evidences* are in vain "in this caſe: ſeeing the thing itſelf is utterly "incredible, as contradicting nature and expe-"rience."—Moſt willingly would we grant, that evidence was fruitleſs, if the matter evidenced was in itſelf incredible. But we abſolutely deny this, with reſpect to the reſurrection of a man from the dead. We may put the apoſtle's queſtion—"*Why ſhould it be thought a* "*thing incredible with you that God ſhould raiſe* "*the dead?*" Can it be denied, that the omnipotent hand which *gives*, is able to *reſtore* life? Certainly, he who *created* can with equal eaſe *renovate*. Nay, indeed, humanly ſpeaking, there ſeems much greater facility in the latter, than the former. And when we conſider a body dead and lifeleſs, we may well believe, that the

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Lord of exiſtence can as eaſily, with one touch of his quickening hand, ſet in motion again the ſprings of life: as a ſkilful artificer with a ſlight touch, can give motion to a watch, which by ſome diſorder in its machinery is ſtopped, and as it were, *dead*. To purſue the ſimilitude: the watchmaker is by no means baffled in his art, if every *wheel* and *ſpring* and *pin* of the watch be ſeparated each from the other: ſkilled in the mechaniſm, he repairs it with eaſe, unites every part, and again reſtores it to motion. And can we ſuppoſe that the Almighty *artificer* is unable to unite the diſſeminated parts of human bodies, and again to build them into a living frame?—But whatever may be the caſe with bodies mouldered into duſt; certainly to vivify a body, three days only dead, implies no ſuch contradiction, nor ſeems, even in our eſtimate, any ſuch vaſt exertion of almighty power—and it is with this caſe only that we are at preſent concerned.

To ſay that this is contrary to nature or experience, is talking very unphiloſophically: for how many things are there, in ſome countries and climates, which appear contrary to nature and experience in others? So that if we were to withhold our aſſent, upon this principle, we muſt not laugh any longer at the *Indian*, who deemed the *European* a ſtrange romancer, when he aſſerted the ſolidity of frozen water. But in fact I deny, that a re-union of a ſoul to a dead body is contrary

trary to *nature* and right *reaſon*; ſince tradition, general expectation, and many facts, have made men, in all ages, not averſe to ſuch belief.

However, be the matter as it may, it muſt be allowed, that God could work ſuch a work if he pleaſed: and again it muſt be allowed, that ſuch a work, if performed, was the object of mens *ſenſes*. We all know what a *dead* body is: and cannot be deceived when we ſee one, in ſuch a ſituation, eſpecially as that of *Chriſt*'s: and we know as well, what a living body is; our ſenſes are fair judges in theſe caſes, and cannot eaſily be impoſed upon.

Granting then the poſſibility of a reſurrection —we aver, that the evidence we have for the truth of our Saviour's is ſufficient. The apoſtles are his witneſſes: and we obſerve, according to the uſual diviſion, that as they had the repeated teſtimony of all their ſenſes, for a long ſeries of time, they could not be *deceived*. As they lived a life of perſecution, and labour, and died a *death* of ſuffering, in atteſtation of this fact, without any motive to incite, any encouragement to uphold, any fame, pleaſure, profit, honour to allure, we rationally conclude, they were not, they could not be *deceivers*.

Nay, moreover, the moſt indiſputable teſt of their veracity and divine miſſion, and ſo in conſequence of that *reſurrection* to which they bore witneſs, is the continued train of miracles, which

which they wrought, which they enabled others to work: which were done publicly, frequently, in the eye of the whole world: which were never denied or gainſaid: and which the bittereſt adverſaries of the Chriſtian faith never attempted to deny; endeavouring only, and weakly enough, to invalidate their evidence, by aſcribing them to *evil dæmons*, *art magic*—or any thing, but the true fountain of power. This is a teſtimony of great weight with us, who are conſcious of the *inadequacy* of thoſe cauſes to ſuch effects: and therefore can never doubt, by what *power* the apoſtles performed ſuch *miracles*: which miracles leave us no room to doubt of the truth of their miſſion.

Obſerve we too, that it ſhocks every probability, to ſuppoſe that twelve men like the *apoſtles* could have ſucceeded in the converſion of the world, without arts, arms, or eloquence, unpatronized by the great or the learned, nay oppoſed moſt by ſuch—I ſay it is the verieſt abſurdity to ſuppoſe they could have done this, without the immediate and miraculous hand of God. And if any man believes it poſſible, let him only make the trial: let him form a ſcheme of religion as wiſely as he can, and let him chooſe twelve men, who underſtand only their mother tongue; and let him ſend them into *Spain* or *China*; to *Conſtantinople* or *Peterſburgh*—or wherever

ever he pleaſes; and ſee what the iſſue will be. No wiſe man will doubt.

To imagine that the apoſtles were impoſtors, and ſtole away the body of Jeſus, according to the fooliſh fable of the Jewiſh prieſts, is as contrary to reaſon, as it is to truth. For whether we conſider the *ſoldiers*, ſet to guard the *ſepulchre* or the *apoſtles*, or the future behaviour of the *prieſts* and *rulers*—we ſhall ſee that this was impoſſible. Every one, who knows any thing of the Roman affairs, knows the exact military diſcipline of the Romans: and how abſurd it is to ſuppoſe, that men of that order would have dared to ſleep in ſuch a ſituation: not to hint the weakneſs of ſuppoſing, that they *all ſlept*, as by conſent. We know, how a centinel would be treated with us in ſuch circumſtances: and the Romans were not leſs exact in military matters.

But even allowing, that they might have ſlept, the *apoſtles* can never be ſuppoſed capable of engaging in ſuch a deſign, as ſtealing away their maſter's body. If they had been courageous enough to have thought of this, how could they have known, that all the guards would have ſlept? But the truth is, they were too puſillanimous to think of any ſuch thing: they had no notion of it: they ſeem to have loſt all hope: and to have had no apprehenſion of their maſter's riſing again. They had forſaken him. And were hard of belief, when

they heard of his reſurrection. Their whole conduct declares the impoſſibility of their embarking in ſuch a hazardous attempt, againſt the ſucceſs of which there lay ſo fearful a peradventure.——

Indeed the manner in which the *prieſts* and *rulers* afterwards proceeded, clearly proved, that they did not themſelves believe the ſtory, which they perſuaded the ſoldiers to propagate: for we never find them proſecuting the apoſtles on that account, or laying it to their charge; though there was abundant room for it: the apoſtles boldly bore witneſs of the reſurrection: and the prieſts reproved them for ſo doing; as thereby they would bring the *man*'s blood on their heads, whom they had crucified.

"But ſay ſome, if Chriſt really roſe, why did he not appear to all the Jews? they ſaw him dead: they had no doubt of that: they ſaw him ſafe in the ſepulchre: why did he not ſhew himſelf openly to all the nation?"—Permit me to anſwer this queſtion by another;—why did he not ſhew himſelf to all the world, to the people at *Rome*, to us in *England?*—we had as good reaſon to expect it as the Jews; who had rejected ſo long every evidence of his divinity, every demonſtration of his miſſion from heaven, that they became unworthy any further favours: for indeed there was no probability to ſuppoſe, that further favours would have produced any better fruits. They had been witneſſes to a reſurrection,

tion, that of *Lazarus:* they could not controvert it: but what good influence had it upon them? —The truth is, his *reſurrection* was to be preached to the *world* in general, of which proper *witneſſes* were to be choſen: He appeared therefore to theſe, as well as to many others,—five hundred brethren at once;—and he furniſhed theſe witneſſes with proper credentials to warrant their teſtimony. And they who will not receive it, becauſe they think God ſhould have done more, at once make themſelves wiſer than God; and forget to examine, whether really he hath done enough.

That he hath done ſo, no humble and rational man will deny: while in full belief of the important fact, he endeavours to realize the reſurrection in his ſoul, by a *moral riſing* to a new life of virtue; that ſo he may happily ſecure to himſelf that immortality and life, of which the reſurrection of his Redeemer is at once the token, and the pledge, the purchaſe and the ſecurity.

—Shout earth and heaven
This *ſum of good* to man: whoſe nature then
Took wing, and mounted with him from the tomb!
Then, then I roſe: then firſt humanity
Triumphant paſs'd the cryſtal ports of light,
(Stupendous gueſt) and ſeiz'd eternal youth,

Seiz'd

Seiz'd in our name! e'er ſince 'tis blaſphemous
To call man mortal. Man's mortality
Was then transferr'd to death: and heav'n's duration
Unalienably ſeal'd to this frail frame,
This child of duſt!—Man—All-immortal hail!
Hail heaven! all laviſh of ſtrange gifts to man!
Thine all the glory: man's the boundleſs bliſs!

NUMBER XIV.

To the VISITOR.

Friend,

THE paper called *The Public Ledger* (in which thou beareſt a part) hath given me much pleaſure, and been of much edification to me and my houſhold. Good fortune betide thee therefore; may the ſons of commerce take thee under the golden wings of their protection!—Thus far I had written before ſun-ſet, on the firſt day of the week, vulgarly and prophanely called *Sunday*. But lo, when at breakfaſt this morning, according to my daily cuſtom, a cuſtom long practiſed by my forefathers; yea, verily, I ſay unto thee, when at breakfaſt this morning thy paper was brought unto me; how was I moved at once with grief and indignation! "Wo is me, quoth I, to my loving wife, *Gertrude*, what hath this man of vanity

vanity, this public corrupter of our manners, this ſame *Triſtram Shandy*, hath he intruded his frontleſs face into our moral, and ſober paper alſo?" Behold, the ſpirit of *Gertrude* was moved, and ſhe groaned deeply within her; "Ah *Gertrude*, *Gertrude*, (quoth I, drawing my beaver over my eyes, for mine eyes were ſwollen with grief) ah! *Gertrude*, *Gertrude*, theſe unrighteous books; yea, I ſay unto thee, theſe unrighteous books will corrupt our godly generation!" Hereat my ſpouſe put from her hand the ſmall veſſel of china ware which ſhe did hold therein; and lifting up both her eyes, groaned more grievouſly than before. "Was it for this, ſaid I, that the royal licence of our good friend *George*, who weareth on his head the crown of gold, was granted unto the truſty and well-beloved *William Faden*, of our city of London, printer? Was it for this, that immorality and prophaneneſs ſhould, like ſmall wares, be retailed in the *Public Ledger*, to the evident hurt of the community. Yea, and what grieveth me ſtill more, retailed by the poiſonous pen of one, who, if my informer ſayeth true, is of the number of thoſe that are hired for filthy lucre's ſake, to appear in the pulpit in a gown of black, to teach unto the people the way of ſoberneſs. Oh! thou man of folly, why wilt thou give unto the infidel, ſuch cauſe to triumph? Oh ye ſimple ones (for ſimple ye are, albeit ye vainly flatter one another with prophane titles of

honour) ye great *lords*, and ye *men*, who ſhew yourſelves with ſleeves made of *lawn*; oh ye ſimple ones, can ye ſo manifeſtly diſcloſe your want of all grace, as to countenance ſuch a reproach to his profeſſion, as the looſe and unſanctified penman of *Triſtram Shandy*."

Thus Friend *Faden*, did I piouſly remark, on beholding the words, "Original letters from *Triſtram Shandy*," in thy paper. While my good wife *Gertrude* ſat inwardly groaning the while: and our virtuous daughter *Ruth* ſighed full ſad, and forgat to eat her bread and butter! But, Friend *Printer*, if great was my indignation on reading the title, greater far was my indignation on reading the epiſtle itſelf. For ribaldry in imitation is much more inexcuſable than in its original form. Not much penetration is wanting, I trow, to diſcern that this letter of thine is not penned by the original *Triſtram Shandy*; of whom it may with verity be ſaid, that though altogether deficient in morals, he is not altogether deficient in wit. But peradventure I ſhall not err much, if I ſay, that thy *Triſtram* diſcovereth equal lack of both. "Verily *Ebenezer* (ſaid my loving wife *Gertrude* unto me) from what thou haſt read I perceive, that this *Triſtram*, is a baſe-born ſon of that *Triſtram*, of whom our good friend *Obadiah*, ſo wifely complained, in this paper

per on a former day *. Oh *Ruth*, *Ruth*, continued the ſober matron, the Lord forbid that thou ſhould'ſt be like the ungracious and unnatural daughters of *Obadiah*, who forſake the primitive road of truth, for the crooked paths of the old *Serpent!*" *Gertrude*, then ſaid I, I am much moved, *Gertrude*, to write unto this man of folly, our truſty and well-beloved *William Faden*, to reprove and admoniſh him." "What thy mind moveth thee unto, delay not to perform, O *Ebenezer*, ſhe replied," And lo, friend, I write unto thee, and ſay; why ſleepeth our friend *Probus?* where is the ſage and pious man, that hath often refreſhed us on the day vulgarly called *Saturday?* hath *Lien-Chi Altangi* no more letters for *Fum-Hoam*; † and will *Fum-Hoam* never reply unto him, opening ſomewhat more fully unto us the manners of the Chineſe, in a ſtyle ſomewhat more like unto theirs? why is our good friend the *Viſitor* alſo ſo rare in his appearance? my kind love to him, I pray; and if my mind miſgiveth me not, his father and I have had long acquaintance; and it will revive my ſpirit, to read the wiſe ſayings of the young man *Philanthropy*, his ſon, in thy *Ledger*. But, for this illegitimate child of *Shandy*, carnally begotten on a mother without underſtanding or wit, by an

* This refers to a paper, ſigned *Obadiah*, which was inſerted in the Ledger, and in which *Obadiah* complains of his Daughters for reading *Triſtram Shandy*.

† Writers, who appeared in the Ledger.

irreverend father without virtue; to give thee my advice, friend, in a prudent way; let me tell thee, it will not redound either to thy profit or credit, to admit his vain epiſtles into thy paper.—I ſhall bear thee in mind, and am, with much good will, friend *Printer*,

Thine in ſincerity,

EBENEZER PLAIN-CLOTH.

Dated our city of London the 2d day of the week in the month, called April, at the ſeaſon of breakfaſting.

NUMBER XV.

Such Fulvia's *paſſion for the town; freſh air*
(An odd effect!) gives vapours to the fair:
Green fields and ſhady groves and cryſtal ſprings,
And larks and nightingales are odious things:
But ſmoke and duſt and noiſe and crouds delight;
And to be preſs'd to death, tranſports her quite.
Where ſilver riv'lets play thro' flow'ry meads,
And woodbines give their ſweets, and limes their ſhades,
Black kennels abſent odours *ſhe regrets,*
And ſtops her noſe at beds of violets.

To the VISITOR.

From the Metropolitan Ball, Thurſday night, or rather Friday morning.

Dear VISITOR.

A Name by the way, that pleaſes me beyond all others. Your title ſhews your good ſenſe, and politeneſs. There is no character ſo agree-

agreeable as that of *Viſitor*; nothing in the world (I ſpeak rather too largely; I muſt ſay except two or three particulars) nothing is to me ſo delightful as *viſiting*. It is the very thing, Sir, for which we are born; what is life without it? Indeed I muſt do juſtice to the ſuperior underſtanding of our times, diſcernible as in a thouſand other inſtances, ſo in the titles annexed to periodical pieces; many of them have charmed me much; as the *Rambler*, a very excellent title; the *Adventurer*, better ſtill; the *Connoiſſeur*, oh the dear *Connoiſſeur!* What humdrums were our fore-fathers, with their *Spectators* and *Guardians!*—not but I muſt own, the *Tatler* was well enough, but for thoſe *Spectators* and *Guardians*, the very ſight of them almoſt gives me the hyſtericks!—Well, but to the point; you muſt know Mr. *Viſitor*, that the moment I ſaw your face in the *Ledger*, I fell in love with you, and was determined to correſpond with you. I had ſome thoughts of ſending a letter to the Ledger, but I was ſo much diſpleaſed with that title, (ſo much do I hear of *Ledger* and *Compting-Houſe*, and ſuch ſtuff every day) that I reſolved not to do ſo. Can't you, dear Sir, can't you perſuade your friends *Fairtype* and *Manyſheets* to alter that odious title; and to name it the *Aſſembly* (*La belle Aſſemblee* is a ſweet book with a ſweet name) or the *Ball*, or ſomething of that

ſort, it would give the paper infinite eclat; and I warrant it, many thouſands would be ſold every day: And then what one writes would be read and ſeen—and let me tell you, I have a little ambition that way; I don't love to write for no body. I love to be ſeen and read, Mr. *Viſitor*—Dear creature, was *you* at our laſt *Ball?* I am come to the buſineſs now. This was the reaſon of my writing.

Laſt, that word *laſt!* Oh what a ſound it has! The raven croaks not ſo harſh a note! Adieu lov'd *hall* of the *Haberdaſhers*; farewel delicious ſcene of happineſs and joy! Brilliant beaus, and ſparkling belles adieu; and all ye glories of our *Metropolitan* aſſembly. Oh that the ſummer was over and paſt! that the long day, and ſhort, too ſhort nights were no more! That the dear froſts were travelling from the north, and the pleaſant clouds black with ſtorms and with ſnow!—You muſt know (to deſcend a little from the ſublime) that this night concludes our aſſemblies for the preſent year: this night with its brilliant ball, ſhuts us out from an entertainment, the moſt elegant, ſplendid, agreeable, divine; every thing that ever was upon earth, or even can be imagined. Crowns and coronets, all they wiſh and all they want, fall upon the head of him,—*him* or *her*, which ever it might be,—who, intent upon the *public* good, firſt propoſed and planned this honourable *ſcheme!*

No-

Nothing can be conceived more happy than we all were: though to be ſure, towards the concluſion, we began to be a little moped at the thought, that we were not to meet again for ſome time. Indeed due reſpect was paid to the ball; the dreſſes were high and rich: though I could not help laughing in a corner, with lady *Love-to-ſneer*, at the aukward figure alderman *Widdle-whaddle*'s lady made! with her bumpkin daughter ſimpering at her tail! Lord bleſs me, the beſt cloaths in the world, Mr. *Viſitor*, don't appear tolerable on ſome folks. Nor could we refrain ſmiling at the ſignificant airs aſſumed by Mrs. *Chalk-and-Cheeſe*, who thinks every body ſhould make her the loweſt courteſy in the room forſooth, becauſe ſhe happens to have a good ſtore of her grand-mother's diamonds; though, *entre nous*, I am apt to believe (and lady *Small-geare* was quite of my opinion) that there is not any deficiency in *paſte-ware* among them. But as to that matter, it is very eaſy to appear in fine jewels: there was one Miſs *Borrow'd-Plumes*, a merchant's daughter, who had ſome thouſand pounds worth of jewels about her; but not *one* of her own!—I know to whom ſhe gave ten guineas for the night. Why now, Mr. *Viſitor*, theſe are ways to be fine, if people will be fine! But I confeſs, I think ten guineas better employed in making up a good ſack of one's own: to be ſure, what with trimming and ſo forth, ten

guineas are but a trifle. For *cheneil* is prodigiouſly dear, eſpecially if tolerably handſome. And I aſſure you I had the pleaſure to find mine particularly taken notice of. It is incredible what a number of ladies enquired after my mantua-maker! * And they were all aſtoniſhed, when I told them, it only coſt *ten guineas* making up. (I did drop a little fib, Mr. *Viſitor*, no harm in that you know) for trimming and all came to fifteen—but one loves *ſometimes* to appear mighty frugal. And let me tell you too, which pleaſed me beſt of all, ſeveral gentlemen, ſome very fine ones, and one very worthy gentleman with a *title*, who does always ſpeak ſuch pretty and polite things—Why, they took great notice and ſaid, I had a charming taſte; but no wonder, ſaid the baronet, "every thing about ſo fine a lady muſt be charming and excellent."

But, Mr. *Viſitor*, as I have heard it ſaid ſomewhere or another; "In the midſt of mirth the heart is ſad:" ſo is it in ſome ſort with me. And I will make you my confidante. The winter is over; in vain have I frequented this ball, and all the other public places; for, behold I muſt return to our abominable country-houſe, with my old name of *Seeker*. I will not trouble you at preſent with my various amours, offers, and addreſſes, nor with my diſappointments as vari-

* By way of Note, let me obſerve, that I always employ a *MAN:* I can't bear a Woman near me---no body of taſte employs Women.

various. I have indeed one iron in the fire at preſent: but no more of that. I ſhall be mighty glad of your favourable recommendation; and to that end, you ſhall hear from me in the country; for which we ſet out on Saturday morning; and I know not how I ſhall ſupport my exiſtence. For that which is a ſource of the greateſt pleaſure to others is my greateſt mortification. "Come, *Selima*, ſays my *father*, let us take a walk, and look at our laſt plantation: let us ſee how the flowers blow; or let us ſit by the *canal* and feed the gold fiſh." Then it is, "Bring *Thomſon*'s Seaſons in your hand: you ſhall read ſome of that charming poet to me. Don't you admire his deſcriptions, child?"—I am forced to cry yes, though heaven knows what he deſcribes; for I never think of it, when I read his random poetry. I hate blank verſe abominably: of all poetry, your ſonnet, or ode, eſpecially love-ſonnets pleaſe me the beſt! And next to *Thomſon*, I hate the country; and ſtand amazed to hear people in raptures about purling brooks, and flowery banks; ſummer ſkies, and vocal groves. The purling brook makes me melancholy; the flowery bank reminds me of the mercers and the milliners ſhops; and I ſometimes ſit down upon it merely to ſigh: as to the ſummer's ſkies, I hate the ſun, with his red face and inſufferable heat; and the birds never fail to bring to my remembrance the charming concert, and the more

charming *play-houſe*, which methinks is to *London*, what the heart is to the body. "Ceaſe ye little whiſtling triflers, I cry when I hear the fooliſh birds; hold your quavering throats: to my ears you are harſh as the grating hinge, compared to the *Beard*'s, the *Brent*'s, the *Tenducci*'s, the *Fraſi*'s, &c. &c. of the town.—Only one thing in the country is tolerable, a walk by moonlight in the *arcade*. Oh no: I had forgot; it too much reminds me of dear *Vaux-hall:* celeſtial ſpot! I ſhall hope, however, now and then to viſit that delicious place; if I *can* ſupport life, till the joyful winter comes ſmiling again with all his happy train. Had I a poetical pen, how elegantly now, could I deſcribe the beauties of a dark and clouded day,—the charms of London, decorated with lamps, in every ſtreet by five—the warbling whiſtle of the wintry ſtorms—the engaging whiteneſs of thick-falling ſnow, the channels flowing with the thawing ice! Oh winter, dear delicious winter, thou art my ſeaſon! haſte and drive the dull ſummer away.

There is one thing however, Mr. *Viſitor*, whereof I muſt not fail to inform you; which is, that as our country-retreat is not a very great way from town, and we have a pretty good neighbourhood; I have propoſed to ſeveral ladies, under the ſame afflictions and difficulties with myſelf; that we ſet up an aſſembly of our own, a weekly meeting, in order to *kill* ſome

of

of this odious time. And we have already agreed, about five or six and twenty of us, and do hereby invite all whom it may concern, to agree to the following propoſals. Namely, that our aſſembly, (of which they do me the honour to make me the *queen)* ſhall be called the *ſeeking aſſembly:* that every girl of ſpirit in *ſearch* of *ſomething*, ſhall be deemed a proper candidate: that the terms of admiſſion ſhall be an examination in *Triſtram Shandy*, or ſome writer of equal merit; and a ſubſcription, in their own hand writing to the regulations, and rules preſcribed: that in a book provided for that purpoſe, each member ſhall put down, what it is ſhe is *ſeeking* after, with as minute and particular a deſcription thereof, as may be: and that ſome of the body be deputed to convey the freſheſt intelligence from all quarters, reſpecting the matters in *ſearch*. That ſome certain ceremonies be obſerved at the initiation of each member; which are to be kept ſecret and deemed myſtical.—Now, Mr. *Viſitor*, we hope very good effects may ariſe from this aſſembly; and I ſhall take care to convey to you (if you pleaſe me) the minutes of our ſeveral meetings —But I ſtop ſhort at preſent. For I am almoſt tired with dancing, talking, writing, &c. &c.

As I cannot convey this letter myſelf, I leave it to the care of my brother *Solomon* who is very punctual: and ſays, that he likes the laſt page

of the *Ledger* beyond all the books he ever ſaw. He is perpetually poring over it.—My Oxford brother is as much pleaſed with the firſt page: and when I told him I was going to write to the *Viſitor*, began to examine me about Mr. *Candid* and *Candour-Hall* and *Philanthropy* (by the way I like that long word leaſt of any thing in your character—do change it for an eaſier name) and he told me, that there was ſome allegory couched under it.—" More, ſays he, *is meant, than meets the ear.* You muſt read it with attention." But I can give no ſuch attention. I hate your thinking work, when one reads. I love to have it run off: and no more of it. Juſt as my letter does now: ſo adieu—till we meet again,—worthy Mr. *Candid:*

Unalterably yours,

April 28, 1760.

SELIMA SEEKER.

Forwarded,

By your's, to ſerve in the needful,

SOLOMON SEEKER.

NUM-

NUMBER XVI.

Quod times, aut futurum eſt, aut ſecus. Si ſecus, fruſtra vexaris. Si venturum eſt, tum ſatis dolebis, cum adfuerit Tribulatio.

SENECA.

COmplaints of the miſeries of life, and murmurs at the preſent diſpoſition of things are heard from almoſt every quarter, are breathed from almoſt every lip of mortality. Tho' it is not to be denied, that human exiſtence is ſubject to ſorrow; that moral and natural evil predominates, in a great degree, throughout the creation: yet neither is it to be denied, that much of the miſery whereof men complain, is of their own ſeeking: that many of the murmurs which querulous mortals emit, ſpring from the bitter fountain of their own folly and imprudence.

A copious ſource of diſquietude is that *anticipation* of misfortunes, that ingenious method of *ſelf-tormenting*, (wherein many are ſo ſkilled) by which they penetrate into all the poſſible calamities of futurity: nor ever allow themſelves to enjoy the preſent thro' an irrational dread and ſuſpicion of what is to come. As nothing can be more deſtructive of felicity, ſo nothing

is

is more diſgraceful to reaſon, or more contrary to that pious dependence upon God; which religion in general, and the chriſtian revelation in particular, ſo clearly inculcates.

This evil without doubt ariſeth from weakneſs of underſtanding, and want of faith. For did men recollect that no human fears can influence futurity; that he, in whoſe hands are all events, both can and will diſpoſe them according to his good pleaſure: they would quickly drop all unmanly dread of the morrow; and labour only to ſecure his protection, who, ſovereign in power and goodneſs, cauſeth all things to co-operate for the good of his creatures. From ſuch principles a prudent, but not anxious; a reaſonable, but not diſtreſsful regard to the future, would preſerve the compoſure, and ever maintain the chearfulneſs of the mind.

Carvicco never leaves his houſe, but he is under a thouſand apprehenſions during his abſence, leaſt ſome miſchief ſhould befall his wife or his children: he prognoſticates an army of evils, and is generally diſappointed at his return to find all things well. *Ventoſus* is ſeldom ſeen to ſmile, is commonly ruminating on the mournful ſituation to which he ſhall be reduced, in caſe the veſſels, wherein his ſubſtance is embarked, ſhall chance to be taken by the enemy, or ſunk by the ſtorms; and with theſe melancholy probabilities, his family for the moſt part, every evening

evening are entertained. *Carcalla* preys daily upon her own vitals, and is often obſerved to drop a tear in ſilence: for ſhe conjectures and forebodes that her huſband, on whoſe life the whole ſupport of her family depends, will die, before his children are brought up: "and then, ſaith ſhe, with a lamentable ſigh, where ſhall ſuch a wretched widow and her poor orphans find a friend!"

An ancient apologue (for fables may teach where the more ſerious dogmas of ſcience are fruitleſs) well expoſeth this pernicious weakneſs.

Beneath the thick covert of a wide-ſpreading *oak*, ſequeſtred from the herds, and enjoying the cool of the ſhade, lay a STAG, with his beauteouſly-chequered partner by his ſide; while around them bounded in ſporting play, a little lovely *fawn*, produce of their mutual affection. The foreſt boaſted not a mate more faithful and fond than he; more pleaſing and conſtant than ſhe no gentle *hind* was renowned through the glade. As ſhe viewed with tender affection the branching antlers nodding on his comely brow; the gloſſy ſmoothneſs of his ſkin, and the elegant beauty of his ſlender and well turned legs; full of love ſhe ſighed deeply, while a round tear ſtole involuntarily down her dappled face. Attentive to her looks he ſoon diſcerned the riſing ſorrow: "and whence

(ſaid

ſaid this native burgher of the woods) whence, my ſoft mate, this ſad ſigh;—wherefore theſe tears that ſteal from your eyes, as if they wiſh to be concealed? The ſharer of your heart muſt claim a ſhare in your troubles; imparted griefs are diminiſhed, as imparted bliſs is doubly augmented."

"Alas, ſhe replied, perhaps the day will come; perhaps it is nearly approaching, in which I ſhall have no partner to ſhare in my griefs or my joys; but be left a widowed *hind* to range the lone foreſt in deſertion and ſolitude. The mournful reflection for ever preſents itſelf to my view, and I am hourly apprehenſive of thy ſharing that fate, to which the cruel gods have ſubjected our unhappy race! Full freſh in my memory, nay, preſent, as it were, before my afflicted ſight, is the miſerable cataſtrophe of my brother—A ſtag of nobleſt nature, and once nimbleſt of thoſe that ſkim light o'er the lawn! Shall I e'er forget the day, when breathleſs and panting, he ſought the thick covert where I chanced to lie hid; his burſting heart throbbed impetuouſly; his weary legs could no longer ſupport him; in anguiſh and diſmay he threw himſelf along the turf; and, as he caſt his eyes at me, who, trembling with terror, ſurveyed him; "the big round tears courſed one another down his innocent noſe in piteous chace;" juſt as he was going to vent his deep woe, the horrid

horrid tumult of the hunters and the hounds too loudly and plainly beſpoke the cauſe. Unable to fly, he armed himſelf with deſperate reſolution;—and ſhocking to relate—I beheld at a diſtance the blood-happy pack hang growling at his fair-jutting cheſt; I ſaw him long maintain the unequal combat; I ſaw—But, oh! ſhould ſuch fate befall thee!—nay, and perhaps that pretty innocent one, which plays its ſportive gambols around us, unſuſpicious of danger, unconſcious of the future—that lovely *fawn*, dear pledge of our fondneſs—perhaps too we are breeding him up to the ſavage ſlaughter!—Ah wretched mother; ah miſerable wife: is the fruit of thy loins, is the huſband of thy love, deſtined to be torn by devouring dogs: deſtined to be the ſport of men, more devouring and inhuman than they."

"*Cervilla* (ſaid the *ſtag*, riſing with much dignity and grace, and aſſuming a tone of authority, ſoftened with love) vain are thy complaints; thy apprehenſions are the children of timidity and weakneſs. The tenderneſs of thy conjugal, the yearnings of thy motherly affection, can alone plead thy pardon for indulging ſuch unreaſonable terrors. But ſay, my loved mate, canſt thou pierce into futurity, and ſee the yet dark and undiſcovered iſſue of things? or grant, that thou couldſt, yet canſt thou counterwork the great and irreverſible decrees of ſovereign

vereign *Pan*; or cauſe the ſilver-bow'd *Diana* to lay aſide her deſtined ſhafts! Suffice it for thee, that theſe potent deities preſide over all the affairs which concern our race. Wiſe in their rule, they will deal properly with us. It is ours to ſecure their favour: it is ours to ſubmit to their will. Thy heart heaves with anguiſh, through dread of misfortunes which *never* may happen; and, if ſo, *vain* is that dread, though thy anguiſh is a *real* evil. How many of our dappled kindred have eſcaped, to the utmoſt day of *cervine* longævity, the toils of the hunter, nor ever fled before the deep-mouthed pack? Why wilt thou not rather anticipate the *good* than the evil?—Nay, but conſider, ſhould it be the high will of Diana, that *I* and my *ſon* flee before the hunter, were it not more wiſe calmly to enjoy what is granted at preſent, than to die a thouſand times, than a thouſand times to ſuffer, in the fearful apprehenſion of the death, of the ſuffering, one day to come! It will be time enough to lament when the hour of lamentation is at hand: and if, indeed, we are to be ſought out for the chace, let us gallantly prepare and exerciſe ourſelves thereto; that ſo we may have hope to eſcape, and by our fleetneſs to baffle the ſcent and ſagacity of our purſuers. Or if we are to fall, let us reſolve to ſell our lives as dearly as we may; revolving daily, in our minds, thoſe heroic principles handed down from

from our anceſtors, which may ſtrengthen us to meet our fate with due magnanimity; and may give us, in the ſongs of the groves, to immortal memory.

Bleſt in each other's love, my *Cervilla*, bleſt in the pleaſing diſports of that jocund one, who now courts our attention; with placid ſerenity, let us enjoy what is beſtowed; with calm prudence provide for the future; and prepared for either fortune, wait ſubmiſſively the determinations of the great *Pan*. Make neither what thou *can'ſt*, nor what thou *can'ſt not* prevent, the ſubject of diſquietude; and accuſtom thyſelf rather to crop the golden flowers of balmy *Hope*, than to browze on the bitter wormwood of *Doubt* and deſperation."

NUMBER XVII.

By PHILANTHROPY CANDID, Eſq;

——Laſting charity's more ample ſway,
Not bound by time, nor ſubject to decay:
In happy triumph ſhall for ever live,
And endleſs bliſs diffuſe, and endleſs praiſe receive.

PRIOR.

THE following is an exact tranſlation of a letter, ſent by a foreign gentleman of my acquaintance to his friend abroad, giving an account

count of the ſatisfaction he received on *Thurſday* ſevennight at the *Feaſt of the Sons of the Clergy*: and as it does honour to our nation in general, and to that reſpectable ſociety in particular, I imagined it might be acceptable to my readers; and therefore with my friend's conſent, give it a place here. I wiſh I had ſeen, in proper time, the letter whereof he ſpeaks, concerning the trial of lord *Ferrers*, as I perſuade myſelf it would have merited attention, and affords very rational entertainment.

London, May 10, 1760.

I AM every day, my dear friend, more and more delighted with the *Engliſh*; and every day conceive higher notions of this great and happy people. Their nobles are princes; their merchants are nobles. Liberty and humanity, inviolable juſtice and univerſal benevolence ſeem to have taken their reſidence in this favoured *iſland*.—You will be charmed with the account I ſent you of the ſolemn court of judicature, * which I beheld with aſtoniſhment and veneration; and you will ſcarcely credit the report I have made of the unanimous determination of that auguſt body.—I was at an aſſembly of a different ſort, but one which gave me almoſt equal pleaſure laſt *Thurſday*. It was a charitable meeting at the grand cathedral of the city, for the

* He means at the Trial of Lord Ferrers.

the ſupport of the *widows* and *orphans* of the clergy.

Nothing can exceed the beneficence of the *Engliſh*. I have been collecting the names and deſigns of their ſeveral public charities, a liſt of which is now before me; and the peruſal of it makes my heart burn within me. No diſtreſs to which humanity is liable, eſcapes their compaſſionate eye. The voice of ſorrow is heard by their attentive ears, and the complaint of anguiſh never is made unavailing. From the womb to the grave, from the pregnant mother to palſied and feeble old-age, the relief of charity is extended; the young and deſolate are fed and taught; the ſick are viſited and relieved; the orphans find fathers, the widows huſbands, the penitent an houſe of refuge: even grief is ſeen to ſmile at the comforts beſtowed, and pain forgets itſelf, to bleſs and praiſe its benefactors.—Happy nation, theſe are works truly divine: theſe are works which cannot fail to ſecure the favour of providence!

But in the noble charity I was mentioning, magnificence contends with piety; and all the pomp of ſacred muſic awakens the ſoul to the fineſt ſenſations. The primate of the clergy, the archbiſhop of *Canterbury* dignified the ſolemnity with his preſence, ſeated under a canopy at the upper end of the choir; and on his

his right hand, as well as on the oppoſite ſide, ſate ſeveral other biſhops: the chief perſon in this wealthy and great city, whom they call the *lord mayor*, in his proper robes of ſcarlet, attended alſo, and was placed in a ſeat appointed for him. The body of *aldermen*, from whom this *annual* magiſtrate is *choſen*, men of the firſt reputation and fortunes in the city, were preſent, ſeated at the lord mayor's right hand, in their proper habits. The choir was filled with the moſt brilliant aſſembly imaginable of ladies and gentlemen, in elegant dreſſes.

You have often heard, and we have often talked, of the Engliſh ladies. But indeed they *beggar all deſcription*. Shall I freely confeſs to you (but if I confeſs it not, I know you'll think ſo) that my attention was ſtrongly engaged by the many beautiful objects before me: wherever I caſt my eyes, I found ſomething to detain them; and when I had obſerved one fair lady, conceiving her inferior to none, another immediately caught my notice; another and another then ſucceeded, the laſt ſtill excelling, or ſeeming to excel the former—Pardon this digreſſion.—

The ſolemn ſervice began; and the raviſhing ſtrains of the inimitable *Handel*, (whoſe compoſitions we ſo often have admired together) performed by a full band, and by the beſt maſters, both in inſtrumental and vocal muſic, rapt

me beyond myſelf; and gave me the moſt exquiſite delight. Surely there is a pleaſure in ſacred muſic, ſenſible and affecting beyond all other. Our reaſon approves what our fancy admires; and we ſeem to be acting conſiſtently, while enjoying the praiſes of the God of glory. —An eminent divine preached a ſermon in recommendation of the charity; I am not yet ſufficiently ſkilled in the language to be a judge of his compoſition; but I conceive that I am in ſome ſort a judge of his ſubject; and methinks could want but little perſuaſion to throw in my mite to the aſſiſtance of their *orphans* and *widows*, who miniſter to us in ſacred things; whoſe very functions preclude them, in the general, from earthly acquiſitions; who are obliged to appear in the world with decency and propriety, and incapacitated to lay up, from their ſtipends, ſufficient for the ſupport of their families: families, the rather to be ſupported with the greateſt tenderneſs, as having been accuſtomed to the better things of life; and therefore feeling with more exquiſite ſenſibility, the load of want and miſery, which they have not been uſed to bear: and drinking the cup of adverſity, mixed with peculiar bitterneſs, as *drugged* with the ſad remembrance of the better days of proſperity and peace. For you are to know, that when the father dies, all his perferment dies with him to the hapleſs widow, and her deſtitute children!

After

After the ſervice was concluded, they proceeded in grand proceſſion to one of the halls, which belongs to the companies in this city, of which there are ſeveral, and which are very large and ſuperb; where a noble and plentiful entertainment was provided, and where a great number of clergy and laity aſſembled to promote and encourage this charitable deſign; in much harmony united together, and freely and generouſly contributing to the beneficent work. I cannot fail to mention, that amongſt the gentlemen, there was one, who, as I am informed, is both a *Jew* and a *broker*; * who gave an hundred pounds, which it ſeems he has done for ſome years paſt, and probably will continue to do, as he is wealthy and generous.

Upon the whole, my dear friend, I think above eleven hundred pounds were raiſed.—Eleven hundred pounds in one hall, and by one ſociety! and to encreaſe your wonder, ſomething of this kind is always going forwards! At leaſt for theſe few weeks which I have been in England, I have never ſeen one of their *news-papers* or *journals*, without ſome advertiſement or intelligence of ſome of theſe meetings. I read not long ſince of a *London Hoſpital* for ſick and lame, where they gathered twelve or fourteen hundred pounds—Two or three occaſional charities I have remarked:—One even to cloath their enemies, the French

* *Sampſon Gideon.*

French priſoners, have collected in a ſhort ſpace of time, ſeveral thouſand pounds!—Will not this give you a great and venerable idea of the Engliſh nation? Of which was I in few words to draw the preſent character, I would ſay, It is a warlike and wealthy nation: full of glory, and full of riches; ſenſible of its own happineſs, and bleſt with the moſt harmonious union. Abounding in the beſt benevolence; generous, humane, charitable; happy in a monarch, the delight of his people; happy in a prince, the heir of his grandfather's throne and virtues, and univerſally eſteemed for his amiable qualities. Happy in all things, which a free and great people can deſire.—And if proſperity doth not relax them; if they perſevere in valour and virtue; perſevere to deſerve and to draw down the protection of heaven, by ſuch deeds, as at preſent diſtinguiſh them: Their enemies can entertain but feeble hopes. For if God be on their ſide, how ſhall they not do great acts?

Expect to hear from me ſoon again, and do me the honour to believe me

Yours, &c.

NUMBER XVIII.

Well-ſeaſon'd irony will oft prevail,
When ſtern rebukes, and ſtrongeſt reaſonings fail.

DUNCOMBE'S HOR.

AS I was ſitting the other morning in my ſtudy at *Candour-Hall*, my ſervant informed me that a young man deſired to ſpeak with me. As I am by no means difficult of acceſs, I ordered the young man to be introduced. The door opened, and in ſtalked a tall figure, very erect, which advanced without bending the body, or moving the broad-brim'd hat, which ſhaded the lank hair and ſolemn viſage. And coming cloſe up to me, he drew a pocket-book from his pocket, with much care and accuracy; and taking thence a letter, "Friend, quoth he, is thy name *Candid?*" It is, Sir, replied I. "Then to thee is my meſſage, he went on: *Ebenezer Plaincloth* of the city of London, merchant, wiſheth thee health, and willed me to deliver into thine hand this paper, which containeth his mind to thee: Fare thee well." Upon which he gave me a letter, and turning his back walked ſlowly away without more ceremony. I deſired him to ſtay, to ſit down, and take ſome

ſome refreſhment. "Thou art kind, friend, ſaid he; I thank thee for thy civil offers. But I have delivered unto thee all that *Ebenezer* gave me in commiſſion to deliver; and I have no farther buſineſs with thee. Why ſhould I waſte thy time in diſcourſe that may be unprofitable; and wereſore ſhould I eat of thy bread or drink of thy wine; whereas it coſteth *thee* much, and thou wilt not take *my* money for it? I will not do it: thou intreateſt me in vain. Once more I bid thee farewell." So ſaying, he departed; and I failed not to read immediately my friend *Ebenezer*'s letter, which, according to his deſire, gentle reader, here followeth for thy edification.

Friend *Candid*,

Health and peace to thee and thine.—Thy father was my worthy and beloved acquaintance, with whom I lived long in great amity and concord. Yea, and I muſt tell thee that thy family and thoſe of our perſuaſion have always cultivated a kind love one for the other. *William Penn* of famous and bleſſed memory, had ſo great a value for thy houſe, that he would not ſet ſail for the land of *America*, without two of thy great uncles, who were his conſtant counſellors and boſom friends: yea who planned with him the excellent form of government now prevailing in that flouriſhing colony, which taketh its name from him, and is called *Penſyl-*

vania; and where thy relations live in a more honourable eſtate than in any other part of the globe, called the earth.—Thou wilt not wonder then, that it rejoiced my heart to ſee thy lucubrations in the favourite paper of our city; that is to ſay the *Public Ledger*; for my ſpirit moveth me to believe that thou wilt uſe thy endeavours to reform the abuſes which abound in theſe latter days, and to introduce that primitive ſtate of chriſtian happineſs whereof we read in the ancient annals.

But friend *Candid*, I am grieved; yea verily I am inwardly grieved, and my heart is moved within me. Once have I ſignified my ſorrow by thy means, to thy printer; but alas, how much do I fear that he is a man of *Belial*, and regardeth not the morals of his readers, ſo long as he can ſecure their money! Elſe why ſhould he permit that reproach of our times, that unſanctified man, once again to defile the *Ledger* with his polluted pen after my reproof! For behold a ſecond letter from *Triſtram Shandy!* and a letter wherein he reflecteth upon my religious and prudent counſel! oh *Triſtram Shandy*, pour out thine ink from thy bottle; ſplit up thy pens, and conſume them in the fire; return thy paper to thy ſtationer again, and ſhut up thyſelf in a gloomy room, or in a lonely cave; ſhut up thyſelf, and admit none unto thee, for verily thou haſt loſt thy ſenſes; verily thou art not in thy right

right mind; thy ſober reaſon hath forſaken thee; and, I ſay it with true pity for thee, verily *Triſtram*, thou art *mad!* Thy countrymen beheld it, and grieved; and hadſt thou remained amongſt them, peradventure, thy malady had not come to its height.—But whereas thou didſt find in this great city ſome equally hurt in mind with thyſelf, no leſs inſane and deficient in reaſon, (for ſuch there are, I trow, in this great city, infected with madneſs of different ſorts,) —— Whereas thou didſt meet with theſe—and they, as madmen are wont, highly applauded their brother:—Behold, from that time, the evil ſpirit gained more and more power over thee; and now thou art even forgetful of what thou once waſt, when thou livedſt in the north country.

For thou haſt printed a book, too filthy even for a keeper of one of the evil houſes in *Covent Garden* to print: and yet thou art not one of thoſe, but a —My heart grieveth to ſpeak it! And a man of folly (if I hear the truth) yea, a man of much folly, hath agreed with thee to retail more of thy graceleſs ſtories — yea annually to retail thy graceleſs ſtories; annually to corrupt the morals of the people.—And for what cauſe? Oh baſe and unworthy cauſe; that ye may fatten together on the unholy gain!—And ſtranger ſtill; thou art willing to ridicule thy own profeſſion, which thoſe of thy profeſſion are ſo ready to

ſtile *ſacred*, by aſſuming a name of laughter, and a title of folly to vend thy *own* ſermons.—The *Dramatic Diſcourſes* * of *Yorick* is an unſeemly title for the *religious preachments* of a reverend P***y!—But why ſhouldſt thou publiſh diſcourſes of a ſerious ſort? Can theſe, and thy life, and other writings, correſpond! And how ſhall I regard thee, O *Yorick*, preaching morality to me, when I behold thee—for many eyes have beheld thee—dancing attendance upon an *harlot*, and paying thy court to a *wicked* and looſe woman!

Oh *Triſtram* follow my counſel, and the counſel, which my virtuous wife *Gertrude* is deſirous to give thee: haſte thee northward to a colder climate; endeavour to recover thy loſt reaſon; and let not thy reverend character be totally ſunk in that of the immoral buffoon! but bear in mind, what the poet ſaith well,

"Immodeſt words admit of no defence:
"For want of decency is want of ſenſe."

And if not *immodeſt words*, much leſs *immodeſt writings?*—Thus ſaith *Ebenezer Plaincloth*, who is not aſhamed of the truth, unto thee, Oh *Triſtram Shandy*; and much more in the ſincerity of his heart, and the abundance of his zeal, perchance, he may have to ſay unto thee, as well

* This appellation is uſed in many of the receipts given out for the Diſcourſes of Mr. Yorick.

well as to *thoſe*, who call themſelves *divines*, and are not: for they patronize a man, who recketh not for the cauſe of divinity; ſucceed but profaneneſs and lewdneſs, and fill but the pockets of *Triſtram*, and he will abjure the profeſſion, I trow!

And now, friend *Candid*, wilt thou write concerning theſe things; if thou careſt for the morals of thy readers, or if thou wiſheſt to ſtop the current of iniquity, thou wilt write; or at leaſt thou wilt print what I have written unto thee. Shall I tell thee, friend; I wrote an epiſtle of friendly and chriſtian ſort to this ſame *Shandy* myſelf, and he returned me only for anſwer, a paper blackened with theſe foul lines, from a wicked author like himſelf:

Quakers, that like to lanterns bear
Their light within them, will not ſwear:
Their goſpel is an accidence,
By which they conſtrue conſcience:
And hold no ſin ſo deeply red,
As that of breaking Priſcian's head.
The head and founder of their order,
That ſtirring hats held worſe than murder:
Theſe thinking they're obliged to troth,
In ſwearing will not take an oath:
Like mules, who, if they've not their will
To keep their own pace, ſtand ſtock ſtill!

I cannot deſcribe unto thee, the groan which was heard at my table, upon my reading theſe lines. We ſat ſilent for ſome time. When *Zechariah*, my ſon, even my firſt born, *Zechariah* (whom I have made for fidelity's ſake the bearer of this unto thee) when he, according to that wiſdom which is in him, remarked, after long ſtrugglings for utterance, that "This evil-minded man caſt reflections on our whole community." "Yea, ſaid *Ruth*, my pious and virtuous daughter *Ruth*, yea, *Zechariah*, I perceive, that thou art not miſtaken. But what a ſon of ſimplicity is this, that objecteth to our wiſeſt proceedings; our innocent and ſcriptural language; our regard to the Lord, whoſe titles we cannot give in flattery to men, and whoſe worſhip we cannot offer to human creatures, by vain bows, and *undevotional* courteſies! Yea, and who deſpiſeth us, becauſe we will not do as the multitude doth, profaning our lips with vile curſing and ſwearing, and following all the pomps of this evil world!"

Gertrude liſtened with joy to the words of her daughter, and could not refrain from ſaying, in the fulneſs of her heart.—"Well art thou called *Ruth*, my child, for thou art like unto that godly woman in underſtanding and piety: thou excelleſt the queen of *Sheba*, or even the woman of *Tekoah*: and I truſt in the Lord to ſee thy

thy name more famous than that of *Drummond*, of *Hume*, or any of the preachers of our days!"

Friend *Candid*, let me tell thee, we are a family of love: and we wiſh well to all the world, as thou doſt, I am ſure, if thy nature anſwereth to thy name, for is not *Philanthropy*, according to the Greek tongue, a *lover of mankind?* Therefore, we beſeech thee, explode this *Triſtram Shandy*; and let me not ſee, to my grief, *George*, R. at the top, and that famous man *William Pitt*, at the bottom, of a patent to *William Faden*, deemed ſo truſty and well-beloved, for the publication of a paper, uſeful and pleaſing to all—but rendered the vehicle of folly and profanity by ſo baſe a ſon of the ſteeple-houſe!

And now that I am writing, let me juſt put in one word more to thee concerning a baſe cuſtom, which I fear prevaileth more and more in our city! Ah me, how are the times corrupted, and our manners altered from thoſe of our great forefathers, who flouriſhed in trade, and regularity, and ſoberneſs. The daughters of Obadiah, *Hildrum*, *Tabitha*, *Dorothy*, and *Jemima*, came to our dwelling-houſe yeſterday: but how unlike were they unto the daughters of the father of *Obadiah!* They were cloathed in ſilken garments of many colours, trailing along the earth; their faces were deformed with ſpots of black; and on their hands they wore a variety of rings, which me-

thought ſparkled, like the gems of vanity! but above all, their countenances wore not that decent and lovely ſhame-facedneſs which becometh virgins, and women profeſſing godlineſs: inſtead thereof, boldneſs perched on their foreheads, and in their eyes dwelt confidence and ſcorn! And behold, they came to invite my ſage and ſober daughter *Ruth* to an ungodly aſſociation of theirs, called by an heathen name, the name of ROUT; where pride ſitteth the *quéen*, and thoſe painted papers, which are uſed by the hand of the gameſter, are found and dealt about in abundance. Friend, theſe *routs* will ruin our city; the women of *London*, the wives of tradeſmen are introducing theſe ungodly meetings, after the manner of the proud ſhe's of *Weſtminſter*, the wives of the nobles.

Cloſe unto me liveth one of theſe vain women: as I would not willingly offend, I will omit her name, as alſo the name of that narrow lane, in which ſhe ſojourneth; but a lane it is, that might well be called *ſtrait*; not deſigned, I wot, for the *rout*, and the *drum*, and the *hurricane*, and ſuch gentile things; but ſuited for the *'Change*, and the Cuſtom-houſe, and all the ſober dealings of trade. In this lane was a *rout!* ſuch a *rout* as kept ſleep from mine eyes, and ſlumber from mine eye-lids all the night—It cauſed *Gertrude* to pray fervently; thro' fear; and *Ruth* did nothing but look out at the win-

dow! and well might ſhe look; for coaches ran foul upon coaches, and *chairs*, unſeemly and unchriſtian *chairs*, daſhed one againſt another! there was not room to turn the former, and they were ſo numerous they could not be puſhed backward: the poles of the latter ſtuck faſt —and it was a wondrous *rout* indeed! the cries of the *females*, fearing ſubverſion, were terrible; and the oaths of their attendants were more terrible than their own cries! The flambeaux, as they call them, changed the night into day; and the mighty mob, collected to behold the ſtrange ſight, added freſh difficulties.

Truly, my neighbour, if thy wife holdeth ſuch midnight revelries, either thou or I muſt change our dwellings. Though verily I need not greatly fear; ſuch proceedings will ſoon render thee unable to ſupport thine houſe and to maintain thy credit. For believe me, I ſhould heſitate much to accept the bills of men who have ſuch wives, and who allow ſuch routs and tempeſts in a ſober and trading city. Friend *Candid*, it was to one of theſe routs that the daughters of *Obadiah* would have enticed my daughter; but they ſought to entice her in vain. *Ruth* told them, that "albeit they had forſaken the plain and good old way, ſhe would never wander there-from!" and I could not help ſaying, with much meekneſs of ſpirit, "Young women, becauſe ye are gone aſtray, would ye delude my

pious daughter alſo? Would you have her example to countenance your own? And thereupon I told them a tale of a goat without a beard, who wanted, forſooth, all his brethren to ſhave off their beards to keep him in countenance! The fable may be read at large in *John Gay*'s book of fables. It is the 22d in his firſt volume. They were enraged and abaſhed. They flirted an inſtrument of vanity called a *Fan*; twirled up their long party-coloured robes; and, apoſtates as they were, laughed at my ſage advice and withdrew!—I leave it to thy wiſdom, to ſay the beſt. I fear I have been rather too tedious: but I am full of matter, like a bottle filled with new wine. Thou art in my good remembrance, and I wiſh thee to perſevere in thy father's ſteps, then thou mayſt reſt confident of the love of,

Dated London,
the Month of May.

Thy faithful friend,

EBENEZER PLAINCLOTH.

N. B. I muſt ſo far agree with my friend *Ebenezer*, as to confeſs that I always take it for a very unfavourable omen, when I hear one of the *female* ſex acknowledge that ſhe hath read, or ſpeak of *Triſtram Shandy*, with ſmiles, or without a bluſh.

P. C.

NUM-

NUMBER XIX.

High gifts *eſſential* love *beſtow'd,*
When Jeſu's vot'ries he o'erflow'd.
Gifts, *which divinely ſhin'd,*
On teachable mankind;
And of the myſteries they taught
An irreſiſtable conviction wrought.

Biſhop KENN.

MY readers are obliged to the worthy clergyman, of whom I ſpoke in my ſecond number, for the following eſſay; and I have no doubt but their approbation of it will be ſuch, as not only to incline them to wiſh for more from the ſame able pen, but alſo to encourage my worthy and too diffident friend to favour us on ſome future occaſions.

" *Archbiſhop Sharp* well obſerves, that one great cauſe why the firſt chriſtians excelled the *modern* in purity and devotion, certainly was their reception of the chriſtian religion upon *principle*, from ſerious examination, and upon rational and full conviction. Whereas thoſe who are born, and in infancy baptized chriſtians, take up their profeſſion on truſt; and are the

the leſs influenced by it, as they examine too ſeldom, and too ſeldom are acquainted with its *evidences*. It is of the laſt importance to conſider theſe, either if we deſire to be rational in our faith, or to offer acceptable ſervice to the deity. And we can ſcarcely conſider theſe with any degree of attention and accuracy, and omit to diſcharge thoſe duties which the religion they ſupport directs and commands. For no *evidences* in proof of any fact, can either be urged or deſired, more ſtrong and irrefragable,—certainly we may ſay more ſatisfactory and convincing, than the *evidences* in behalf of the divine original of the chriſtian revelation.

For my own part, I am well perſuaded, tho' there are very many more and ſufficient arguments, that the truth of the chriſtian religion is indiſputably proved and eſtabliſhed from the bleſſed conſequences of that day's *miracle*, which at the preſent ſolemn ſeaſon we are about to commemorate. And I would freely fling the gauntlet to any infidel, and as freely give up my profeſſion, if he could confute and vanquiſh me, in reſpect to this ſingle topic of defence—— "The deſcent of the divine ſpirit, and the conſequences of that deſcent."

That the divine ſpirit did deſcend at the time, and, in the manner related in the ſacred hiſtory, with rational perſons, can admit no doubt; the authen-

authenticity of that hiſtory, hath been ſo ſufficiently proved, and ſtands upon ſo fair a bottom, that no man of underſtanding can controvert it. But that the divine ſpirit did deſcend may be proved undeniably, even without the *evidence* of that ſacred hiſtory. — The fact was notorious throughout all Judea; and the conſequences of the *fact* were, nay, *are* notorious throughout the world. For, that not only the *apoſtles*, but their ſucceſſors, for at leaſt three centuries performed all kinds of mighty works, which they conſtantly attributed to the operation of the holy ſpirit of God; —that they and all the followers of Chriſt poſſeſt, and diſplayed the ordinary as well as extraordinary gifts of the ſpirit, is a fact of undeniable certainty, and atteſted by all the writings of thoſe times which ſpeak of theſe matters. And indeed the conſtant appeal which the apoſtles make in their epiſtles to theſe *ſpiritual* wonders, is a clear demonſtration of their exiſtence; ſince otherwiſe ſuch an appeal would have been folly, and muſt have immediately convicted them of falſhood.

But, I obſerve, that the conſequences of this fact *now* before our eyes, prove its reality. That *chriſtianity* is in being amongſt us, and in various parts of the world, we all ſee and know. And a ſmall degree of penetration will ſuffice to convince us that chriſtianity could never have had

any

any being at all either amongſt us, or in any other part of the world, without the *extraordinary* gifts and aſſiſtances of the ſpirit. For ſuppoſe Jeſus Chriſt and his twelve diſciples to have been what you pleaſe: cunning impoſtors or weak enthuſiaſts, deceivers or deceived, wiſe or fooliſh, learned or unlearned: certain it is, that no efforts, of theirs, no *human* efforts, could have propagated and eſtabliſhed ſuch a *faith*, and ſuch a ſyſtem of *doctrines* as the chriſtian. Fancy to yourſelf only two or three men, without wealth, without patrons, without power, without arms, and without eloquence; nay, and naturally unacquainted with any other than their mother tongue: fancy to yourſelf theſe in a city like *Rome*, *Epheſus*, *Corinth*, or *Jeruſalem*, preaching up faith in a *crucified* man, a *man* of a wondrous ſort, a man united to God! propoſing a total abolition of the national worſhip; exploding all the wiſdom and received opinions of the philoſophers; diſcountenancing all the luxury, luſt, and pleaſures of the worldly; offering nothing but future and unſeen rewards; and teaching a reſurrection of the body from the dead, and a day of future judgment, when the man who was crucified is to judge:—I ſay, only fancy to yourſelf two or three ſuch men preaching ſuch things in ſuch cities, and you will clearly ſee that ſucceſs was impoſſible, upon a merely human plan! that every earthly power was armed againſt

againſt them; that prieſts, magiſtrates, and philoſophers, yea, and the whole body of the people were concerned, and could not fail to deſtroy them.

But ſo far was this from being the caſe; ſo far were they from being deſtroyed; that on the contrary, ſuch men did not only prevail, but filled the whole world with their doctrine. And when we conſider what credentials they offered, we marvel not; for what is too hard for the hand of omnipotence? They raiſed the dead; they healed the ſick; they caſt out devils; they raiſed the dead in ſin; they healed the ſick in ſoul; they caſt out the devils of luſts, pride, and intemperance. The lame leaped up and walked rejoicing at their call: the dumb tongue, at their touch, ſang praiſes to the Redeemer: the blind eyes, at their command, opened to the view of theſe wonders; and the deaf ears, heard with admiration his power, who enabled them to hear. The drunkard learned ſobriety; the proud man humility; the laſcivious grew chaſte; the vain lowly; the paſſionate meek; every vice trembled at their preaching, and the moral as well as the natural world, ſhewed a ſubjection to that ſpirit, under whoſe influence they taught.—No wonder then the chriſtian religion grew and increaſed.

Without theſe miraculous aſſiſtances of the ſpirit, we ſee how ſlow the progreſs of chriſtianity is, even when ſupported and aided by every

very encouragement of the ſecular power: for a proof of which we need only recur to thoſe miſſionaries, which different nations, and our own amongſt the reſt, have ſent to convert the heathen to the faith. And alas, how very inconſiderable is their progreſs! What then muſt have been the progreſs of the firſt chriſtian preachers, if not divinely aſſiſted; when the ſecular arm was not reached out for their encouragement, but, with the moſt bloody intent, even to murder and cruelly butcher them?

One would wiſh, that ſome of our infidels, who pretend to diſbelieve chriſtianity, would only make a trial, in order to diſprove this argument, and ſee what ſucceſs they might have in the propagation of a new faith. The times are enlightened now, and theſe gentlemen will be ready to confeſs, that human reaſon was never in fuller ſtrength. Let them therefore, with their utmoſt ſagacity, *delineate* a ſyſtem of morals; let them adorn it as they pleaſe; and uſe every plauſible method to enforce and recommend it; — and this done, let them depute *twelve* (not of the *unlearned* and *unlettered)* but of the wiſeſt and moſt learned of their ſociety; and diſmiſs them to any city of the globe, the more cultivated the better, and let them preach in order to eſtabliſh their new mode of faith and worſhip; and we will venture to riſk the credit of chriſtianity upon the conſequences of their miſſion — " Nay, but they do not

not underſtand the language of *China*, or *Japan*; they are ignorant of the *Ruſſian* or *German* tongue: they cannot ſpeak *Spaniſh*, *Italian*, or *Portugueſe*."—True, why there is the difficulty. And who would pretend to go and preach a new and ſtrange doctrine amongſt any of theſe people, without a knowledge of their language?—Why this did the apoſtles. They were all Galileans: and underſtood only the language of Galilee. But they were taught, divinely taught, and thereby enabled for their miniſtry; taught to declare to every people under heaven, in the language of that people, the wonderful works of God! This was a miracle of the moſt ſtupendous ſort. Yet ſuch a one as was ſo abſolutely neceſſary, that without it chriſtianity could not have been propagated; and ſuch a one as the propagation, and preſent being of chriſtianity, undeniably atteſt. And as ſuch, a miracle could be wrought only by God—for who knows not the difficulty of attaining a ſmall degree of knowledge, even in one foreign or dead language?—As ſuch a miracle muſt be the work of God, of plain conſequence, chriſtianity, which owes its exiſtence in a great meaſure to that miracle, is thereby evidently proved to be of God alſo.

It is neceſſary juſt to remark (for the oppoſers of Chriſtianity are often deſirous of having the brand of illiberality and ignorance ſtamped upon it, its propagators, and profeſſors) that the times,

when

when theſe men preached, were the moſt celebrated for ſcience: the golden æra of Auguſtus, and the cities, in which they preached, were the moſt cultivated and the moſt improved. So that no objection can ariſe from thence: nor can the ſuperſtition and weakneſs of the age, nor the meanneſs of the people be urged: nor the obſcurity of the place of action: theſe things were not done in a corner.

Many other particulars might be offered to corroborate this argument, in proof of the Chriſtian faith, drawn from the miraculous works of the ſpirit: but I cannot omit to mention the deaths of the martyrs, who gave up their lives with ſo much fortitude and conſtancy, in atteſtation to the reality of the ſpirit's operations, ordinary as well as extraordinary: a matter, in which they could not be deceived; which they were led to atteſt by no viſible or preſent allurements; their expectations being only future, and grounded entirely on their own fidelity and ſincerity, recommended by the prevailing merits of their Redeemer.

And as theſe gifts of the ſpirit afford an inconteſtible proof of the truth of the divine original of Chriſtianity; ſo were they conſummatory of all which Chriſt did or ſaid, and confirmatory of all he profeſſed and promiſed. Indeed he ſeemed to reſt the truth of his miſſion on this great event. He ordered his diſciples to wait

for

for the *promiſe* of the Father. And it is evident, that had this *promiſe* never been fulfilled, he muſt have been infallibly convicted of impoſture. But at the time appointed, and according to his moſt faithful declaration, this advocate of men, this promiſed *Paraclete*, with awful pomp, made his glorious entrance into the world; bore the moſt ample teſtimony to the ſeſſion of Jeſus, the Son of God, at the right hand of glory: wrought with the apoſtles to the eſtabliſhment of his faith throughout the earth: and ſtill works in and with all believers, enabling them to perform the conditions of that faith, and to perſevere in every acceptable duty.—Thus *Milton* cauſeth the *Angel* to foretell our great and general father concerning the heavenly gift.

—— From Heaven
He (Jeſus) to his own a comforter will ſend,
The promiſe of the father, who ſhall dwell,
His ſpirit, within them, and the law of faith
Working thro' love, upon their hearts ſhall write,
To guide them in all truth, and alſo arm
With ſpiritual armour, able to reſiſt
Satan's aſſaults, and quench his fiery darts.
What man can do againſt them, not afraid,
Though to the death; againſt ſuch cruelties
With inward conſolations recompens'd,
And oft ſupported ſo, as ſhall amaze
Their

Their proudeſt perſecutors; for the ſpirit
Pour'd firſt on his apoſtles, whom he ſends
To evangelize all nations, then on all
Baptiz'd, ſhall them with wond'rous gifts indue
To ſpeak all tongues, and do all miracles,
As did their Lord before them. Thus they win
Great numbers of each nation to receive
With joy the tidings brought from Heaven.

Par. Loſt. B. 12. V. 485.

Invited as we are to receive theſe tidings, profeſſing as we do that faith, which theſe apoſtles preached, and this ſpirit atteſted; let us remember how ſtrong obligations are upon us, to practiſe what we profeſs to believe. And let us not forget, that every additional argument in proof of our faith, is an additional argument to ſtimulate our practice. Since the more evidence we have of the truth of Chriſt's goſpel, the more anxious muſt we reaſonably be to approve ourſelves to him, and to obey thoſe precepts, which are enforced by ſanctions ſo ſolemn: the more muſt we tremble to neglect his hallowed laws, who hath power to caſt both body and ſoul into Hell;—and who for ſuch neglect, hath threatened that terrible puniſhment! And when every thing riſeth in proof, to his divine miſſion, we muſt deſerve a harſher name than fools or mad, if for the foul gratification of luſt, the empty purſuits of ambition, and the ſlaviſh ſervice of

the world, we relinquiſh the high hope of *Heaven*, as we diſregard the happy buſineſs of holineſs: and deſire not the ſpirit for an *advocate*, as we never ſeek for him as a *ſanctifier*.

M.

NUMBER XX.

To the AUTHOR *of the* VISITOR.

Thee next they ſang of all creation firſt
Begotten ſon, divine ſimilitude!
In whoſe conſpicuous count'nance, without cloud
Made viſible, th' almighty father ſhines,
Whom elſe no creature can behold: on thee
Impreſs'd, th' effulgence of his glory abides;
Transfus'd on thee his ample ſpirit reſts.

MILTON, B. III. 383.

SIR,

IN my laſt Saturday's paper, I endeavoured to prove the truth of the chriſtian religion, from a ſeaſonable topic, the deſcent of the bleſſed ſpirit, and the conſequences of that deſcent; and the arguments derived therefrom are ſuch as cannot fail to influence the unprejudiced mind. I go on to obſerve, that if indeed the chriſtian religion

religion be true, if it be a *revelation* made by the high and holy deity to mankind, it is the duty of us all to receive its doctrines with ſubmiſſion and deference. I mean not to plead for the total rejection of our reaſon and underſtanding. Far from it. But I would have us know the proper boundaries of theſe: I would have us remember which are the diſtinct provinces of *reaſon* and *faith*; how far the one conducts, and where it delivers us into the hands of the other.

Reaſon is the privilege, the bleſſing, the glory of human creatures; it is a ray of the divinity, and as ſuch to be venerated and cultivated. But we ſhall be ſtrangely perverſe, if we will not allow that the eye of this reaſon can ſee only to a certain diſtance; that its horizon is bounded; that it is dim and blind to all beyond. We ſhall be ſtill more ſtrangely perverſe, if we will not admit the giver of this ſpark to enlighten it; to raiſe us up, that we may extend our view, and by his aid pierce beyond that bounded *horizon* of mere unenlightened reaſon.

It is the province of this reaſon to examine the claims of a *revelation:* but when it hath ſo examined, and is ſatisfied, there its office is to ceaſe; it is then its duty humbly to conſign us into the hands of faith. I *ſhould* ſay, that this reſpects ſuch parts of the *revelation* as are clear and evident; where matters are doubtful and diſputable,

diſputable, the beſt and ſtrongeſt powers of our reaſon are to be applied.

I have ſaid thus much with a view to that great doctrine, which is the foundation of our ſolemnity to-morrow; the doctrine of the *trinity*, a doctrine which unhappily hath been made the ſubject of much uneaſy debate; and through the paſſions of ſome, the weakneſſes, prejudices, and miſtakes of others, hath occaſioned no ſmall contention in the chriſtian world. But it ſeems to me of all things moſt ſtrange, that it ſhould have done ſo; ſince one would have ſuppoſed that chriſtian divines ſhould have contented themſelves with barely repreſenting the ſcripture truth, and have been cautious either too minutely to enter into it, or too preciſely to have defined, what is beyond the compaſs of human definition, reſpecting this great myſtery.

For that, after all, it is a great myſtery; nay, that every thing relative to the deity is a myſtery, not leſs than this, no thinking man will deny. *Simonides* is commended for his wiſdom, in delaying from day to day his anſwer concerning God; becauſe he found, as he declared, that every day the more he conſidered his ſubject, the more he launched into this great ocean of contemplation, this ſea without a ſhore, the more he was loſt in wonder—the more he perceived his own perfect ignorance. It is the ſame with every man. True, the revelation of Chriſt

hath greatly enlarged and expanded our view, and happily inſtructed us in the nature of the deity. But as to the mode of his exiſtence, and a thouſand other particulars, it neither hath, nor *could* it inſtruct us; for this very obvious reaſon, becauſe our faculties are not *adequate* to, are not *capable* of the inſtruction.

When therefore we are told in the *revelation*, which we are aſſured from every rational *evidence* is from God, that *God* is a *ſpirit* eternal, immenſe, almighty, that he exiſts in an *unity* of nature, but in a *threefold* exertion of that nature; that his eſſence is one, but that this eſſence is equally communicated to three *perſons* or *powers* who are pleaſed to ſtile themſelves, Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt—what have we to object, or why ſhould we diſpute?

Why, ſays one, I cannot conceive how three perſons can partake of one nature or eſſence—I cannot conceive how the ſecond and third perſons can be equal to the firſt?—But can't you conceive, or at leaſt don't you know, that your *one* body exerts a threefold agency of *underſtanding*, *will*, and *affection?* Don't you perceive, that the *ſun* and its *light* are co-equal in time? Don't you perceive, that the *light*, the *air*, and the *flame*, are co-exiſtent in the ſame taper? But not to inſiſt on theſe: I would aſk, Do you, who ſay you cannot comprehend this truth, do you conceive or underſtand what this *Spirit* called

led *God* is in himſelf? So far from it, you have not the leaſt idea of him: you cannot have any direct idea of ſpirit. Every thing you ſee exiſts in matter. You know nothing of God as pure ſpirit. For, when you think of him, you are obliged to think of *form* or *faſhion*, without which you have no ideas at all—But how falſe are ſuch thoughts! Then again, what idea have you of the *eternity* of this ſpirit, this everlaſting God? None at all. All you ſee and know begins and ends. God is without beginning and without end. Comprehend this, and you will comprehend the mode of his *Triune* exiſtence. Again, this eternal ſpirit is immenſe: extended through all ſpace, preſent in every place, conſcious of every thought, word, and work, both of angels and men. Say then, are we not loſt in this ſpeculation? But do we diſbelieve, becauſe we cannot conceive? No, we readily agree, that he is about our path and about our bed, and ſpieth out all our ways!—

Now, if we only extend this reaſoning to the doctrine of the Trinity, we ſhall no longer doubt or diſpute concerning it. The great God, who is an eternal, immenſe, and omnipotent Spirit, reveals himſelf to us under the threefold relation of *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Ghoſt*; three divine perſons of equal power, glory, time—The Father is God, the Son and Spirit, as partaking of the ſame one eſſence, are *God* alſo — If you have

difficulties in understanding this, remember that you have difficulties in every thing which relates to God. Hope humbly then, be content to believe, as the God who best knows his own nature has taught and directed; and rather than dispute about the Trinity, labour by a life of pure piety and virtue to recommend yourself to that Glorious God, who, in infinite love, sent his *Son* to redeem you, his *spirit* to guide you; and who hath favoured you with the finest system of doctrines which the highest wisdom can imagine: doctrines, which make *virtue* worth pursuing; which sooth our fears, exalt our hopes, and render *mortality* the fountain of comfort, as opening the door to perennial felicity.

M.

NUMBER XXI.

A parliament of porters here ſhall muſe
On ſtate affairs, "ſwall'wing a taylor's news."
For ways and means no ſtarv'd projector ſleeps;
And every ſhop ſome mighty ſtateſman keeps;
He Britain's foes, like Bobadil, *can kill;*
Supply th' Exchequer and neglect his till:
In every alehouſe legiſlators meet,
And patriots ſettle kingdoms in the Fleet.

MURPHY.

To the VISITOR.

Mr. CANDID,

AS you ſeem a good-natured gentleman, I hope, you will be ſo kind, as to admit my complaints, and to write ſomething that may be of ſervice to my huſband, as well as of comfort to myſelf: for as matters ſtand at preſent my life is terribly uneaſy; and I am apt to believe, my troubles are not ſingular, becauſe I know many men, who ſeem infected with the ſame diſtemper as my huſband; (indeed the *diſtemper* at preſent appears *epidemical)* and I am very certain, that the wives of ſuch huſbands muſt have no ſmall ſhare of diſquietude.

You have thought proper to ridicule the affectation of *politics* in our *ſex*; * but let me tell

* This Paper is not printed in the preſent Collection.

you, good Sir, it deſerves no leſs to be ridiculed in your own: perhaps it requires ſomething more than ridicule, on that ſide; as the effects of this brain-ſick deluſion are much more perſpicuous with the men than with the women. For us to talk of politics perhaps may be advantageous, as thereby we are often preſerved from the tattle of ſcandal: whereas when your heads get heated with the ſubject, *wiſe* men, and *Lords* of reaſon, as you deem yourſelves; you frequently forget things of greater importance; and omit to direct your ſhops, and your buſineſs at home, while you ſit at your clubs, and very ſagaciouſly direct the counſels of Europe.

This is the caſe with my fooliſh huſband. God bleſs the man; but indeed I cannot help calling him fooliſh. You muſt know, Sir, that we have been married now near ſixteen years: and till the commencement of the preſent war, no woman could deſire a better mate. He was always up early, and opened the ſhop windows himſelf: never went from behind the counter, till dinner time; and then would drink his pint of porter, and ſmoke his pipe comfortably at home; he would very often, when our buſineſs allow'd, take a walk with me in the ſummer evenings; and ſcarce ever went to a public houſe at night, except it might be to meet

a cuſtomer; but would always carefully go over the day-book with me; and in ſhort in every reſpect ſeemed willing to admit my ſuperiority to himſelf in rank and ſenſe; and acted as a man ſhould do.

For I muſt tell you, that as my father (who by the bye was a gentleman of a very ancient and good family, tho' ſomewhat decayed) intended me for a lady's woman; he took care in conſequence of that deſign, to give me an excellent education; I was well inſtructed in my own and in the French tongue, in writing and accounts, and every thing requiſite to qualify me for that ſtation. After I had lived in it happily enough for ſeveral years, I met with my preſent huſband. He came up to town from the *Weſt-Country*, to ſeek his fortune; and he firſt got employment in quality of a porter; for which he was well adapted, being a man of brawny ſize and make; but not much liking this labour, he commenced footman; and in the ſeveral revolutions of his fortune, was caſt into a family, which was very intimate with ours. He ſoon grew enamoured of myſelf; and we ſtruck up a bargain, and by the advice of our maſters and miſtreſſes took a ſhop, not far from the ſtreet in which they lived, and became retailers of thoſe ſmall commodities, which are commonly vended by chandlers.

As my huſband could ſcarcely read, and not write at all, I was as neceſſary in the trade as himſelf, for ſetting down goods, and making out bills. And at our leiſure hours, we amuſed ourſelves, he in learning, and I in teaching him to read and to write; in which I can't ſay he made much progreſs; for tho' he was very careful and diligent in buſineſs, I did not find him furniſhed with a very capacious underſtanding. However, as there was no deficiency in any thing elſe, I did not much trouble myſelf about that; eſpecially (as I ſaid before) he being always willing to acknowledge my ſuperior abilities.

Thus, Sir, we went on comfortably enough; and by aſſiduity and parſimony ſaved money; we grew in good eſteem in the neighbourhood, and were looked upon as honeſt, ſober, induſtrious, thriving people. My huſband now began to hold up his head. Some of the better ſort of tradeſmen would ſtand and chatter with him in the ſhop; nay, they would invite him to go with them to the neighbouring ale-houſe, the fatal *Man i' th' Moon!*—And he began to call for the *Daily Advertiſer*, and would pore over it half the afternoon to *pick* up the meaning of it, if he could *ſpell* it out! At length, Sir, comes the preſent war; and as every babbler was prating about it, my ſimpleton too muſt prate! He was always *dinging* my ears about the balance of power,

power, and the intereſt of Great Britain; and ever haranguing of the miſchiefs of connections with the *Continent*. I was ſo mad one day to hear him *gabble*, that I could not help aſking him what he meant by the *Continent*, or if he knew what it was? "*Continent*, you fool, ſaid he, yes, to be ſure: why the Continent is a place in the *Mediterranean* ſea, where thoſe curſt *Garmans* all live!" Oh the oaf! I thought I ſhould have burſt!

Well, Mr. Candid, ſo we went on, and diſagreed ſorely about our politics; till at laſt came the news of the fatal miſcarriage of Admiral *Byng!* My huſband could no longer contain, but away after dinner he goes to the *Man i' th' Moon* to drink his porter, and there ſat he till ſix o'clock! And ſo pleaſed was he with his company, that the next day he adjourned after dinner to the ſame place! And now he hath continued regular in the practice to the preſent hour. I am always deſerted, and away goes he to the *Man i' th' Moon*, and returns muddled with porter, with politics and ſmoke; and I am plagued to death with the repetition of all the curious obſervations made by the wiſe politicians of his club! But this is not the worſt! For he hath moreover aſſociated himſelf with another club at the *Dog's Head i'th' Porridge Pot*, which he attends almoſt every evening; and I am left alone to make up the books, and write

out the bills; nay, I am forced to riſe early to ſee the ſhop opened myſelf; for my gentleman can't get up truly ſo ſoon as uſual; and if he happens to be up pretty ſoon, the firſt queſtion he aſks is, whether the *Ledger* is come, and whether there is any letter of *Probus*'s; for he mightily admires Mr. *Probus*, and will retail you his remarks for ever. But he never reads any thing elſe, poor ſimple creature!

But, Sir, there is nothing vexes me ſo much, as to ſee what airs of importance he aſſumes, and what a coxcomb he is grown! If he had ſenſe equal to other people, or could read, and talk with any propriety, I ſhould not care: but to hear his ſtrange blunders, makes me bluſh for him; and I often ſee his companions, who call in accidentally, tip one another the wink, and laugh at his awkward manner of handling the hard words and names! What a figure muſt he cut at the club! There have been two or three places in *America* of difficult pronunciation talked of in this war! Oh, what work did he make of them, of *Tickendrago*, and *Nagary*, (for ſo he calls them;) and the German names, Oh frightful! what ſounds did his awkward tongue give to *Cloſter-ſeven*, *Sanderſhauſſen*, *Zullicau*, and *Cunnerſdorf*, &c. &c. &c! One of his club-mates came in t'other day, and told him, that fort *du Cane* (I write it as pronounced) was taken. "Fort *du Cane*, fort *du Cane*, quoth he,

where's that? I have read of fort *du Squeſney* (ſo he pronounced it) but I never heard of t'other before." I ſet him right; but what a laugh did his blunder cauſe! And with the commanders names, he proceeds juſt in the ſame manner; yet inſenſible to reproof, ſtill blunders and blunders on; and talks of *Pitt*, and prince *Fardinan*, the marquis of *Granby*, and admiral *Hawke*, and the like, with as much freedom and aſſurance, as if he was their familiar and equal.

We have two or three great families that we ſerve with *brick-duſt* and *ſmall-coal*; and if my huſband can any way catch hold of one of the ſervants, or draw any intelligence from them, it would ſplit the liver of a pigeon to hear him *eaſe* himſelf of the burden of his news—"Sir, (ſaid he to a very ſenſible man that came to our ſhop a few days ſince) *Pitt* is done for—He is not the thing—You may depend upon it—my information is genuine—He won't let the K—g have what money he wants—and that, Sir, let me tell you, is a ſure cauſe—I could tell you more—But—no matter for that—I had it from a certain noble Lord—whom I had the honour—and he—beſides a member of parliament's gentleman, who ſaid that Lord A*'s gentleman was at the Duke of *'s—but I ſhall ſee you at the *Man i' th' Moon*, and then"—I perceived the gentleman ſhake his head, and ſmile.

This is a ſpecimen of my Sir's eloquence: ſomebody the other day lent him Lord *Sackville*'s trial: and he looked at the *picture* * before it, every leiſure moment he had. A day or two after, a diſpute commenced at tea in the afternoon between him and Mr. *Hold-the-helm*, a peruke-maker, whom he brought from the club, concerning Lord George. "Bring the pen and ink and paper," ſaid my huſband; and would you believe it, he had vanity enough to attempt drawing the plan! "Now here, ſaid he, was our army, there was the French: here was a wood, and there was Prince *Fardinan*; here ſtood the Britiſh *cavalre*; now Lord George, &c."—But if I could not bear it, how can you? I tore away the paper, and threw it into the fire; for I ſaw every body deſpiſing him. "And you had better, ſaid I, burſting into tears, draw out your bills upon paper, and mind the ſhop, than ſuch fooliſh things as theſe!" Upon which he roſe in a great paſſion! "Out, you wretch, ſaid he, you inherit the rebellious temper of your *Jacobitiſh* family! What, not mind the intereſt of the nation! God forbid, that I ſhould not love Old England, and my king, honeſt brave old *George*."

I found the quarters too hot for me, and ſo I retired up ſtairs; and to vent my indignation a little, penned this complaint to you, Mr. *Candid*;

* She means the Plan before OWEN'S TRIAL.

did; and I hope you will diſcourage ſuch fooliſh men, and adviſe them to mind their trade more and leave the kingdom and the conduct of it, to whom it may concern: for it does not become them to pretend to adviſe, over their *porter-pots*; and to ſay, that ſo it ſhould have been, and ſo it muſt be—and the fleet ſhould have done this, and the army that.—How ſhould they know? *Let the ſhoemaker ſtick to his laſt.*

Sir, I am,
Your very humble,
tho' afflicted ſervant,
GRACE TIEZE-THE-TILL.

June 1ſt, 1760.

P. S. I ſhould have deferred my letter a little longer I believe, had it not been for this laſt piece of news, from the *Eaſt* Indies; I verily believe, my poor ſpouſe will go mad about it. He raves and ſtorms, and ſwears, that to be ſure *Pococks* might have done more: that it is a ſhame not to beat the French at ſea, *howſomever* they might be ſtronger; and then to let them land at *Poundigerry* was ſuch a ſtroke, as never was heard of—He only wiſhes that *Ellit* had been there, and he would have given a good account of them, as he did of *Mountſeer Thurat*, and his crew at *Carryfargins*.—Dear Mr. Viſitor, what living ſoul can ſupport this!

NUM-

NUMBER XXII.

The mother, lovely, tho' with grief oppreſt,
Reclin'd her drooping head upon her breaſt:
The mournful family ſtood all around,
One groan was heard, one univerſal ſound:
So dire a ſadneſs ſate on every look;
That death repented he had giv'n the ſtroke.

DRYDEN.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,

BEAUTY in diſtreſs commands our compaſſion, and when that diſtreſs is rational, affects the heart with the tendereſt ſympathy. There is a natural benevolence in every mind, inciting to wipe away the tears, and repreſs the anguiſh of affliction in general; but in the caſe of fair female ſorrow, we are irreſiſtibly carried on to every attempt that may adminiſter comfort to the lovely ſufferer. How much more, when the ties of friendſhip bind to a more anxious concern, and permit us not to be indifferent to any thing, reſpecting the felicity of our friend!

I ſenſibly felt the truth of this yeſterday, when I called at the houſe of my worthy acquaintance Mr. *Goodvile*; where I found gloomy Sorrow had taken her abode. The countenance of the ſervant who introduced me, gave me immediate notice of ſome unhappy cataſtrophe; and upon enquiry, I found it to be the death of my friend's little and only daughter; who had not ſtaid one year with her affectionate parents, but in her *eleventh* month was removed from this ſcene of trouble.

My familiarity in the family gave me admiſſion to Mrs. *Goodvile*'s mournful apartment; and I have not beheld a ſcene of much deeper diſtreſs. Mrs. *Goodvile* is in her nineteenth year, completely handſome, amiable, and virtuous. Happy in the huſband of her wiſhes, as he in the wife of his ſoul; no idea can be formed of greater conjugal felicity. The little infant, ſource of their preſent ſorrow, was before the great object of their higheſt joy and pleaſure. The child of their firſt love, and tendereſt affection. When I entered the room, my gentle friend raiſed up her languid head, looked with an aſpect the moſt expreſſively afflicting,—ſighed, and burſt into a flood of tears. Dumb as a ſtatue by her ſide ſate her huſband, no leſs diſtreſt: he ſpoke not—he could not ſpeak, he only waved his hands, and wiſhed me to take my ſeat. In this dumb ſorrow we remained

ſome

ſome moments, doubtful who ſhould break the ſolemn ſilence; while my heart was touched with a ſenſation which I never felt in that degree before; as indeed I never had ſeen ſuch an object as Mrs. *Goodvile*, whoſe negligence of dreſs heightened her uſual beauty, and whoſe tears, glittering in her eyes, added freſh charms to them—charms I mean of attractive grace and innocence.—" Oh, Mr. *Wilſon*, at length ſaid ſhe, our poor babe"—She could proceed no further—nor could I reply. My friend endeavoured next to interrupt the ſilence; but he had little better ſucceſs. However, as reaſon and friendſhip both ſeemed to call upon me, I reſolved to raiſe my ſpirits, and endeavour to exert both.—" It grieves me, my dear friends, ſaid I, to find you thus totally immerſt in ſorrow; and only becauſe the God who gave, has been pleaſed to recall his gift; to recall it from a ſtate of trouble and trial, to a realm of undoubted happineſs."—" But how hard is it, ſaid ſhe; how hard to part with the ſweet creature, whoſe little endearments have ſo faſtened it to the heart, that to tear it thence is worſe, far worſe than dying. Oh that I had died with thee my *Nancy*, my *Nancy!* my ſweeteſt babe, would God I had died with thee."—" My ſoul's beſt comfort, ſaid my friend, that's the moſt unkind and cruel word I have heard from thoſe dear lips, ſince we have mutually mourned together.

Do

Do not I partake of my charmer's ſorrow?" Was not my babe dear to me? Dearer than all things on earth, except its tender mother: but would ſhe not judge me moſt unkind, if I ſhould abandon all comfort with its loſs; nay, and even wiſh to attend my pretty one to the grave!"— "Good Madam, ſaid I, permit me in all the tenderneſs of friendſhip, to requeſt that you would uſe that reaſon which you ſo happily poſſeſs, upon this occaſion; that you would put into practice the precepts of that amiable religion which you have hitherto ſo much adorned. I grant your loſs great and affecting; but conſider that as your little angel knew but few pleaſures here upon earth, on that account its departure is leſs to be lamented; it hath no great loſs. Then recollect on the other ſide, what immenſe gain it receiveth, admitted to divine happineſs; and ſafely lodged in the kingdom of that Saviour who careth for his little ones. Beſides, reflect that amidſt the various temptations of the preſent world, a perſeverance in virtue is difficult and precarious. And what a ſhock would it have been, if God had ſpared it now, to have ſeen it deviating from right, and forſaking its duty? Rather, I am perſuaded, a thouſand times rather would you attend it to the grave."—"Oh, but I would have watched its little mind, (ſaid ſhe with a ſtream of tears)—I would have planted every ſeed of virtue

virtue there: I would have wearied heaven with prayers for the good of my ſweet babe! And there was room for every hope! It ſhewed, already ſhewed every promiſing temper."—"And cannot the gracious Providence, replied I, who bleſt you with ſo engaging an infant, to make you the mother of an angel in his courts;—cannot he bleſs you with one as engaging? Conſider your own and your huſband's youth; and do not, by an unreaſonable and ungrateful ſorrow, raiſe the indignation of God againſt you; and thereby prevent the hopes of future bleſſing. At the ſame time, for God's ſake, conſider how much worſe this ſtroke might have been, and how much more ſevere you would have acknowledged the blow, if it had alſo cut off the huſband of your love; who now partakes your ſorrows, and lives to adminiſter the moſt tender conſolation."—"Indeed, my deareſt wife, ſaid he, in this gloom, that reflection hath given *me* much relief; and if with me, I doubt not but it will equally prevail with you. Had heaven deprived me of my beſt-beloved, my affectionate companion, the loſs had been heavy indeed?"—"Your tenderneſs, my love, ſaid ſhe, muſt ever relieve my diſtreſs: Oh may I ſtrive continually to deſerve it. But my ſweet babe—Oh I cannot forget her—ſuch innocence, ſuch pretty affection. Good God, pity and forgive me, if I am too much concerned!"—

It

It was difficult to adminiſter conſolation to ſo ſoft, ſo lovely a complainer. However, I was enabled to obſerve, that ſhe herſelf granted reſignation to God's will, to be one of the principal of all Chriſtian duties; the wiſeſt and moſt reaſonable; ſince God knows what is *good* for his creatures, far better than they can be ſuppoſed to know themſelves; and is no leſs gracious than powerful to beſtow what he knows to be ſuch; for he is our *father:* that he frequently withdraws earthly bleſſings, when our hearts are too much attached to them; to lead us to himſelf; and to wean us from the world to heaven and eternal regards: that in all afflictions, we ſhould thus reaſon, looking to the cauſe and the end: and that as bliſs undoubtedly attends a babe, ſecured in the haven of reſt, from all the ſtorms and tempeſts of this life, there is more of *ſelf-love* than rational concern in immoderate grief for ſuch a one; whoſe end we ſhould rather congratulate, and for whoſe departure we ſhould rather be thankful than uneaſy."

I will not trouble you, Sir, with all that paſſed, but obſerve, that as theſe reflections aroſe naturally upon the occaſion, ſo I conceived they might not be unacceptable in your paper, ſince the cauſe of grief here touched upon is ſo common; and ſince to extend the cup of generous conſolation is ſo honourable. I have therefore thrown together the general ſubſtance of our con-

converſation, which I have reaſon to believe was not wholly ineffectual: but time in theſe caſes applies his lenient hand, and ſeldom fails to aſſuage the tide of ſorrow. Happy for us mortals that it doth ſo.—If any fair mother ſhall derive the leaſt ſatisfaction from hence, it will repay the trouble of,

Sir, your conſtant reader,

MEANWELL WILSON.

N. B. Shakeſpear's fine lines may be no improper ſupplement.

To perſevere
In obſtinate condolement, is a courſe
Of impious ſtubborneſs: 'tis unmanly grief:
It ſhews a will moſt uncorrect to heaven:
A heart unfortify'd, a mind impatient:
An underſtanding ſimple and unſchool'd.
For what we know muſt be, and is as common
As any the moſt vulgar thing to ſenſe,
Why ſhou'd we in our peeviſh oppoſition
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heav'n;
A fault againſt the dead; a fault to nature;
To reaſon moſt abſurd, whoſe common theme
Is death of *children*, and who ſtill hath cry'd,
From the firſt corſe, to that which died to day,
"*This muſt be ſo.*"

To

To the obſervations of Mr. *Wilſon*, I ſhall beg leave to add the following lines, as they are ſuitable to his ſubject, and are excellent in themſelves.

EPITAPH on an INFANT.

To the dark and ſilent tomb,
Soon I haſted from the womb;
Scarce the dawn of life began,
'Ere I meaſur'd out my ſpan.

I no ſmiling pleaſures knew,
I no gay delights could view;
Joyleſs ſojourner was I,
Only born to weep and die.

Happy infant! early bleſt!
Reſt, in peaceful ſlumber reſt;
Early reſcu'd from the cares
Which encreaſe with growing years.

No delights are worth thy ſtay,
Smiling as they ſeem and gay;
All our gaiety is vain,
All our laughter is but pain.

Are then all our pleaſures vain?
Is there none exempt from pain?
Is there no delight or joy,
But your fondeſt hopes will cloy?

Short

Short and ſickly are they all:
Hardly taſted ere they pall:
Laſting only, and divine,
Is an innocence like thine.

Sickly pleaſures all adieu!
Pleaſures which I never knew:
I'll enjoy my early reſt,
Of my innocence poſſeſt;
Happy, happy! from the womb
That I haſted to the tomb.

NUM-

NUMBER XXIII.

——— *Behind the dun there ſtands*
Another monſter, not unlike himſelf;
Of aſpect ſullen, by the vulgar call'd
A Catchpole; whoſe polluted hands, the Gods
With force incredible, and magic charms
Erſt have endued; if he his ample palm
Shou'd haply on ill-fated ſhoulder lay
Of debtor, ſtrait his body, to the touch
Obſequious, as whilom knights were wont,
To ſome enchanted caſtle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains
In durance vile detain him, till in form
Of money, Pallas ſet the captive free.

PHILLIPS' Splendid Shilling.

WE talk, and with truth, of our liberties; and boaſt with much ſatisfaction the ſecurity which we enjoy in this favoured kingdom, from the equal and happy adminiſtration of juſtice amongſt us; dealt as it is with impartial hand, to the noble and the peaſant; and equally inflexible to the crimes of the peer, and the meaneſt mechanic. And doubtleſs we have great reaſon to boaſt, ſince, perhaps, no kingdom, under the ſun, can vie with us in this great and invaluable privilege. But the greater and more valuable

valuable it is, the more tender, of conſequence, we are of it; the more nice to obſerve the leaſt breach, and the more cautious to guard againſt the ſmalleſt infringement. A good heart too feels the more uneaſy concern, when it perceives *that* juſtice, (which was meant to ſerve and ſecure the weakeſt and pooreſt of the people, no leſs, nay, perhaps, more than the wealthieſt and moſt powerful) by any means denied to the weak and the poor; while incapable of redreſs, they wring beneath a load of ſuffering, and are cut off from all poſſibility of relief. This indeed may happen, not through any deficiency of the laws, but from the unavoidable imperfection of human inſtitutions; and, in ſome caſes, from the mercileſs diſpoſition of the inferior inſtruments of juſtice; whoſe hearts are often hardened beyond all power of ſenſibility, and who, ſtrange to think, have loſt every feeling of humanity, every touch of generous compaſſion, for the misfortunes of their fellow-creatures.

I am led into theſe reflections by an incident which happened, and of which I was a witneſs t'other day. Being obliged to come to town, as my own carriage was engaged, I propoſed to take a place in one of the many ſtages which run to and from my village. They were all taken up when I came to the ſtand, and no place

place was to be had; but one of the coachmen told me, that there were four gentlemen in his coach, and he was perſuaded, if I approved it, they would make room for me; and then he would drive with all ſpeed to town. I accepted the offer, and the gentlemen admitted me. I had not been long in the coach, before two of my companions began a ſurly altercation; which proceeded to ſome degree of vehemence, and was purſued with the moſt impious and horrid blaſphemies and execrations my ears ever heard. One at length ſwore eternal damnation to his ſoul, if he did not blow the other's brains out, and inſtantly drew a piſtol from his pocket for that purpoſe; the other, with as much ſolemnity of oath, denounced immediate deſtruction on his opponent, and to that end drew his cutlaſs which ſtuck in his girdle.

But, after much ſtorming and vapouring, their rage ſubſided, and they calmly curſed each other into friendſhip. We proceeded not far before the ſame wrathful humour predominated; again the diabolical menaces were heard, the piſtol cocked, the cutlaſs unſheathed, and nothing leſs than the deſtruction of one or the other ſeemed probable. Unuſed to company of this ſort, you may ſuppoſe I did not ſit very eaſy: and it would have been no ſmall pleaſure to me, if I could fairly have taken my leave.

The perſon who ſat next me perceived that I was diſturbed; and poſſeſſing a little more humanity than his brethren (for he was of the ſame honourable profeſſion) "don't be troubled, Sir, ſaid he; I find you are not acquainted with theſe matters: this is nothing new; there will be no miſchief done; there are not two *faſter* friends in the world than thoſe gentlemen; but this is a caſt of their office; it is neceſſary, Sir, very neceſſary in its way, to terrify your villains of priſoners; for a priſoner, let me tell you, is a kind of deſperate fellow. That man is one, Sir, (continued he, pointing to a poor wretch who ſat oppoſite to me) he is a priſoner; and we are gentlemen of the law, *bailiffs*, and pleaſe you, Sir, whoſe buſineſs it is to ſecure theſe raſcals; and we have got him at laſt. Though there was no fear on't; for I'll defy the devil to eſcape us. There's *Tom Mercileſs*, and *Dick Heart-of-flint*, and myſelf, will engage to take any man in England; I never knew a rogue, though he had as much cunning as grey-pated F——g, that was ever able to *eſcape us*." *Tom* and *Dick* roared applauſe, and, with vollies of oaths, atteſted their matchleſs abilities in the *catchpolian* profeſſion.

I had obſerved before, that the face of the perſon whom I now found to be a priſoner, was clouded with ſorrow; and I had ſeen a tear ever and anon ſteal from his eye. This had moved my

my compaſſion. But I was almoſt ready to condemn myſelf for ſuch unſeaſonable pity; as I had little doubt, from this man's repreſentation, but that the wretch was a notorious thief or murderer, whom juſtice no longer would ſuffer to eſcape and live. But he ſoon undeceived me, for when the bailiff had finiſhed, "Sir, ſaid the poor man, you do indeed behold a *priſoner*, and a moſt miſerable one. But you look like a gentleman, and I am ſure, will pity me. I am a poor man, it is true, born to earn my ſcanty bread by the ſweat of my brow. And I have the ſatisfaction to ſay, I have never been wanting in induſtry. I married early; and my wife, a faithful and good woman, hath every year brought me a child. We have ſix now alive, and the eldeſt is not above eight years old. Laſt winter, as my buſineſs lay in London, I took a wretched lodging, the cheapeſt I could procure for my miſerable family, only one room, God knows, for the reception of us all: and this ſo ill ſituated, that I ſolemnly declare, the *rats* were continually our companions; and the *adders* nightly crept over and hiſſed round our beds *. My daily toil did ſcarcely ſuffice to find us bread, and to preſerve us from ſtarving; and I was unable to pay the *eighteen-pence* per week, which was the rent of my lodging. I continued there

* This is no exaggeration: it was found to be literally true.

twenty-four weeks, and my landlord at laſt drove me out; and hath ſince conſtantly purſued me for the rent. Till at length reſolved to ſtay no longer, he hath taken this cruel ſtep, and ſent theſe gentlemen to ſeize me. Here I am in their power, and all the miſeries of a gaol are before me. Let my cruel proſecutor now do his worſt: *deſpair* makes me indifferent to all that may follow.—I cannot pay him; would to God I was able. But a gaol will not make me a wit more able! And there it ſeems I am to lie; there he threatens to confine me, till I *rot*, as he is pleaſed to expreſs himſelf! And let him confine me there! I am undone; let cruelty now do its utmoſt. All my ſummer work, by this means, is taken from me: and the good proſpect I had before me, is turned into horror! My poor little babes, and my diſtreſt wife, are reduced to the utmoſt miſery and want! They have no money to purchaſe them a morſel of bread; their tongues cleave to the roof of their mouths with hunger: and they have no friends; for they are in a populous place where nobody knows them; and where, amongſt the multitude, the wants of individuals are totally overlooked — and I am torn from them—Oh cruel cruel fate—Oh my poor babes, my famiſhed innocents."——Here the poor wretch burſt into a flood of tears, and the ſavage monſters, with all the brutality of inhuman ribaldry, ridiculed his

his ſufferings, and expoſed the ſorrow of the *man*, the *huſband*, the *father*.

To ſay my heart was affected with the deepeſt concern, would do no honour to me; for I am ſatisfied, the ſcene would have had that effect, upon all my readers (catchpoles excepted;) and to ſay, what ſteps I took in this affair, would ſavour perhaps of a vanity, from which all good works ſhould be free. I would only wiſh to aſk, whether there be no poſſibility of finding out a method, whereby unhappy men, in ſuch caſes, might be relieved and reſcued; whether it be proper or *politic*, to give ſuch a power, into the hands of wretches like theſe catchpoles; and whether *debtors* of this nature, upon proper application, to miniſters of the pariſh, juſtices of the *peace*, or ſome other; ought not to be conſidered and releaſed. Since it ſeems extremely cruel, to permit the induſtrious to ſink under the iron hand of oppreſſion; while the wife and the famiſhed babe languiſh in hunger, and drink only the bitterneſs of tears. And as caſes of this kind are not rare; in this benevolent age, let me hope they will meet with attention and pity *.

* Since the firſt publication of this, I have ſeen a propoſal in the *London Chronicle* for the redemption of debtors, which I hope the benevolent propoſer will endeavour to put into execution. January 1764.

NUMBER XXIV.

Si poſſunt homines, proinde ac ſentire videntur
Pondus ineſſe animo, quod ſe gravitate fatiget,
E quibus id fiat cauſis, quoque noſcere, et unde
Tanta mali tanquam moles in pectore conſtet;
Haud ita vitam agerent, ut nunc plerumque videmus,
Quod ſibi quiſque velit, neſcire et quærere ſemper
Commutare locum, quaſi onus deponere poſſit.

LUCRETIUS.

DISCONTENT had long taken up her dwelling in the houſe of *Magiſcatzin*. He made his abode in the populous city of *Zocathlan*, the capital of the large and wealthy province, known through *India* by the ſame appellation; and the ſeat of the great *Itztapalapa*, brother of the *Sun*; on whom two hundred Lords wait barefoot in ſilence, with their eyes fixed on the ground; and who ſacrificeth yearly a thouſand of his enemies on the green ſtone, in the temple of the God *Vitzliputzli* *.

Magiſcatzin ſaw thouſands live in the ſmile of *Itztapalapa*, refreſhed with the dew of his favour, and bloſſoming in the ſun-ſhine of his magnificence. He courted that ſmile, but it beheld

* See the Religious Ceremonies by *Picart*.

beheld him not; he waited long for that dew, but it fell not on his branch. He grew pale with envy, and the fiend of malevolence fixed a cockatrice at his heart. The boſom of his wife, once the ſeat of delight, was no longer pleaſing to him; nor would he drink more of the cup of felicity! refuſing the draught from the homely ſhell of the cocoa, becauſe he could not quaff it from that golden vaſe; which the right-hand of *Itztapalapa* held forth to his favourites.

As one morning he wandered in ſolitude, amidſt the deſart mountains of *Tlaſlacan*; a perſonage habited like one of the prieſts of the God *Tlalock* approached; who, touching the ground with his right-hand, and laying it to his mouth, accoſted him in the language of friendſhip.

Magiſcatzin returned the ſalutation. They ſtood ſilent a moment; the prieſt began; "few feet, my ſon, traverſe theſe lone and gloomy mountains, but thoſe of devotion and diſquietude. The placidity, which reſteth on the brow of the true worſhippers of the ineffable *Tlalock*, is not diſcoverable on thine. Too plainly do thine eyes beſpeak a diſcompoſure of mind. Fear not, my ſon, to unboſom thy ſollicitude. The key of ſecrecy is on my lips: and *Tlalock* hath intruſted me with that invaluable gem, which emits the rich perfume of conſolation."

"Father replied *Magiſcatzin*, thou art as an angel of the God; he hath endued thee with

his own penetration. My ſoul *is* diſturbed within me, and I find no reſt: for the bounty of *Itztapalapa* ſhineth on the undeſerving. While merit and fidelity cover their heads in obſcurity, or wander through the mountains of *Tlaſlacan*; their necks unadorned with the chains of gold; their helms void of the variegated feathers due to them from the brother of the *Sun*."

"Tremble, ſaid the venerable ſage, to breathe the leaſt murmur againſt the mighty Lord of *Zocathlan*, the ruler of ten thouſand provinces the powerful brother of the *Sun!* whom every element is proud to obey; and to whom, if the rulers of the air, (who are privy to every voice of mortals) ſhould bear thy complainings;—inevitable miſery!—Thou wouldſt fall an unpitied victim in the temple of the dread *Vitzliputzli*.—But hearken, Oh my ſon. Thy mind is deluded by the ſorcereſs *Error*: diſappointment hath ſpread her ſable veil before thy ſight and thou canſt not either diſcern the ſplendor of the great *Itztapalapa's* wiſdom, or the plain and unperplexed path which leadeth to the temple of felicity. Dazzled with the luſtre of greatneſs, thou haſt treaſured up in thy mind falſe notions of its bliſs; and diſappointed in thy purſuits of it, fondly deemeſt thyſelf diſappointed of real happineſs.—The evil *Genii*, who delight to diſtreſs the ſons and worſhippers of the beneficent *Tlalock*, triumphing over thy heart corroding

corroding anxiety, have commiſſioned their buſieſt inſtruments to promote thy miſery; and to render thee in truth what thou art in imagination only. The ideal bleſſings denied thee, are, by their agency, turned into real evils; and the loſs of fancied gratifications prevents thee from enjoying thoſe of which thou art poſſeſt.—But hearken to the voice of wiſdom; obey, and thou ſhalt be bleſſed.—Tell me *Magiſcatzin*, point out the man, who buildeth his neſt on the towering cedar of felicity."

"*Curdiſtan*, replied he in a moment — *Curdiſtan* dwells ſecure on its topmoſt bough. He ſits in his Prince's favour, like the proud city of *Mexico*, Empreſs of the world, in the midſt of the lakes. *Curdiſtan* is happy.—Nor leſs ſo is *Tabuca*; honour and wealth wave, like yellow fields of ripe maize around him, and the faireſt beauty of *Zocathlan* encircles him with the ſnow of her arms.—And not leſs bleſſed, for not leſs honourable is *Xicoltencal*; for he gives the golden cup, enamelled with the *topaz* and the *ſaphire*, into the hands of *Itztapalapa*, and reclineth on the ſame carpet to play at the royal game of *Tololoque* with the brother of the *Sun*. — *Yucatan* alſo."——

"No more, ſaid the prieſt interrupting him, it is enough my ſon; mark this emerald. Take it and preſerve it with the utmoſt attention. It was the gift of *Tlalock* himſelf, who deſcended

in thunder, while the earth trembled at his approach — the gift of the ſovereign *Tlalock* to my immortal father; who now drinks out of the ruby bowls which *Halicaſti* hands round to the Lords of Paradiſe.—Bind it next to thy heart, and it will render thee inviſible to every mortal eye; and haſte thee away, enter every dwelling where thy deſires long chiefly to dwell; and in the name of the mighty deity, whoſe ſacrifices I perform, and whoſe incenſe I burn, I ſwear to thee, that thou ſhalt be the man, whom thou thyſelf ſhalt confeſs, the *happy one*. Finiſh thy enquiries with all ſpeed; and when the ſun ſhall twice have travelled over yon mountains, meet me in this place of meditation."

The heart of *Magiſcatzin* throbbed with ardor and impatience; he ſeized the emerald, and entered with the ſtep of impetuoſity the city of *Zocathlan*.

H.

NUM-

NUMBER XXV.

Oh happineſs! our being's end and aim,
Good, pleaſure, eaſe, content; whate'er thy name:
That ſomething ſtill which prompts th' eternal ſigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die;
Which ſtill ſo near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, ſeen double, by the fool and wiſe.
Plant of celeſtial ſeed; if dropt below,
Say in what mortal ſoil, thou deign'ſt to grow?

POPE.

"REJOICE, ſon of *Alibudah*, ſaid *Magiſcatzin*; The eye of Omniſcience hath beheld thee with favour, though the dread Lord of *Zocathlan* did not vouchſafe thee a ſmile; glory ſtandeth ready to bind around thy neck her golden chain; and roſy-wreathed happineſs prepareth her ſofteſt ſofas for thy repoſe!—Immortal, eternal, life-giving *Sun!* Eye of the world, diſpenſer of health, of riches, of beneficence! Hear me, ſovereign, with the golden locks.—My vows, my prayers, are thine! A thouſand victims, in token of thankfulneſs, ſhall bleed on thy altars; and the ſmoke of incenſe

ſhall waſt, in odorous clouds, my praiſes to thee, ſeated on thy flaming throne of ruby."

Thus ſpoke the deluſive voice of flattery in the heart of *Magiſcatzin*, as he trod with impatience from the mountains; he held the wonderous *emerald* cloſe to his breaſt; and formed to himſelf a thouſand ſchemes of happineſs! *Ambition* mantled in his cheek; and *Pleaſure*, in her ſaffron veſtment, danced before his eye. Diſappointment was a ſtranger to his ideas; vain and erring, he conſidered not the univerſal condition of mortality!

Soon as he entered the city of *Zocathlan*, he turned not to the right-hand or to the left; but bent his ſteady courſe to the dwelling of *Curdiſtan*. "There, ſaid he, will I firſt prove the power of the great *Tlalock*'s jewel; nor ſhall I have cauſe to prove it in any other dwelling than his! *Curdiſtan*'s felicity ſhall be mine. Happy ſon of *Alibudah*, thou ſhalt be the magnificent *Curdiſtan!*" Unſeen and unnoted, he entered the gates, and aſcended the numerous ſteps, which lead to the palace of *Curdiſtan*. He beheld with rapture and admiration, the ſplendor of all things around him; the veſſels ſhining with burniſhed gold; the paintings, glowing with fictitious life; the attendants, richly adorned, and zealous in their ſervices. But when he ſaw the nobles and grandees of *Zocathlan*, waiting in a ſpacious apartment, to catch the

ſmile,

ſmile, and touch the border of *Curdiſtan*'s robe, he repreſt with difficulty the tranſport of his expectations; and ſtood a-while deliberating with himſelf, whether he ſhould not inſtantly return to the mountains of *Tlaſcalan*; claim the promiſe of the prieſt; and aſſume the envied character of the bleſt *Curdiſtan*. "Rather firſt *Magiſcatzin*, ſaid he within himſelf, refreſh thy ſoul with a view of the mighty maſter of theſe profuſe glories; and contemplate, delighted, in him, the radiant beams of gladneſs, which ſoon are to play around thee!"—Inſtantly he ſought the apartment of *Curdiſtan*. He found it; entred trembling with anxious delight; — but in a moment was ſtruck with confuſion and amazement! "Curſe upon my fortune, (were the firſt words he heard from the lips of him whom he envied —) Curſe upon my fortune, and upon the hour, which made me a ſlave to greatneſs and *Itztapalapa!* Had I been born an humble peaſant, *repoſe* and *peace* would have ſmoothed my pillow; and all the torment of power had been unknown to my heart! Now the fears of ſollicitude drive ſleep from my couch all the night, and the day is enſlaved to diſſimulation, falſhood and tumult! Seated high, how difficult is it to preſerve that ſeat; and if I fall, I fall with tenfold deſtruction! Not reſpecting my perſon, but my power, a train of courtiers wait my approach; but, alas, I find no friend in the circle;

he

he only is my friend, on whom my hand ſhowers gifts! Curſe on them all, on myſelf, on my fortune; I am weary of exiſtence."—He had ſcarce uttered theſe words, to which every diſcompoſure of countenance gave energy, before a meſſenger entered with the mandate of *Itztapalapa*, to deprive him of his honours and officers. *Magiſcatzin* terrified at the tempeſt of paſſions, which tore him upon the receival of this fatal mandate (a mandate which he had but too much reaſon to ſuſpect,) ſhrunk diſappointed from the palace, which he entered with the full gale of triumph; and, as he departed, obſerved every courtier ſtealing privately away; heard every lip freely owning the juſtice of the ſentence, and curſing the pride, and the folly of *Curdiſtan*.

Aſtoniſhment poſſeſſed the mind, and led the feet of *Magiſcatzin* long devious and unperceiving whether he tended. But, at length, recollection ſummoned the powers of his ſoul: he reſolved to purſue his enquiries; and leſs captivated with the glare of ambition, wiſhed for the ſofter felicities of life. He haſtened therefore to the houſe of *Tabuca*, attracted by the beauty of the daughter of *Saram*; whoſe graces the tongue of fame reſounded loudly through the ſtreets of *Zocathlan*; and who flouriſhed in charms like the firſt vernal bloom on the trees of Paradiſe. Happy *Tabuca*, (ſaid he within himſelf,) the pure joys of immortal love are thine; the rich

feaſt

feaſt of unparallelled beauty is preſented to thee! Love, without the interruption of anxiety; peace, without the moleſtations of ambition; honour, without the clamours of importunity, weave the crown of full and flouriſhing felicity for thy brow! Oh *Tabuca*, who is bleſſed, who is to be envied like thee!" He ſaid, and entered the dwelling! But behold a fiend, which the malevolent *Zareſh* ſent forth from the regions of darkneſs and woe, to confound the choiceſt tranquility of human beings, ſtood with ever-watchful eye at the door of *Tabuca*, and ſtopt up every avenue that might admit the approach of the diſpenſers of conſolation. *Magiſcatzin* grew pale at the ſight. He knew the ſpirit of *jealouſy*. "And can it be poſſible, ſaid he, that this accurſed Demon ſhould make his abode here? Alas, where he dwells, no bliſs ſhall ever ſpring up and flouriſh. Plants only of baleful poiſon mark his footſteps." He preſſed forward however, to the apartment of *Tabuca*. He found him pale and penſive lying on the ground. His heart heaved with anxiety. He doubted the fidelity of the faireſt beauty of *Zocathlan*. He doubted the fidelity of the wife of his ſoul. Reſolved to try the efficacy of his *Emerald* to the utmoſt; *Magiſcatzin*, (though no longer wiſhing to aſſume the character of *Tabuca*; for how can the ſoul, harraſſed with jealouſy, join in the chorus of free-hearted joys?) ſtole to the pri-

vate

vate chamber of the daughter of *Saram*, and there he beheld, while ſhe thought no eye conſcious of her proceedings —— (for unwiſe, ſhe thought not of the eye of *Tlalock*, which no mortal can elude)—He beheld, that beauty full often proves a ſnare to itſelf; and that eminence in charms ſubjects only to eminence of temptation and peril.

Diſguſted and diſſatisfied as before, *Magiſcatzin* haſtened from the houſe of *Tabuca*; "ambition is madneſs, ſaid he; the ſofter pleaſures are unmanly; *wealth* alone is worth a wiſe man's concern: Its bleſſings are noble, are permanent; it procures all we want, it obtains all we wiſh. Greatneſs and honour are in its train; and the daughters of beauty fall down and adore it. I will haſte then to the lowly, but wealthy retreat of *Devoſtan*. The felicity which flieth from the palace of the great, and the couch of the lovely, is aſſuredly to be found there." It happened, that, as he went along, a multitude, innumerable as the ſtars in the firmament, crowded the grand ſtreet of *Zocathlan*, and denied him paſſage: In the midſt of them, attended by the miniſters of juſtice, he beheld two wretches, whoſe brows indicated the deepeſt horror. He took the *emerald* from his heart, and appearing, in conſequence, to the general view, ſolicited information concerning the cauſe of the preſent throng. "Thou ſeeſt, (ſaid the man,

man, of whom he enquired,) in thoſe miſerable wretches, the only ſon, and the moſt favourite ſervant of *Devoſtan*. The former wearied by the penurious ſeverity of his father, and allured by the dire thirſt of his countleſs poſſeſſions, engaged the other in a foul conſpiracy. And they have waſhed their hands—impious and deteſtable—in the blood of the *father* and *maſter*; that they might riot in his wealth. And lo, they are about to receive their due reward! The earth, aſtoniſhed at their deeds, is preparing to ſwallow them up alive!"

"Oh accurſed gold ſaid *Magiſcatzin*—wretched, wretched *Devoſtan!* And was I haſtening to the place, where thy corpſe lieth weltering in its blood—its blood ſhed even by the hand of thy own ſon!

"Son of *Alibudah*, how art thou deceived! Where canſt thou find the happineſs which thou ſeekeſt?"

He ſighed, and turning from the crowd, reſolved to retire to his own houſe, and dedicate a few hours to reflection; before he renewed his ſearch.

H.

NUM-

NUMBER XXVI.

Where grows? Where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the ſoil:
Fix'd to no ſpot is happineſs ſincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or every where.

POPE.

HE folded his arms; fixed his eyes upon the earth; and with ſlow and penſive ſtep moved towards his own dwelling. "Oh *Magiſcatzin*, ſaid he; in the ſilence of reflection, thou art diſappointed, but not ſatisfied. And dwelleth ſhe not beneath the golden roof of ambition and honour? Doth ſhe not live in the blooming bower of young and fragrant beauty? Is *happineſs* a ſtranger to that temple of *wealth*, which every foot delights to enter, where every hand is ready to kiſs the mouth, in token of adoration! Lead me to the Goddeſs, ye awful powers, endowed with celeſtial penetration; diſpel the darkneſs of doubt and heſitancy; Oh for a beam of unfailing light! ſhine forth; and ſhew me the way; make me great and make me bleſſed!"

A deep and hollow groan at that moment ſounded from a lowly cottage, by which he paſſed;

paſſed; it pierced his heart; he drew near; and the cries of diſtreſs awakened his compaſſion. He entered the lowly door; and behold,—ſtretched on the bed of ſickneſs, lay the mother of ſix clamorous infants, demanding with the voice of importunity, food to ſatiate their hunger;—ſhe replied only with tears. *Magiſcatzin* ſought the cauſe of her diſtreſs; grief is communicative; ſhe informed him that "the iron hand of death had but lately cut down her huſband, the trunk, upon which ſhe and her babes leant for ſupport. He, by his daily and laborious toil, earned for them the ſcanty pittance, which fed the lamp of life. But now, friendleſs and unpitied; unknown, and unrelieved, famine preyeth upon my children, ſaid ſhe, while ſorrow eateth up my heart! How many of the great and the wealthy, whoſe tables are loaded by the hands of profuſion and plenty, dream little of neceſſity like ours; and care not to diffuſe the offals of their feaſts, which would ſuffice to preſerve us from the reſiſtleſs ſeverity of hunger! Not far hence, continued ſhe, lives the great and ſplendid *Magiſcatzin*; wealth and felicity take up their abode in his happy dwelling, and his meaneſt domeſtics are the envied children of peace. The very crumbs from his table could more than ſatiate our wiſhes; would give gladneſs to the heart of the diſconſolate widow, and wipe away the tears from

from the hollow and half famiſhed eyes of the orphan!"

Magiſcatzin heard; and was abaſhed. "No more, ſaid he, to the woman; the angel of conſolation will viſit thy cottage. Fear not: The clouds are diſperſing, and the chearful ſun will ſpeedily brighten the heavens." Thus ſpeaking, with haſty ſtep he left the houſe of mourning, fearing to be diſcovered; and "Oh mighty *Tlalock*, ſaid he, I had no need of thy *emerald* to teach me this wiſdom. Son of Alibudah, ceaſe thy ſearch; acknowledge thy error; and be glad to drink the waters of thy own clear fountain!" Immediately he iſſued his command, to relieve the wants of the widow, and to feed the hungry orphans. And in that command the glow of benevolence warmed his boſom; he *felt*, that to *bleſs* was to be *bleſſed!* Chearfulneſs reſumed her ſeat on his forehead, and his eye ſparkled again with vivacity and delight. "I will get me to the mountains, ſaid he, early on the morrow; I will reſtore, without a deſire to repoſſeſs, the wond'rous jewel, which the venerable prieſt hath committed to my truſt. Let the falſe glare of honour allure; the deſtructive purſuit of riches bewilder; mine ſhall be a nobler aim—ſovereign *Tlalock*, I adore thee! The temple of human happineſs is founded on the adamantine rock of benevolence and virtue."

Early

Early he ſought the mountains of *Tlaſlacan*. The ſage appeared; "Take back thy jewel, ſaid *Magiſcatzin*: It availed not; by its aid I diſcovered only the unſuſpected haunts of miſery and woe; without its aid, I have found the unerring path, which leads to the immortal dome of happineſs."—"Charge not the jewel, but thyſelf, ſaid the prieſt; thou mighteſt well have found that path long before; but without the jewel, know, that thou would'ſt never have found it. The chief cauſe of human diſcontent is the envious eye, which, looking to the loftier ſtate, longs for the pleaſures, which, as it deems, dwell plenteous there; while it contemns and neglects the ſatisfactions in its own power; and judges them worthleſs and inconſiderable, in compariſon of the blazing glories above it! Erring Mortals! how falſe, how vain is your eſtimate of things! The jewel hath enabled thee to know, what otherwiſe, *Magiſcatzin*, little elſe than experience could have taught; that the heart full often is a ſtranger to joy, where the face wears the conſtant ſun-ſhine of ſmiles: that the ſerenity of peace dwells not always, where the outward triumphs of ſplendor exult; that the breaſt not rarely is torn with the tempeſt of cares, which ſeems huſhed with the profoundeſt calm.

Yet miſtake not, happineſs, in a degree, though, not in perfection, is a flower, that will flouriſh

flouriſh in almoſt every ſoil. It withered in the garden of *Curdiſtan*; but it withered becauſe *Curdiſtan* gave it not a proper culture. It requireth not to be foſtered with the dews of honour, it wiſheth not to grow beneath a ſhelter of gold; even the fair tendance of the hand of beauty is not peculiarly needful; it often is found in freſher verdure in the gardens of the homely. Yet neither will it fade, becauſe *beauty* tends it; *honour* foſters it with her dew; or *wealth* ſpreadeth over it the alcove of gold; —If the former is virtuous, the latter beneficent, diffuſive, humane—the heart-felt joy, which enlivens and immortalizes, will lift up the ſoul, and make it divine.

For know, *Magiſcatzin*; the eternal powers that dwell beyond the Sun, are perfect in unutterable bliſs, becauſe they are perfect in unchangeable goodneſs. Would'ſt thou be exalted to a participation of the joys, which they ſhare; conform thy ſoul to ſome ſimilitude with theirs; to be immortal hereafter, labour to be god-like here. The nearer approaches thou makeſt to the temper of the Gods, the nearer approaches wilt thou make to their happineſs. The more thou doſt cultivate the virtues of divine original, and caſt forth from thine hand the bleſſings of benevolence, while the generous ſenſations of humanity expand thy heart; the more wilt thou find of ſere-

nity

nity in this world; the more lightly will the unavoidable difficulties of mortality lie upon thee; the more chearful will be thy reſignation: and hereafter, in the world of eternity, thou ſhall quaff perennial delight, in full draughts, from the inexhauſted fountain, which pours its ſtreams of pleaſure through the boundleſs realms of paradiſe."

The writer of this hiſtory adds, in the *Eaſtern Manuſcript*, whence we have taken it, That, "The fame of *Magiſcatzin*'s humanity after this, was borne upon every breeze thro' the territories of the great *Itztapalapa*; that ſorrow never went from his gate, with a tear in her eye; that diſtreſs and deſolation never ſought his roof, but they found a comforter. That, As he paſſed through the ſtreets of *Zocathlan*, the bleſſings of age and infirmity, of ſickneſs and hunger, of the orphan and the widow, fell upon him.—That he lived long in the favour of the Gods, and left many wiſe maxims to his children; two of which were, "Would'ſt thou, Oh my ſon, find real happineſs and content, look into the cottage of the ſlave, not upon the ſplendor of the prince."—"Happineſs, Oh my children, dwelleth in the *heart*; and he, who would find her, and bring her home to that dwelling, muſt follow the guidance of virtue; and liſten to the inſtructions of benevolence."

H.

NUM-

NUMBER XXVII.

——*Prima tuæ menti veniat fiducia cunctas*
Poſſe capi: capies: tu modo tende plagas.

OVID.

To the VISITOR.

From the Seeking-Aſſembly held at Want-Hall.

Dear Creature,

DID you not think me long? I have a vaſt notion you did. And you muſt know I have an immenſe ſatisfaction in that. I love amazingly to make people wait for me: there is a prodigious pleaſure in keeping up, then diſappointing; and at laſt gratifying expectation. 'Tis for this reaſon that I have deferred ſo long my promiſed account of the proceedings of our *aſſembly*. Dear *Candid*, we go on charmingly. I never found the country ſo *tolerable* in my life as it is this ſeaſon. Thanks to our aſſembly, and the multiplicity of engagements it occaſions; and thanks to the kind clouds, which have been ſo very obliging as to pour down ſuch a quantity of rain, that one was compelled you

know, to play at cards all the day long in one's own defence. There was no other way of killing time: what a prodigious pleaſant thing a wet ſummer is; I hope we ſhall have very little good weather till *November*; and then, you know, my dear, it does not much matter what the weather is. I aſſure you great things are talked of concerning next winter; our *metropolitan ball* is likely to appear in no ſmall ſplendor. —But I muſt not anticipate—won't you be a ſubſcriber, Mr. *Candid?* I dare ſay your lady will like it; I ſhall hope for the honour of introducing her to my ſelect party at *Ombre*. Miſs *Selima*'s compliments, pray.

But to buſineſs; I told you in my laſt * that we had agreed, five or ſix and twenty of us to form a new aſſembly. All matters being duly ſettled, our firſt meeting was on *Thurſday* (dear dear *Thurſday*, 'tis the ſweeteſt day of all the ſeven) *May* the 15th,—a very good *month* you know; every body ſpeaks handſomely of *May*. —I told you before that the ladies had determined to conſtitute me *Queen*. So in the chair was I ſate; and as in duty bound, I expreſt my thanks, and began my reign with a proper ſpeech. "Ladies, ſaid I, you do me great honour, by conferring upon me a dignity to which I fear I am not by any means equal. I am not ignorant of the diſtinguiſhing qualifications which

* See Viſitor, No. XV.

are neceſſary for a *Queen* of ſo polite and auguſt an aſſembly: nor am I inſenſible of the attainments requiſite for a diſcharge of this arduous office with profit to you, and credit to myſelf. However as you have been ſo genteel as to judge me adequate to the taſk, I accept it with all readineſs, and will not ſo much derogate from your exquiſite diſcernment, as to enlarge on my own impropriety. It ſhall be my conſtant endeavour, as it will be my greateſt delight to ſhew myſelf at all times, and by all means the ſlave and moſt humble ſervant of this reſpectable and fair ſociety.

I propoſe not, *ladies*, to enlarge on the various and important advantages which may be derived from the preſent laudable inſtitution. Our empire, you know, is well eſtabliſhed over the other ſex; yet cuſtom, in ſome particulars, hath prepoſterouſly given them manifeſt ſuperiority over *us*. It is therefore, I humbly conceive, a matter of prudence, and, in ſome degree of neceſſity, for us, by every reaſonable and juſtifiable method, to aſſert our prerogative, to counterwork that ſuperiority, and to prevent the growing and dangerous prevalence of thoſe certain *advantages*, which (as I hinted) they have ſtrangely gained. And to theſe ends, permit me to ſay, nothing ſeems more likely to conduce than our preſent moſt uſeful deſign. For as we all, (I may ſpeak without *reſerve*, ſince there

there are only ladies preſent) as we all are *ſeeking* after the dignity of *woman-hood* and *child-bearing*; by thus uniting our intereſts, declaring our particular purſuits, and expreſſing our wants; we ſhall be able at once to ſerve each other, and to eſtabliſh a power, which may be formidable to the *males* if they preſume to oppoſe it.

But that I may not be tedious, permit me only to congratulate you as well as myſelf on this fortunate event; to wiſh us the happy ſucceſs we deſire; and to requeſt that you proceed immediately to buſineſs; the firſt ſtep in which I apprehend, will be to chooſe proper officers, and then to read over the articles of our aſſembly. After which it will be neceſſary to fix the days and time of our meeting."

My ſpeech was received, Mr. *Viſitor*, with much *eclat*, I aſſure you. Between you and I, I had taken ſome pains to prepare it. And it gives me no ſmall pleaſure, let me tell you, to think, that it will be printed with your lucubrations, and be immortalized in the memory and eſteem of all future fair *Seekers*. By the bye, few of my *father's* (who is a *common-council-man*, and a *committee man*, at many *hoſpitals*, &c.) few of his ſpeeches are better; for I hear them all again and again, as he is perpetually conning them over, for two or three months, before he is called forth to play the *Orator*.

My dear friend miſs *Jenny Languiſh*, a moſt agreeable ſweet lively creature, a particular intimate of mine, and a girl of taſte, who ſat at my right hand, after I had finiſhed, got up, and with *exceeding* propriety of voice and geſture, remarked, that, "According to her *conceptions*, a *ſecretary*, of all officers, was the moſt neceſſary in our aſſembly. Since as we propoſed to minute down the ſeveral *wants* of our ſeveral members, it would be of great utility, that a perſon, with a very ready pen, ſhould at all times be preſent; thoſe *wants*, ſhe continued, perhaps may not be very many; but it will be neceſſary that they be ſpecified with ſome degree of *preciſion*. Ever ſince I have read the works of a certain author, I am very deſirous to expreſs all my *ideas* with *preciſion*; and I am perfectly ſatisfied, that much, very much prejudice hath ariſen to the world in general, but to the *female* world in particular, from confuſion of ideas, from impropriety and cloudineſs in declaring them, or from *backwardneſs* to declare them fully and plainly. I move, therefore, that a *Secretary* of meet *capabilities* (to uſe the expreſſion of an admired writer) be firſt choſen by this polite aſſembly."

Miſs *Languiſh's motion* was received with univerſal applauſe; and every lady in the room roſe up to *ſecond* it; and every lady in the room roſe up to offer her ſervices, and to preſent herſelf as a candidate for our *Secretaryſhip*. Great indeed

was

was the confuſion: it was a perfect hurricane! Every tongue ran with prodigious volubility; and I was in terrible fears, leaſt we ſhould never again return to order, never be able to proceed with buſineſs; and thus in one moment ruin all our future hopes. You muſt know, Mr. *Viſitor*, I ſaw directly the cauſe of all this: inſtantly I pierced into the reaſon of this mighty deſire of them all to obtain the *Secretary's* place.—*Entre nous*, it was only becauſe they thought that by this means they ſhould know all the *ſecrets*; and, as keeping the books, be privy to the wants of every *Seeker*. Dear *Curioſity* was at the bottom; and curioſity, you know, is a very prevailing principle in the *heart* of a woman.—So like a prudent pilot at the helm, I guided the matter right, and ſteered ſafe through this ſtorm, by getting up, and requeſting them to oblige me with their attention for a moment. "To order, to order," was ecchoed around; and when they were tolerably ſilent, I began; "Ladies, I think myſelf ineffably happy in the prodigious readineſs you all ſhew to accept this burdenſome and laborious office of *Secretary* under me. Whoever ſhall engage in the taſk, will doubtleſs gain much honour and eſteem from this whole very elegant aſſembly. But permit me to ſay, that as it is an office of much buſineſs, ſo it will require conſtant attendance, and will be accompanied with a good deal of fatigue; neither will any peculiar advantages or indulgencies be de-

rived from it, unleſs I may be allowed to call ſuch, my own particular friendſhip, as well as the grateful acknowledgement of the whole ſociety. For as we propoſe not to admit any of the other ſex to our private meetings, nor to allow them to be of our *community*, as a *ſeeking* one; ſo we ſhall not ſuffer any thing to be tranſacted amongſt us of a nature improper to be communicated to the whole *aſſembly*; though the whole of our proceedings may juſtly be ſtiled *private*, yet will they be made public to ourſelves; and at every aſſembly I deſign, that the *Secretary* ſhall read with a diſtinct and audible voice, for the information of all preſent, the *minutes* of the laſt meeting, and whatever hath come before us, or is upon our books."

This ſpeech Mr. *Candid*, had the deſired effect; the ladies one and all dropt their pretenſions, and every one very complaiſantly was deſirous to recommend her neighbour. A ſmiling *Belle*, whoſe pretty face is well known, got up, and propoſed, that "the lady ſhould be choſen *Secretary*, without oppoſition, who could make it appear, that ſhe had written the moſt *love letters*, diſperſed the moſt cards, and could ſhew the greateſt number behind her glaſs, and on her chimney-piece, received within the ſpace of ten days." And as the rogue turned her black ſawcy eyes upon me, I confeſs to you, that I bluſhed and was heartily afraid, leſt the

Queen

Queen muſt have condeſcended to be her own Secretary.

" Kitty, ſaid I, we receive your propoſal: Not a word more, child: You ſhall be my Secretary: I inſiſt upon it; for I would venture to ſay, you have received forty thouſand love-letters; have diſperſed a million of *cards*; and are now in poſſeſſion of as many as would take a month to read over, received within theſe laſt ten days. So, *child*, don't let me hear a word of oppoſition. Ladies, you have choſe me your *Queen*, and in this one particular you muſt permit me to be abſolute. "The ladies were pleaſed to gratify my deſire; and Miſs Kitty *Scribble-love* was ordered to take her place at the Queen's right hand, as Secretary to the *Seeking Aſſembly*.

" Madam ſaid an old wrinkled *ſeeker*, who by ſome ſtrange chance, had got in amongſt us, and who, having lived with a brother in *trade*, this half-century, had contracted all the formality of that *naiſty* life. " Madam, ſaid ſhe, addreſſing herſelf to me—" That we may proceed rightly, it will be fit and proper, that you order your Secretary to draw out an *adver-tiſement*, ſignifying the purpoſes and ends of this aſſembly, with all other requiſite particulars; which ſhould be printed in our public daily papers, the *Advertiſer*, the *Gazeteer*, the *Ledger*, and ſo forth. For otherwiſe the world will not know of theſe things, and we ſhall miſs our aim perhaps."

"Madam, I could not help replying, with a decent warmth, and quickneſs; let your *country hops*, and dirty *tradeſmen* advertiſe, we are above it. You know Madam, ſurely, that the Metropolitan ball was eſtabliſhed in all its greatneſs without one advertiſement."—"Yes, yes, ſaid Sukey *Sneerwell*, with the aſhen-coloured face, there will be no need to advertiſe I warrant you; twenty or thirty ladies engaged to ſpread any thing, will do it more effectually than all the news-papers in England. Never fear, we will make it known."

Accordingly the matter was carried in the negative. It was then moved to read the *articles*, &c, but this we determined to poſtpone, till the next week; and in the mean time to invite all ladies, duly qualified, to our aſſembly. The next week came and we met: *One hundred and ſeventy-nine*.—But I think, my dear Viſitor, I have written enough for once: So you muſt wait *child*, a little longer, till I have time to write to you again: Patience is an excellent virtue: I love to give you men a grain of it now and then to ſmell to.—So adieu—you figure,

I am, in high ſpirits let me tell you;
And very much your's,

SELIMA SEEKER.
Q. S. A.

NUM-

NUMBER XXVIII.

Chriſtian *is the higheſt ſtile of man.*

YOUNG.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,

IT is often matter of much ſurprize to me, that any reaſonable Being ſhould reject the *Chriſtian Syſtem*, when fairly and truly propoſed to him; a ſyſtem which, as a late elegant author expreſſes it, "gives to virtue its ſweeteſt hopes, to impenitent vice its greateſt fears, and to true penitence its beſt conſolations; which checks even the leaſt approaches to guilt, and yet makes thoſe allowances for the infirmities of our nature, which the ſtoic pride denied to it, but which the imperfection of it requires."

If a man be really *virtuous* and *honeſt*, and is deſirous to commend himſelf to the Deity by a rational and ſerious conduct, it ſeems impoſſible to ſuppoſe, that he ſhould have any objection to that ſyſtem, which "gives to virtue its ſweeteſt hopes;" which places the duties of morality upon the firmeſt and moſt extenſive foundation, and which elevates the ſoul to the nobleſt and

moſt conſiſtent ideas of God, and of the ſervices which are acceptable to him.

If a man be engaged in vicious purſuits, and dedicated to criminal gratifications, there ſeems again no ſolid reaſon why he ſhould reject and oppoſe the Chriſtian Religion, and ſhroud himſelf beneath the dark banner of deiſm or infidelity; ſince it is agreed, on every hand, that if there is a Deity,—and that there is, no man even attempts to doubt in theſe enlightened days,—that Deity muſt take a pleaſure only in the deeds of the pure and deſerving; can find no complacence in the acts or the offers of the ſinful and polluted. So that while a man continues in the practice of vice, deiſm, and every other religion, if it be conſiſtent, muſt diſapprove his proceedings; can ſupport him with no ſatisfactory hopes.

If, therefore, deſirous to obtain the divine attention, he reſolves to alter his life, and to abandon the path of guilt, what religion ſhould he embrace ſo ſoon, ſo gladly, as that which "gives to true penitence its beſt conſolations:" nay, which alone can give any ſolid conſolation to penitence, and aſſure it undoubtedly of the pardon for which it ſo anxiouſly wiſhes? Human reaſon, it is plain, could never perfectly ſatisfy itſelf, reſpecting the willingneſs of the Deity to admit to pardon on *repentance* only; the heathens abundantly teſtified their perſuaſion

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of the contrary, by not truſting *only* to *penitence*; ſuperadding, as was univerſally the cuſtom, ſacrifices and offerings, libations, gifts, and atonements of different ſorts, by which they conceived their gods were to be placated: a notion which moſt probably they derived from tradition; as unlightened reaſon ſeems perfectly to diſclaim, or at leaſt to be an utter ſtranger to the idea. —

But, to the exquiſite comfort of the *returning penitent*, the Chriſtian religion leaves not this moſt important of all concerns to the fluctuation of uneaſy conjecture, while it eſtabliſhes his hopes upon the ſureſt baſis, and ſupports his repentance with the moſt unexceptionable aſſurance of its prevalence, through an *atonement* all-ſufficient and well-pleaſing. The vicious man, therefore, if he hath any real underſtanding, can never, with propriety, reject Chriſtianity. Since if ever he intends to repent, —and no man living *intends* to die impenitent;— no religion, but the Chriſtian, can afford him a ſolid and rational ground of *hope*.

I obſerve, farther, that if indeed there be an eternity awaiting us, if the ſoul of man be immortal, and muſt, in conſequence, partake of the due reward of its deeds — (and, if the caſe be otherwiſe, to contend about religion, is juſt as idle, as to contend about mens different complexions) if man be immortal,—and that he is, the univerſal voice of nature declares, in every

place and in every age — Then, let who will be wrong, the Chriſtian *muſt* be right; let whatever religion be true, the ſincere profeſſor of chriſtianity cannot fail of his recompence; cannot be unacceptable to the deity, let that deity be found hereafter, agreeable to the repreſentations of what ſyſtem, or perſuaſion ſoever. *Cicero*'s fine argument againſt *Atheiſm*, may be applied to *Chriſtianity*, with double force. "If there ſhould happen, ſays he to his opponent, to be no *God*, I ſhall certainly be as well off as yourſelf; *annihilation* will then be your lot as well as mine. But if the matter ſhall be found otherwiſe; if there ſhall indeed be found a God, when we enter into a future ſtate; how greatly ſhall *I* have the advantage of *you*; who have all your life long profeſt and inculcated atheiſm and impiety; while I have continually laboured to honour the deity, and to promote virtue and religion?"

And thus the profeſſor of chriſtianity may reply to the *Deiſt*, *Infidel*, *Pagan*, *Mahometan*, *Jew*, or any other, who diſapproves his faith, and would propagate their own; "If peradventure the doctrines which I believe, ſhall be found to be true: if indeed the religion of Chriſt, is what it aſſumes to itſelf, a revelation from the moſt High God; in how ſad a caſe will you be found, who reject and deſpiſe it, who knowingly refuſe to embrace it, and reſiſt all the evidences, which

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it offers? In how ſad a caſe will *you*, particularly, be found, who born and bred in a country profeſſing chriſtianity, nay, who baptized into that faith, utterly caſt off and diſclaim its obligations?

And is there, who the bleſſed croſs wipes off,
As a foul blot, from his diſhonour'd brow?
If Angels tremble, 'tis at ſuch a ſight:
The wretch they quit deſponding of their charge,
More ſtruck, with grief or wonder, who can tell?

Oh think, in ſuch a caſe, if the doctrines of redemption be found true, what a miſerable ſituation yours will be! — But, on the other hand, ſuppoſing, that hereafter, when we appear together in the future world, theſe doctrines ſhall prove falſe, and the facts of chriſtianity appear fictitious; yet there can be no doubt, but that I ſhall obtain favour from the deity; be he ſuch a one as is repreſented in any of your ſyſtems.— If he be the God of the Deiſt, he cannot but approve me, who have made it the buſineſs of my life to purify my heart and actions from all defilement: for he is a God delighting in virtue; and a being ſo good and gracious, that he will never puniſh for the unavoidable errors of the

the head where the heart was right. If he be the God — *all-mercy* — of the infidel; I have no need to be afraid: my whole endeavour has been to ſupplicate and to obtain his mercy; and if I requeſted it, through a Mediator, it ſhews that I had the higher opinion of his adorable perfection. — Even with the *Jupiter* and the *Pallas* of the old Heathen world, the Chriſtian may expect favour; for ſeparate from the abſurdities of fable, they are ſuppoſed to be no other than univerſal goodneſs, power and wiſdom. And ſhould the ſyſtem of *Mahomet* be found true, I ſhall certainly obtain the rewards offered to good *Muſſulmen*. For *Mahomet* himſelf allows the divine miſſion of Jeſus Chriſt; and inculcating the belief of a juſt and good God, ſuppoſeth him only not — ſo *pure* and *holy* as the chriſtian ſuppoſeth him: and of conſequence the chriſtian, upon this plan, will find nothing to his loſs: it will appear indeed to him, that he has been more virtuous than there was need; and more exact in the performance of duty, than was requiſite for a reception of the bleſſings of the *Mahommedan* Paradiſe. Suppoſe, laſtly, that the *Jewiſh* religion ſhould, in the end, be proved the religion of truth; yet even agreeable to its tenets, the chriſtian is ſafe: the *Jew* waited for and believed in a *coming* Meſſiah; I believed that he was come, and, as ſuch, did honour to God the Father by him. As to the reſt, no man can

deny

deny that the morality of the *Chriſtian* is equal to, and muſt neceſſarily be as acceptable with God, as the *Jewiſh* morality.—Thus in the end, whatever faith be found right, it is undeniable, that the *Chriſtian* who lives up to the holy precepts of his religion cannot be wrong."

But let me ſay, that as no religion has ſuch pretenſion, ſo none affords ſuch evidences, *internal* and *external*, of its veracity as the *Chriſtian*; nor is there any liable to ſo *few* objections. Examine any other, ſcrutinize it with that ſtrict ſeverity, wherewith chriſtianity hath been ſcrutinized, and ſee if it will not be found greatly more defective. Every argument which right reaſon can require, offers itſelf in ſupport of the chriſtian ſyſtem; and the man who requires more is certainly not reaſonable.—But if you will permit me, I may, perhaps, take ſome future occaſion to examine the *evidences*, and ſhew the *excellency* of our holy faith.

I am, SIR,

Yours, &c.

M.

NUMBER XXIX.

For lawyers, leſt that bear defendant,
And plaintiff dog, ſhou'd make an end on't;
Do ſtave and tail with writs of error,
Reverſe of judgment and demurrer;
To let 'em breathe a while, and then,
Cry, whoop! and ſet 'em on again!
Until with ſubtile cobweb cheats,
They're catch'd in knotted law, like nets:
In which, when once they are imbrangled,
The more they ſtir, the more they're tangled;
And while their purſes can diſpute,
There's no end of the immortal *ſuit.*

HUDIBRAS.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,

THE humanity you diſcovered in your 23d Number, gave me much pleaſure; and I read, though not without a tear of ſympathy, the unhappy man's caſe there related. *Non ignara mali miſeris ſuccurrere diſco.* For alas, Sir, I am, in ſome degree, a fellow-ſufferer with him, and have felt all the miſchiefs of the law: and ſurely may be allowed to heſitate a little in my

my aſſent to what you have advanced reſpecting "the happy and equal adminiſtration of juſtice;" when I tell you, that I have been ruined by a vexatious *chancery-ſuit*, which, at length, is determined in my favour, after *fifteen years* of ſorrow and anxiety, diſquietude and diſtreſs! let others admire the *hero* of the north, the illuſtrious *Pruſſian*, for his proweſs in war, and his amazing ſtand againſt enemies ſo infinitely ſuperior; in my ſight he appears far more worthy applauſe and wonder, for his attention to the welfare of his ſubjects, and for his removal eſpecially of all thoſe *demurs* which render the *law* ſo *unlawful*, and *juſtice* itſelf ſo *unjuſt*.

If you will permit me, I may, perhaps, hereafter ſend you all the afflicting circumſtances of my caſe; but at preſent my intention is to requeſt, that you would give a place in your excellent paper, to the following dialogue from the Archbiſhop of Cambray; of whoſe dialogues in the general the amiable *author* * of thoſe juſt publiſhed amongſt us, obſerves, that "they breathe the pure ſpirit of virtue, of unaffected good ſenſe, of juſt criticiſm, and of fine taſte." This which I would recommend to you is between *Solon* the famous lawgiver of the *Athenians*, who was eſteemed *one* of the ſeven wiſe men of Greece; and *Juſtinian*, the celebrated Roman Emperor, who, about the year of Chriſt

* Lord Littleton.

527, being at repoſe in his kingdom, choſe out ten able lawgivers, at the head of whom was the famous *Tribonius*, to collect into one body the *Roman* laws, and ordered it to be called the *Juſtinian Code*. He then ordered them to extract the moſt noted deciſions, which were contained in *two thouſand* volumes of ancient law books, and to reduce them into a body, which was publiſhed in the year 533, under the name of *Digeſts*. It conſiſts of 50 vols. The ſame year *Juſtinian* publiſhed his *Inſtitutes*; a book which contains the elements and principles of the Roman Law. At laſt the Emperor had the laws collected together, which had been lately made; and the volume which contained them, he called the *New Code*.

DIALOGUE XII. by *Fenelon*, Archbiſhop of *Cambray*, Author of *Telemachus*, &c.

SOLON, JUSTINIAN.

"*A juſt idea of laws fit to make a people good and happy.*"

Juſtinian. Nothing is equal to the majeſty of the Roman laws: Amongſt the Greeks you have been accounted a great legiſlator, but, had you lived amongſt us, your glory would have been very much eclipſed.

Sol.

Sol. Why ſo? Should I have been deſpiſed in your country?

Juſt. No, but the Romans have very much excelled the Grecians, both in the *number* and *perfection* of their laws.

Sol. In what have they excelled them?

Juſt. We have an infinite *number* of wondrous laws; and I ſhall be honourably recorded in all ſucceeding ages, for having compiled the whole body of laws in my *Code*.

Sol. I have often heard *Cicero* ſay, ſince his deſcent hither, that the law of the Twelve Tables was the moſt perfect that ever the Romans had; you'll allow me, I hope, to obſerve, that theſe laws were transferred from the Greeks to the Romans; and that the greateſt part of them came from *Lacedæmon*.

Juſt. They ſhall come from where you pleaſe; but they were too *plain* and too *ſhort*, to be compared to our laws, which have foreſeen, decided, and put every thing in order, with the greateſt preciſion.

Sol. For my part, I thought that good laws were to be *clear*, *plain*, *ſhort*, and proportioned to the underſtanding of all people; who may eaſily comprehend, remember, love, and obey them, at all times, and in all places.

Juſt. But ſhort, and plain laws, do not ſufficiently ſhew the learning of *counſellors*, or afford matter for *intricate debates*.

Sol.

Sol. I muſt confeſs, I thought that laws were made to avoid intricate queſtions; and only to preſerve good morals, order, and peace among the people; but you tell me, that they ought to exerciſe the ſubtile wits of lawyers, and afford them matter for pleading.

Juſt. Rome has produced many learned counſellors; whereas, in Sparta, there was nothing but ignorant ſoldiers.

Sol. I ſhould have thought that good laws were thoſe where *no counſellors* were wanting; and under whoſe protection the moſt ignorant may live, without being forced to conſult ſophiſters upon the ſenſe of different texts, and the manner of reconciling them. I ſhould infer that laws could be good for nothing, which ſtood in need of ſo many learned men to explain their meaning, when even they themſelves could never agree in it.

Juſt. And therefore to reconcile them, I made my collection.

Sol. Tribonius was telling me yeſterday, that he did it.

Juſt. True, but he did it by my orders; an Emperor never compiles ſuch a work as that himſelf.

Sol. As for my part, who have reigned as well as you, I thought that the chief duty of him, who governed the people, was to give laws which ſhould reſtrain both king and people, and make both *honeſt* and *happy*. To command armies,

mies, and gain victories, is nothing in compariſon of the glory of a legiſlator. But to return to *Tribonius*: he has compiled the laws of different ages, which have often been changed; but you had never a body of laws all framed at the ſame time, and upon the ſame plan, to mould the morals, and the entire government of a nation. It is a collection of private laws, to determine the reciprocal pretenſions of private perſons. The Greeks only have the honour of having framed laws to train up a people by the principles of philoſophy, and by them to direct all their policy, and all their governments. The multitude of your laws, which you ſo much boaſt of, firmly perſuade me, that either you had none that were good, or that you could not preſerve them in their native ſimplicity. That a people may be well governed, they ought to have *few laws* and *few judges*: you ſeldom find men capable of judging. The multitude of judges corrupt every thing; nor are the multitude of the laws leſs pernicious. They are no longer underſtood or obeyed, when there are ſo many; people accuſtom themſelves apparently to revere, and, at the ſame time, under frivolous pretences, to violate them. The vanity of men ſets them upon making laws formally, and with pomp, but their avarice and other paſſions make them deſpiſe them, while ſubtle ſophiſters explain them juſt as they are fee'd to do it.

it. From hence proceeds *cavilling*; a monſter born to devour mankind. I judge of cauſes by their effects; the laws of no country appear good to me, but where there is no pleading, and where plain and ſhort laws may be underſtood, without gloſſes and commentaries. I would have neither wills nor adoptions, diſinheritings, borrowing, ſelling, or exchanging. I would have a ſmall tract of ground allotted to each family, which it ſhould be in no body's power to alienate, and the magiſtrate ſhould equally divide this eſtate, according to law, amongſt the children, after the father's death. When families multiply ſo faſt, that the land is too little for them, I would ſend a colony of people into a deſert iſland. This ſhort and eaſy rule obſerved, there would be no need of all your codes; and I would only think of regulating men's manners, of educating youth ſoberly, patiently, laborioufly, and courageouſly; and I would teach them to deſpiſe luxury, dangers, and death. This would be far better than drawing up bonds, and refining upon contracts.

Juſt. By ſuch dry laws, you would totally deſtroy the *eloquence* of *counſellors*.

Sol. I ſhould love dry and unpoliſhed laws, far better than an eloquence which diſturbs mankind, and, in the end, deſtroys their morals. Never were ſo many laws ſeen as in your time; never was the empire ſo ſoft, effeminate, degenerated,

and

and unworthy of the antient Romans, who very much reſembled the *Spartans*. For your own part, you was a deceitful, wicked, impious deſtroyer of good laws, always ſwelled with vanity and falſhood; and your *Tribonius* was as wicked a diſſolute, double-dealing fellow as yourſelf.

But to return to the laws, they are ſuch no longer than they are underſtood, beloved, and reſpected; and their goodneſs conſiſts in making people good and happy. But your collection of them has made no one either *good* or *happy*; from whence I conclude, that they *deſerve* to be *burned*. — You grow paſſionate, your *Imperial* Majeſty believes itſelf above truth; but you are a ſhadow, to which, without running any riſque, one may ſay any thing. — However, I'll leave you, and give you time to cool."

NUMBER XXX.

Hail, thou goddeſs, ſage and holy!
Hail, divineſt melancholy!
Whoſe ſaintly viſage is too bright
To hit the ſenſe of human ſight!

MILTON.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,

THE walks of *Lincoln's-Inn* afforded me t'other night, an opportunity of being preſent at an affecting ſcene, which I believe will be of ſervice to me all my life. A moralizing genius would, I am ſenſible, have made much better uſe of the occurrence; yet I cannot help tranſmitting my thoughts to you, while the impreſſion is freſh upon my mind, to ſhow at leaſt that it was not entirely loſt on me.

I was enjoying on the terras the cool ſerenity of an evening, ſuch as our climate but ſeldom affords; and obſerving with pleaſure the ſwift decline of day, and the gradual evaneſcence of the ſtars, as the moon *riſing in clouded Majeſty, unveiled her light*. I was by no means an idle ſpectator; I reflected on the wiſdom and goodneſs of that Supreme Being, who, 'tis more than probable, far from ordaining theſe lamps

of

of the firmament to twinkle in vain, or glitter merely for our amuſement; employs them to enlighten other worlds, and chear far diſtant ſyſtems with the ſame powerful influence with which the ſun enlivens ours: nor could I help, on this occaſion, recollecting with rapture thoſe beautiful lines of *Milton*, where *Adam* mentions his having often liſtened to the midnight ſound of celeſtial harmony. As I attentively viewed the ſpangled canopy, I was fully convinced that God could never want praiſe, while Heaven had ſpectators.

Theſe reflections naturally brought my mind into ſuch a ſerious train of thinking, as properly diſpoſed it to receive the impreſſions of an object that ſuddenly ſtartled me from my reverie. In the ſhady walk of the lower garden, I diſcerned by the light of the moon, a tall and emaciated figure of a man ſhabbily fine; his ſtockings ungartered, his waiſtcoat at once laced and ragged, and in ſhort like Romeo's apothecary; *nothing of a piece about him.* His behaviour, like his garb, was far from being uniform. Sometimes with a look, wildly attentive, he gazed upon the ſky, as if he was reading his deſtiny among the ſtars; then on a ſudden recovering from his trance, he flew to a neighbouring tree, and catching hold of the trunk, ſwung himſelf round it till he was out of breath;

and immediately after ſeating himſelf on the graſs,

—His head thrice ſhaking up and down,
He look'd alas! unutterable anguiſh,
And rais'd a ſigh ſo piteous and profound,
That it did ſeem to ſhatter all his bulk,
And end his being ——

This interval gave me leiſure to reflect on the miſerable object; an object, which as the *Spectator* juſtly obſerves, is a far more melancholy one than Babylon in ruins; and I could not help ſaying to myſelf, "How vain are all human purſuits, how weak our pretenſions to greatneſs, wealth and power, when a diſappointment in love or ambition, intenſe application, or even a ſlight and caſual blow, may dethrone our reaſon, afflict the unhappy ſufferer with the worſt of evils, and reduce him to the wretched ſtate of this man before me. This unhappy creature (continued I) may perhaps once have lived in affluence; and have viewed, with humane compaſſion, the diſtreſſes of others, little thinking that the ſame humanity would induce a ſtranger to extend the like compaſſion towards his misfortunes. In this calamity how are the rich and the needy; the wiſe and the great alike involved! Chiefs that have been followed by triumphant armies have at length been aban-

doned by their own faults; and moſt juſtly and feelingly does an ingenious cotemporary obſerve,

From *Marlb'rough*'s eyes the ſtreams of dotage flow,
And *Swift* expires, a driveler and a ſhow."

While I was loſt in theſe reflections, my attention was again awakened by hearing the poor diſtracted ſing with a pleaſing plaintive voice the following words, which ſtruck me ſo forcibly that I ſtill remember them:

Hence all ye vain delights,
As ſhort as are the nights,
Wherein men taſte your folly!
There's nought in this life ſweet,
If men were wiſe to ſee't,
But ſacred melancholy.
O ſweeteſt melancholy!
Hail, folded arms and fixed eyes,
A look that piercing mortifies;
An eye that's faſten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a ſound!
Fountain-heads and pathleſs groves,
Places which pale paſſion loves;
Moon-light haunts, when all the fowls
Are hous'd and ſtill, ſave bats and owls;
A midnight bell, a parting groan;
Theſe are the ſounds we feed upon!

Then ſtretch our limbs in a green ſhady valley;
Nothing ſo dainty ſweet as lovely melancholy!

I returned to my chambers ruminating on what I had heard, and fully convinced of the ſhrewdneſs of *Nat. Lee*, who replied to one who told him, "How eaſy it was to write like a madman;" "That it was eaſy to write like a fool; but to write like a madman was a difficult taſk indeed!" And, in truth, the ſoothing ſoftneſs of the ſong, and the pleaſing melancholy in which I left the ſinger; almoſt made me credit the truth of the famous aſſertion, "That there is a pleaſure in madneſs, which none but madmen know."

CRITO.

NUMBER XXXI.

Unanſwer'd leſt thou boaſt.

MILTON.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,

AS you profeſs, and have thus far prov'd yourſelf a man of candour, and a friend to religion, I doubt not you will readily admit the following remarks, which occurred to me on

on a ſimilar occaſion, with that mentioned in the fifty-ſixth letter of your *Chineſe* friend *. I call him ſuch, becauſe you appear together in the ſame paper; a paper which hath hitherto been conducted with ſo much decency and propriety, that it cannot fail to attract, as it juſtly merits, the public attention; and in which it muſt give every friend to it pain to read any illiberal reflections, either upon the eſtabliſhed modes of faith, or upon the body ſeparated to teach that faith, and to miniſter in divine things to the people.

I will freely confeſs to you that I am neither a native of *England*, nor a profeſſor of the chriſtian religion. But I have lived long and happily in this land of liberty and peace, and have examined ſo much of the evidences in behalf of chriſtianity, that I ſometimes think the prejudices of my own belief will be compelled to give way. *A man in black* (to borrow *Altangi*'s phraſe) hath long been my friend and familiar; and I think myſelf happy in his friendſhip, as he is exceeded by few men either in learning or piety, in benevolence or candour. He takes every poſſible opportunity to recommend the religion of Chriſt to me in the faireſt colours; wherever a preacher excels in eloquence, he never fails to make me an auditor; wherever

* See the Chineſe Letters in two Volumes.

works of charity and humanity are carried on, he never omits to make me a ſpectator, and to recommend theſe lovely fruits of genuine religion. The beſt treatiſes in defence of chriſtianity have been laid before me, by this zealous and judicious inſtructor; and every means purſued to diſciple me in the chriſtian religion. Not long ſince he told me, that a *viſitation* would be held in a neighbouring dioceſe, by the chief of the Engliſh clergy; and "as he is a man, ſaid he, of the firſt character, as well as the firſt place, your attendance will be very well repaid by the favourable impreſſions you will receive."

I embraced with great readineſs my friend's propoſal, and under his protection attended the viſitation. I was *not* introduced firſt to the *place* of dining, but to the *church*; for the *Chineſe* ſhould have told you, that the *Engliſh* prieſts aſſemble there upon theſe occaſions to hear an inſtructive diſcourſe from *one* of their order, deputed to that ſervice; together with a *charge* from their ſuperior, whether *Biſhop*, or other, appointed to viſit in his place. I was much pleaſed with the becoming ſolemnity of the ſervice, and with the ſermon; in which with great freedom the preacher ſet forth the importance of the miniſterial function, and the dreadful danger attending an unworthy diſcharge of it. But when the Archbiſhop aroſe to deliver his charge;

charge; ſilence was huſhed in attention, and every ear drank in his inſtructive precepts. I never heard a diſcourſe delivered with greater propriety, with more awakening ſolemnity, with more unaffected ſerioufneſs, or more earneſt concern. *His* ſubject alſo was the duties of the clerical office. Upon each of which he expatiated, with judgment and candour; ſet forth their nature and neceſſity; and delivered the beſt rules for a due performance of them. And I can aſſure you, with the utmoſt truth and ſatisfaction, that tho' he relaxed nothing of the arduous duty; yet the clergy were ſo far from being diſpleaſed with what he delivered, that they united in a common requeſt for the publication of his *Charge*; that they might always have before them ſo excellent inſtructions, and ſo fine a rule of duty. And that this may not be conceived a requeſt of mere compliment, I am bound to declare, that I heard every clergyman, with whom I converſed, (and I am perſwaded it was the common ſentiment) expreſs the higheſt approbation of, and moſt ſincere deſire to poſſeſs his Grace's charge. A ſtrict and ſerious ſcrutiny enſued into the conduct of the clergy of the dioceſe; every individual of whom I am told is well known, by character, to this watchful overſeer; and he fails not to warn the unruly, to ſtrengthen the weak, to encourage

the zealous and laborious. Nor is there any doubt but the church will flouriſh under his inſpection; and every man of real piety and abilities be called forth by him (far as his influence extends) to adorn and dignify the Chriſtian profeſſion. My friend informs me, that he hath not yet ſate long in this important and diſtinguiſhed chair; and therefore cannot have had many opportunities to ſhew his attachment to the intereſts of religion, by preferring men of the brighteſt characters. But, from thoſe already noticed by him, there is no doubt, that he will be as exemplary in this, which is the moſt conſiderable, as in the other branches of his high office. And truly did great men reflect upon it, nothing can be conceived more advantageous to their own preſent eſteem, and future reputation, than the preferment of thoſe who excel in virtue, abilities and learning.

The buſineſs of the church completed, we retired to the place of repaſt; but I ſaw neither gluttony nor folly ſet high *arbitreſs* of the feaſt; a proper and decent chearfulneſs prevailed; great humanity and friendly intercourſe was eaſily diſcernible; and the converſation was free, genteel, innocent, and pleaſing. I know not what the *Chineſe* may have found, but I freely confeſs, that I never yet viſited any nation where the people were philoſophers at dinner. This is a time,

time, when the moſt rigid virtue is ſuppoſed to relax ſomething of its auſterity; and the beſt phyſicians have ſaid, that *chearfulneſs* united with *temperance* at our meals, contributes much to the preſervation of that ſound health of the body, which is ſo kindly to the ſoundneſs of the mind. However, I am bound in juſtice to the reverend body to tell you, that I heard much learned and inſtructive converſation; the merit of many late performances were candidly diſcuſſed; ſome criticiſms were propoſed, and many uſeful hints, reſpecting their ſeveral charges, offered. The great man at the head of the table, (who, as my friend informed me, has filled up every ſtation wherein he hath been placed, with the greateſt propriety; who is remarkable for his beneficence, inſomuch that he lays up nothing from his very large revenues, but diffuſeth his liberality with the moſt generous hand) he recommended to his clergy a propoſal for collating the antient manuſcripts of their holy ſcriptures, of which, it ſeems, he is a bountiful encourager; and another clergyman of diſtinction was as earneſt in ſoliciting aſſiſtance for a diſtreſſed widow and her orphans. In ſhort, I found many ſchemes of private and public benevolence propoſed amongſt them; and was entertained with as much humanity as I ever met with in *Aſia* or in *Europe*.

When I returned home, and expreſſed my ſatisfaction to my friend, and the reſpectable opinion I had received of the *Engliſh clergy*; "Sir, ſaid he, it may not perhaps become me to ſay ſo much, but it is the truth, and you will therefore admit it; the Engliſh clergy have at all times been diſtinguiſhed for their *learning*, *virtue*, and *loyalty*. The beſt authors in our language prove the firſt; ſome of the moſt uſeful and beneficent undertakings in our nation, prove the ſecond; and a peruſal of our hiſtories, will abundantly teſtify the laſt. That in ſo numerous a body there ſhould be ſome of meaner character, and more exceptionable manners, is not to be marvelled. We lament that there are ſuch; but ſurely it is very ungenerous to eſtimate the whole body from theſe, or for the defects of a few to ſtigmatize and abuſe the whole. The *phyſicians* or *lawyers*, or any body of men, would judge it very illiberal to be cenſured as a ſet of *epicureans* and *atheiſts*, *fools* and *knaves*, becauſe there may happen to be ſome of thoſe characters amongſt them. Without partiality, I believe it will be allowed, that there is *as much*, if not more, virtue, benevolence, learning, and humanity amongſt the clergy, as amongſt any other order of men of the ſame numbers: and it redounds very highly to their honour, that *their* moſt virulent enemies have generally been the moſt virulent enemies of *virtue*,

tue, *religion*, and *truth*. For they are never ſo much reviled by any men as by the *ignorant* and *profane*, the *infidel* and *enthuſiaſt*."

I am,

SIR,

Your humble Servant,

AMURAT.

NUMBER XXXII.

Quâ quidem, haud ſcio, an quidquam melius homini ſit a Diis immortalibus datum.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,

IF the gentlemen who take upon them to oppoſe and vilify the *Chriſtian Religion*, had any thing better to offer in its ſtead: if they had any ſyſtem to propoſe, which might be more beneficial to human ſociety, or to individuals; were they able to give us more clear notions of the nature of the Deity; a more perfect rule of life; more powerful motives to perſuade, or more awful ſanctions to enforce obedience, than are found in the writings of *Chriſt* and his apo-

ſtles; we might admit their pretenſions, and with leſs admiration obſerve the zeal wherewith they endeavour to propagate their opinions. But when the caſe is perfectly different; when they would ſubvert the *beſt*; in order to introduce either *no* religion at all, or ſome wild incoherent doctrines; when, contemning the authority of God, they would blindly follow fallible human inſtructors; we ſtand aſtoniſhed at the abſurdity, and ſeek for the cauſe in the prevalence of corrupted paſſions.

I have ſhewn, in a former paper, that no rational excuſe can be made for infidelity; and that the ſincere *Chriſtian*, under *whatever* ſuppoſition, under *whatever* future event, muſt be ſafe, cannot but be accepted: it would be no difficult matter to ſhew, that every ſyſtem then ſpecified, is deficient in thoſe criterions of truth, which are found on the ſide of chriſtianity; and this, perhaps, may occaſionally engage our future attention. At preſent I proceed to obſerve the ſuperlative *excellence* of the chriſtian religion, which recommends itſelf to us by innumerable particulars, wherein every other mode of faith falls ſadly ſhort.

A celebrated writer remarks, in proof of the *excellency* of chriſtianity, that it doth more clearly reveal to us the nature of God, (which is the great foundation of all religion) than any other religion or inſtitution in the world: — that it gives

gives us a more certain and perfect law for the government of our lives; —that it propounds to us more powerful arguments to perſuade men to the obedience of this law; —and that it furniſhes us with better motives and conſiderations, to patience and contentedneſs, under the evils and afflictions of this life. Now theſe are the greateſt advantages which any religion can have, to give men right apprehenſions of God; a perfect rule of good life, with efficacious arguments to perſuade them to be good, and patiently to bear the evils and ſufferings of this life.

And theſe are advantages, we are bold to ſay, *only* to be had from the Chriſtian religion. From the *heathens*, every man, the leaſt acquainted with their theology, is well aſſured, that no ſatisfaction can be attained. Ignorant of God, they wandered in the thickeſt darkneſs; and he, who wants to be convinced of their perfect uncertainty, reſpecting this firſt principle in religion, may receive complete information from *Cicero*'s treatiſe, *Of the Nature of the Gods*; one of the moſt uſeful remnants of antiquity. Nor will the *Koran* of *Mahomet* afford the rational ſearcher after truth a much better account of the Deity, or a more perfect rule of life, than the ſchools of the old heathen divinities. *Mahomet*, it is true, diſclaims idolatry, and avows the unity of God; but he repreſents *him*, and his *attendants*, in ſo ridiculous a light; gives ſo childiſh

childiſh an account of future puniſhments, ſo voluptuous and ſenſual a view of future pleaſures, that no man, who believes himſelf formed of a *rational* ſoul, as well as an animal frame, would even *wiſh* to paſs eternity in gratifications ſo completely beſtial.

The modern *infidel*, and refined *deiſt*, we know, will ſtep in, and join iſſue with us in exploding at once the *heathen* and *mahometan*, and all pretenders to revelation and ſupernatural intercourſe; while they will urge, that with themſelves, and them only, truth is to be found; and that their ſyſtem is the moſt rational, as poſſeſſing every mark of excellence which we mention. But be not too haſty; before we proceed to examine your claim, we muſt enquire whence you obtained this excellent and rational ſyſtem; how you came into poſſeſſion of this valuable truth? —Why, verily, from your own reaſoning powers, from the exertion of your own intellectual faculties! —This indeed is ſtrange, and paſſing all belief: for ſurely you will not deny that human reaſon was as ſtrong before the coming of Chriſt, as it hath ever been ſince? Surely you will not deny that *Socrates*, and *Plato*, and *Cicero*, &c. &c. were men of parts as bright, of underſtandings as elevated as yourſelves? How then —— (untie the gordian knot we beſeech you!) how then came it to paſs, that they never arrived at this *wiſdom*, at this *truth?* —How came

came it to paſs, that no human reaſon *ever* arrived at it before the coming of Jeſus Chriſt; that before his coming, no man was able to delineate with preciſion the religion of nature?—This queſtion, difficult as it may be for the *Deiſt* to anſwer, is eaſy and obvious to the *Chriſtian*; who rejects with the contempt it deſerves the ſyſtem propoſed by thoſe, who have robbed the ſacred treaſury of the goſpel to enrich themſelves; and with the moſt daring and ſacrilegious impiety, oppoſe to the *ark* of the true God the idol, which they have robbed the ſanctuary to make.—Their pretenſions therefore merit no anſwer, and ſhould claim no regard.

Much leſs ſhould theirs, who, deſirous to ſhake the foundation of a religion ſo excellent as the Chriſtian, have nothing to offer in its ſtead, but *atheiſm* or *libertiniſm*; the doctrines of *Epicurus* or *Spinoza*. And while, the better to engage the attention of mankind, and to ſpread their poiſon, they are continually reviling the teachers of the eſtabliſhed faith, as *wolves* and *deceivers*, as nuiſances to ſociety and enemies to mankind; it may be eaſy for the ſober and thinking to try who are the *deceivers*, who *the true enemies to mankind* (to uſe a fine writer's words)—"*They* who teach a religion moſt worthy of God, moſt friendly to ſociety, moſt helpful to government, and moſt beneficial to individuals, upon as great certainty at leaſt, as men are wont to

to require before they engage in any important affair of life; or *they*, who on pretence of little difficulties, incident to the nature of the doctrines, or upon ſome kinds of proofs, which they unreaſonably aggravate, deny truth and certainty in all the reſt, and would artfully conduct their followers into a ſtate of diſtruſt, fear, confuſion and war; without leaving them the comfort of God's wiſe and good Providence, and the hope of his retribution hereafter to ſupport them under it." *

For ſuch a religion is the Chriſtian. We challenge the wit and malice of its enemies to ſay, whether it be not moſt holy and pure in its precepts; and gives not the moſt exalted thoughts of God, and the moſt humiliating opinion of ourſelves; whether it places perfection in any thing leſs than reſembling God, and living up to the dignity of our beings: whether its worſhip be not a reaſonable ſervice, adapted to the ſpiritual nature of God, and the mixt compoſition of men; whether the Goſpel terms of acceptance upon ſincerity, and pardon upon repentance, be not ſuited to the preſent condition of human nature; and its rewards proportioned to men's innate ſtrong deſires of immortality: whether tranquility be to be had out of the way it recommends of reſtraining inordinate deſires and ruffling paſſions, of following the dictates of conſcience, of reconciling ourſelves to God by

* Biſhop *Chandler*.

by amendment, after having acted amiſs; and of living in dependance on God's protection, aid and favour, in well-doing; whether by the practice of univerſal juſtice, equity, charity, and other ſocial and relative offices, (all which are enjoined or enforced by chriſtianity) the earth would not become a moſt joyful place; as it hath proved through ignorance or neglect of theſe doctrines and motives, to be the ſeat of contention, rapine and oppreſſion!

And if theſe great ends be attainable, under and by means of the chriſtian diſpenſation, it is not hard to determine to which ſide the true wiſdom of mankind ſhould determine them; whether to *Atheiſm*, which muſt infallibly unſettle the happineſs of individuals, and overturn the peace of the world; or to mere *Deiſm*, which hath never yet been tried in any country; or to the *Chriſtian Religion*, which, were it obeyed, would eſtabliſh the happineſs that is attainable in this life; and to which, (as little as it is practiſed) is however owing the quiet, the ſecurity, the order, which a great part of the world enjoys at preſent."

I am yours, &c.

M.

NUMBER XXXIII.

Scribimus indocti doctique. ———

IF a man might be allowed to judge of his own importance, the increaſe of correſpondents would give a very favourable opinion of mine. From the gay and the grave, the alert, and the ſolemn, I am ſo happy as to have attracted notice; and a large packet of epiſtles, notes, cards, and ſo forth, is now before me, from various parts of the town. But, wiſely for us weak mortals, vanity for the moſt part meets with ſome allay; ſo that mine may not riſe to any extravagant height, I am ſorry to confeſs that the abilities and diſcernment of the generality of my correſpondents are not ſuch as would give much gratification. They do not manifeſt judgment ſufficient to make cenſure painful, or commendation pleaſing. And yet they all preſs for immediate notice: all deſire to ſee their letters or papers inſerted in the *very next* number; all betray very plain tokens of ſelf-complacence; and all aſſume the arduous office of judging! In what are men more miſtaken? How apt are we to over-rate or miſjudge our faculties; and how blind to the defects of our brain-derived productions, which however weak, deformed, and worthleſs, we doat on, with the undiſtinguiſhing fondneſs of parental affection! The *Cacoethes Scribendi* is a diſeaſe

diſeaſe which baffles all medical art; and which is not to be cured by the ſevereſt preſcriptions; abuſe, contempt, neglect, ridicule, ſerious counſel, or diſtant hints, are alike unavailing; and the only method to oblige a man troubled with the diſorder "to hold his peace nine years," is to keep him for nine years, from thoſe dangerous inſtruments of dulneſs, *pen*, *ink*, and *paper*.

After this introduction, my readers will not have very high expectations of the letters which may be produced; but I muſt beg leave to obſerve, that the Viſitor hath alſo ſome very valuable correſpondents, whoſe papers will always be admitted; while the leſs conſiderable will have the honour only to be read by *himſelf*. I cannot, however, refuſe the following a place.

Mr. *Candid*,

SIR,

In a letter directed to you in the *Public Ledger* of this current month July, day the 10th, in the year of our Lord 1760, No. 155 of the ſaid *Ledger*, and No. 27 of ſaid paper of yours, called the *Viſitor*, I find, that the young lady, who writes it, and whoſe name is *Selima Seeker*, and whom I take to be a very underſtanding woman, and fit for buſineſs, if ſhe was under prudent management; — ſhe ſigns herſelf *Selima Seeker*, *Q. S. A.* Now, Sir, though I am in trade, I have had a pretty good ſchool education, and

went

went as far as *Juſtin* and *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoſes* in the Latin tongue, which I have never forgot ſo entirely, but that I could make a ſhift to find out the meaning of any of your Latin words; and as I never ſold my Littleton's Dictionary, I am able, for the moſt part, to inform myſelf, by the help thereof. But theſe *letters*, which, I ſuppoſe, have ſome learned meaning I have not been able to explain; I have ſearched the ſaid above-mentioned *Littleton*, where he ſets forth the ſeveral abbreviations; and I conſulted ſeveral other books, as *Calendars*, and ſo forth; but I can no where find out what *Q. S. A.* ſtands for. I wiſh the learned would deal leſs in theſe myſtical letters.

My nephew brought home a book the other day, * wherein the author ſigns himſelf L L D. F. R. and A. SS. R. P. G. C. T. B. M. &c. — Sir, I was near a week decyphering theſe myſtical letters; and, as they abound at preſent, I humbly move, that the gentlemen give an explanation of them. And this, by the way, brings to my mind the great precaution and true underſtanding of a very worthy friend and fellow-citizen of mine, (who is ſo charitably inclined, that he is always doing good) and who has lately printed an account of the proceedings of the Society for the *Britiſh troops*; in the frontiſpiece of which he has very loyally, given

* See Dr. *Ward*'s Syſtem of Oratory, or Diſſertations on the Scriptures.

given an head of his gracious Majeſty king *George*, ſurrounded with theſe letters, S. B. I. A. W. U. C. O. R. P. M. L. F. G. D. K. R. T. N. Q. H. X. Y. Z. Now, as it might be difficult to underſtand the meaning of theſe letters, he tells us at the back of the title-page, that at a certain page referred to, they are explained. And by turning to that page I was highly delighted; nay, I was amuſed through—I believe—*ſixteen* pages, with a moſt ingenious explanation of theſe letters; which you muſt know ſtand for the ſeveral victories gained in this war, tho', to be ſure, nobody would ever have found it out, had not this gentleman been ſo civil as to tell us himſelf.

Now, Sir, this is what I requeſt Miſs *Seeker*, and the other perſon I mentioned, to do; for how ſhould one know people's honours, and ſo forth, if they don't inform us? I have added, at the end of my name, ſeveral letters, expreſſive of my ſeveral appointments in life; for why may not I have the credit of the ſeveral offices and governorſhips which I enjoy, as well as your men of learning? — I perceive the quacks and venereal doctors add letters to the end of their names; pray, what do they mean? A man, once, in the quackery, ſigned himſelf *B. M.* and the college ſuppoſing him to uſurp the dignity of *Batchelor* of *Medicine*, applied to him; and were told by the fellow, that they had no cauſe to

be angry, ſeeing *B. M.* was only expreſſive of his profeſſion, which was that of a *Bellows-Mender*. May not ſome of the letters now uſed ſignify ſomething of the ſame ſort? What is Miſs Selima's *Q. S. A.* and Dr. W—'s *T. B. M.* Pray, reſolve my doubts; and, at the ſame time, explain, if you can, what honours I bear; who am, Sir, yours, to ſerve in the needful.

STEPHEN REGULAR.

H. M. F. C. L. D. P. W. B. D. D. R.
E. A. D. E. J. G. S. H. G. L. H. G.
M. H. G. B. H. G. L. L. H. G. St. L. H.
G. F. H. F. P. W. C. L. S. A. &c. &c.

P. S. I do aſſure you, theſe are all real offices and honours; and, if your readers don't believe it, I can eaſily explain every letter—tho' the city gentlemen, I am ſure, can eaſily decypher them. I did not think, I was ſo conſiderable a perſon; men of learning are very ſhort of me, you find; and when I write a book, you perceive my name will be finely decorated; and I think I may *dedicate* to myſelf, with as good a grace, as my friend before-mentioned, who in the book I ſpoke of, has ſtruck out a new way of dedicating, and has the honour to be the firſt, who ſeriouſly wrote a dedication to his reſpectable ſelf*. I am much delighted with ſo excellent and ſingular a ſtroke.

O.

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* See *Hanway*'s Dedication to his account of the Society for Britiſh Troops.

NUMBER XXXIV.

——Dein Gnatia lymphis
Iratis extructa dedit, risusque jocosque;
Dum flammis sine thura liquescere limine sacro
Persuadere cupit. HORATII, sat. v.

THERE was a paragraph in the papers, not long since, from *Naples*, wherein we were told, that "the King was come thither on purpose to see the blood of St. *Januarius*, which *liquified* on the spot this year to the great satisfaction of the people. — To please the multitude, the miracle must operate in the nick of time: if it fails, or proceeds but slowly, they always look upon it as an evil omen."

As this *liquifaction* is esteemed a very eminent *miracle* in the Romish church, and is, we find, so considerable as to draw the attention of *kings*, we imagined it would be grateful to our readers, and satisfactory to all real *protestants*, to give them some account of this notable wonder, which the *papists* would fain have us look upon as an undoubted attestation to the truth of their faith, and an unanswerable argument of the *catholicism* of their church.

This

This miracle did not eſcape the notice of Mr. *Addiſon*; he tells us, in his *Remarks on ſeveral parts of Italy*, p. 121, that " he ſaw at *Naples* a very ſplendid proceſſion for the acceſſion of the Duke of *Anjou* to the crown of *Spain*, in which the Viceroy bore his part—To grace the parade, they expoſed, at the ſame time, the blood of St. *Januarius*, which liquified at the approach of the ſaint's head; though, as they ſay, it was hard congealed before. I had twice an opportunity of ſeeing the operation of this pretended miracle; and muſt confeſs, that I think it ſo far from being a real miracle, that I look upon it as one of the moſt *bungling tricks* I ever ſaw: yet it is this that makes as great a noiſe as any in the *Roman* church; and that M. *Paſchall* has hinted at amongſt the reſt in his Marks of the True Religion.—The modern *Neapolitans* ſeem to have copied it out from one which was ſhewn in a town in the kingdom of *Naples*, as long ago as in *Horace*'s time.

——*Dein Gnatia lymphis*
Iratis extructa dedit, riſuſque jocoſque;
Dum flammis ſine thura liqueſcere limine ſacro
Perſuadere cupit——

At *Gnatia* next arriv'd, we laugh'd to ſee
The ſuperſtitious crowd's ſimplicity,
That in the ſacred temple needs wou'd try,
Without a fire, th' unheated gums to fry;
Believe who will the ſolemn ſham, not I.

Thus

Thus far Mr. *Addiſon*; and it is indeed very remarkable, that a *Pagan* miracle ſhould be found thus correſpondent to a *Papal* one. Dr. *Middleton*, in his excellent letter from *Rome*, has not omitted to mention this conformity of *Heathen*, with *Chriſtian* ſuperſtition: he obſerves (p. 61. of his letter, 3d edit. quarto) that "this melting of St. *Januarius*'s blood at *Naples*, is one of the *ſtanding* and moſt *authentic miracles* of *Italy*. *Mabillon*'s own account of the miracle ſeems to ſolve it very naturally, without the help of a *miracle*; for, during the time that a maſs or two are celebrated in the church, the other prieſts are tampering with this *phial of blood*, which is *ſuſpended all the while in ſuch a ſituation, that, as ſoon as any part of it begins to melt by the heat of their hands, or other management, it drops of courſe into the lower ſide of the glaſs, which is empty:* upon the diſcovery of which the prieſt proclaims the miracle aloud, to the great joy and edification of the people.—But, however it may be effected, it is plainly nothing elſe but *the copy of an old cheat* of the *ſame* kind, tranſacted near the *ſame* place, which *Horace* makes himſelf merry with, in his journey to *Brunduſium:* telling us how the prieſts would have impoſed upon him and his friends, at a town called *Gnatia*, by perſuading them that the *frankincenſe in the temple uſed to*

diſſolve and melt miraculouſly of itſelf without the help of fire."

The ingenious Dr. *Douglaſs*, author of the *Criterion*, hath proceeded farther than the two excellent writers above; and not only fully detected the *inſipid* fraud, but given us a *recipe* whereby we may alſo turn *wonder-workers*, and *liquify*, at the approach of his miraculous ſcull, the blood of St. *Januarius*: take the account in his own words.

"That a ſubſtance viſibly dry and ſolid, having the appearance of coagulated blood, incloſed in a glaſs hermetically ſealed, actually doth melt, while held by the prieſt in his hands, and brought near to the Saint's Head, which is placed on the altar, is a fact which thouſands of ſpectators are eye-witneſſes of every year. But however extraordinary this may ſeem, to ſuppoſe, as the Neapolitans do, that there is any miracle in the caſe, would be to make the experiments of the natural philoſopher, and the tranſmutations of the chemiſt deſerve that name; as ſome of them are far more ſurprizing than the liquefaction of this Saint's pretended blood. The particular natural cauſe is not, indeed, abſolutely agreed upon. Some have imagined that the heat of the hands of the prieſts, who keep tampering with the phial of blood during the celebration of maſs, will be ſufficient to make it melt. Others again, have been inclined to believe

believe that the liquefaction is effected by the heat of vaſt numbers of wax tapers of a moſt enormous ſize, with which the altar is decked out, and many of which are placed ſo conveniently, that the prieſt can, without any appearance of deſign, hold the glaſs ſo near to them as to make it hot, and conſequently diſpoſe the incloſed ſubſtance to melt.—I ſhould be inclined to ſubſcribe to this opinion, had not I met with a more probable ſolution.

I am informed (for I never tried the experiment myſelf) that a compoſition of crocus martis, and cochineal, will perfectly reſemble congealed blood; and by dropping the ſmalleſt quantity of aqua fortis amongſt this compoſition, its dry particles will be put into a ferment, 'till at laſt an ebullition is excited, and the ſubſtance becometh liquid.

That a glaſs may be ſo contrived as to keep the aqua fortis ſeparate from the dry ſubſtance, 'till the critical moment when the liquefaction is to be effected, may be eaſily conceived. And, in fact, the phial which containeth the pretended blood is ſo conſtituted. It is ſomething like an hour glaſs, and the dry ſubſtance is lodged in the upper diviſion. Now in the lower diviſion of the glaſs, a few drops of aqua fortis may be lodged without furniſhing any ſuſpicion, as the colour will prevent its being diſtinguiſhed.

All the attendant circumſtances of this bungling trick (as Mr. Addiſon calls it) are perfectly well accounted for, by admitting this ſolution. Whenever the prieſt would have the miracle take effect, he need only invert the glaſs, and then the aqua fortis being uppermoſt, will drop down upon the dry ſubſtance, and excite an ebullition which reſembleth melting; and upon reſtoring the glaſs to its former poſition, the ſpectator will ſee the ſubſtance; the particles of which have been ſeparated by the aqua fortis, drop down to the bottom of the glaſs, in the ſame manner that the ſand runneth through.

The Neapolitans (as fit ſubjects to be impoſed upon as the moſt ſervile bigotry, and ſuperſtitious credulity can make them) eſteem this annual miracle as a mark of the protection of heaven; and whenever the blood faileth to melt, a general panic enſueth.

Now, upon a ſuppoſition that I have aſſigned the real cauſe, the prieſts can prevent the ſucceſs of the miracle whenever they pleaſe; and accordingly we know that they actually do ſo, when they have any proſpect of advancing their own intereſt, by infuſing a notion into the minds of the Neapolitans, that Heaven is angry with their nation *.

The ſame author alſo obſerves,—

" Whether

* *Criterion* or miracles examined," &c. By *John Douglaſs*, D. D. p. 243, 246.

"Whether or no I have ſucceeded in pointing out the real cauſe of this pretended miracle, I muſt leave to the few who have the honour of tampering with the ſacred phial, and of conducting the annual ſhow: it is enough to the many if I have aſſigned a cauſe, which will account for every thing that happens; and that I have aſſigned ſuch a cauſe every one may ſatisfy himſelf.

When I publiſhed my account of the liquefied blood, I had not, at that time, tried the experiment of the crocus martis and cochineal; and therefore I could lay leſs weight on the ſolution of the trick, as mentioned to me by a friend. But now I can ſpeak from my own knowledge, and conſequently with greater confidence. Since I have lately mixed up ſome cochineal with a larger quantity of crocus martis, and this conſtitutes a hard lump, perfectly reſembling coagulated blood, and which might well bear to be produced on St. Januarius's altar. Upon dropping ſome aqua fortis on this ſolid lump, inſtantly there was excited a fermentation and bubbling of its parts, 'till by degrees the whole lump diſſolved, and it became a liquid of about the conſiſtence of thick blood—This experiment I performed (I aſk pardon, I ſhould have ſaid miracle) in the preſence of a phyſician of learning, who aſſures me, that beſides aqua fortis, ſpirit of vitriol, or any other mineral acid,

by being dropt upon the coagulated matter, will produce the deſired effect. But ſpirit of vitriol which is as clear as water, will deceive the moſt curious ſpectator moſt effectually; and by the help of this and the other ingredients, any good Proteſtant may challenge the prieſts of Naples, to try which of them ſhall perform the miracle moſt dexterouſly.

NUMBER XXXV.

No might nor greatneſs in mortality
Can cenſure 'ſcape; back-wounding calumny
The whiteſt virtue ſtrikes. What King ſo ſtrong,
Can tie the gall up in the ſland'rous tongue?

SHAKESPEARE.

THERE are ſome diſpoſitions ſo truly diabolic, that the whole reliſh of their nature ſeems inverted, and they appear to take pleaſure only in ſuch things as give the tenderest concern to the benevolent and humane. The joy of their life is to propagate diſſatisfaction; and they live out of their element, when they are not buſy in promoting uneaſineſs. Miſerable themſelves, they are ſolicitous that none ſhould be happy, and the peace of their fellow-creatures is the utmoſt torment to their invidious and malevolent hearts. Hence they continually

nually endeavour to blaſt their reputation, to calumnize their virtues, to ruin their repoſe; and, like *Death* in *Milton*, on the ſucceſs of their iniquitous ſcandals,

Grin horrible a ghaſtly ſmile!

Deſirous, as I ever am, to ſurvey human nature on the faireſt ſide, 'tis with reluctance that I make theſe remarks; but I am almoſt compelled to make them by the behaviour of a—Shall I call her—a woman?—whom lately it was my fortune to meet at the houſe of a friend, and whoſe conduct I could not omit to hold forth, as its odious appearance may tend at once to terrify ſuch as are prone to offend in the ſame way, and to give conſolation to thoſe *injured innocents*, who may be ſo unhappy as to fall under the mercileſs claws of ſuch fell *harpies*.

I perceived immediately, upon entering the room, that this female had engroſſed the attention. She ſoon engroſſed mine; for her converſation was in a few moments directed to me. "You ſee, Sir, ſaid ſhe, one of the moſt wretched women upon earth, reduced to the greateſt ſorrow by a vile and wicked *ſtrumpet*, and a villain of a huſband. Every body here knows my misfortunes; but, alas! what avails compaſſion in ſuch diſtreſs as mine!" As there was nothing of the ſoft and plaintive tone of ſorrow in what ſhe delivered, her voice being loud,

harſh and ungrateful; and as her countenance indicated rather dire vengeance and paſſion than heart-felt agony, fire flaſhing from her little ſunken eyes, and her meagre and ſallow cheeks being conſcious of no bluſh, I cannot ſay, that I was much affected at this ſpeech; my indignation was rather raiſed; and I could not help replying, "I am ſorry, Madam, if matters be as you ſay; but I am a whimſical ſort of fellow, you muſt know, who never have any very favourable idea of the wife that can publicly abuſe her huſband without remorſe."

Reader, didſt thou ever viſit that famous *tower*, built as antient legends ſay, by the *Great Roman* who firſt viſited *Britain*, where our royal maſter feeds many wild beaſts for the gratification of his curious ſubjects?—Didſt thou e'er viſit this repoſitory of the ſavage kind; and there obſerve the untamed *lioneſs* or the furious *hyæna*; when enraged, they churn their foaming jaws, flaſh their livid eye-balls, and ſhake their dens with hideous roaring?—Then may'ſt thou have ſome faint idea of this *female*, and of her amazing agitation, in conſequence of the few words which I delivered. Never do I remember that my imprudence and freedom of ſpeech either raiſed ſuch a ſtorm about me, or put me in ſuch peril! She raved; ſhe wept; ſhe deplored her own ſad ſtate; abuſed my incredulity, ſeverity, barbarity; appealed to all preſent

ſent again and again for the truth of what ſhe delivered; and nothing leſs than my declaring I meant no harm, but was willing to believe all ſhe ſaid, could ſooth the *ſavage* into temper, or lay the wild beaſt aſleep in the *den*.

The ſtorm was ſcarcely appeaſed, when a perſon upon buſineſs called forth Mrs. *Turbulent Trouble-All* from the company; and you may imagine I was not either long without enquiry or information reſpecting ſo curious a perſonage. "She is almoſt a ſtranger to me and my family, ſaid my friend; but lately ſhe puſhed herſelf upon us, as ſhe does wherever ſhe can get admittance to tell her tale, and to defame Mrs. *Amiable Spotleſs*, againſt whom ſhe has conceived an inveterate malice. You muſt know, that her huſband, and the huſband of Mrs. *Spotleſs* are connected in trade together; they live in the next market-town: and as theſe connections neceſſarily occaſion an intercourſe of families, Mrs. *Turbulent* has taken into her head to conceive, and to ſpread univerſally her conceit, that ſhe is a cuckold, and Mrs. *Spotleſs* a ſtrumpet. Her temper never rendered her the moſt engaging of wives to her huſband; always uneaſy at home, he ſought for ſatisfaction abroad.

The huſband of Mrs. *Spotleſs*, delighted with the endearing affection of his wife, and always moſt bleſt when moſt in her company, ſeldom ſought for pleaſures abroad, becauſe he found them in

the higheſt perfection at home. Mrs. *Trouble-All* beheld this felicity of her neighbours with bitter envy: conſcious of her own uneaſineſs, ſhe knew not why they ſhould be happier than herſelf: ſhe never reflected on the cauſe: but growing every day more and more malevolent, ſhe reſolved to ruin their happineſs; and accordingly ſhe informed Mr. *Spotleſs* of his wife's wickedneſs, and by every artful method endeavoured to perſuade him, that "*her huſband* (a vile and abandoned wretch!) defiled his bed!"

It would be tedious to mention all the methods which this infernal agent made uſe of to give credit to her accurſed tale: which, however, failed, in ſome meaſure, of its effect. Mr. *Spotleſs* had too good proof of his wife's virtue to believe ſuch an aſperſion: he rejected it with abhorrence. Mrs. *Turbulent*'s huſband was no leſs ſhocked; their diſputes and quarrels encreaſed upon it; and at length finding it impoſſible to live together, they parted: and the principal buſineſs of her life now is, to go about from houſe to houſe, to ſearch out new acquaintance, and to thruſt herſelf into every company, that ſhe may have freſh opportunities to defame Mrs. *Spotleſs*, and to curſe her huſband. Nay, ſhe lives in this element of ſcandal, with ſo little remorſe, that I aſſure you, ſhe every hour bleſſes God that ſhe is not ſuch a vile wretch as Mrs. *Spotleſs*: nay, ſhe frequents the church;—and,

ſhock-

ſhocking to think, regularly attends the *feaſt of love*, the divine communion, with this foul malice, falſhood and enmity boiling in her breaſt!"

"Truly, ſaid I, a creature of this caſt ſhould be ſhut up in a mad-houſe, or at leaſt never be admitted into the ſociety of rational creatures; for ſhe is much more dangerous than a *bedlamite*: ſhe is *mad* with the uſe of her *reaſon*." "Alas, Sir, ſaid a Lady, who ſat by, ſhe has been thus mad all the days of her life; all her joy has been to do evil, and diffuſe diſtreſs: I am ſure my dear mother felt her virulence moſt fatally; I fear too it may prove no leſs dangerous to poor Mrs. *Spotleſs*." "How ſo, Madam ſaid I? ſurely Mrs. *Spotleſs* hath more underſtanding than to be affected by the reveries of a mad woman? Conſcious virtue will always ſupport itſelf, at leaſt *ſhould* always ſupport itſelf; and no ſhield is ſo powerful to ward off the moſt envenomed darts of calumny, as ſelf-approving *innocence*." "Ah! Sir, ſaid the Lady, we women are but weak creatures; we cannot boaſt of much fortitude. And think, can any anguiſh equal that of being traduced for a filthy *proſtitute*, and rendered ſuſpicious to the huſband one tenderly loves? They are ſtrangers to the delicacy of a virtuous female mind, who do not know that this is, of all afflictions, the moſt afflicting. Sickneſs, pains, loſs of children, loſs of friends, are all ſevere;

but they are light, they are inſignificant, to a blaſted reputation, and an injured virtue! and you would have thought ſo, if you had ſeen Mrs. *Spotleſs* in the agony of diſtreſs, in which I ſaw her. All conſolation was vain; ſhe ſighed; ſhe beat her breaſt; "Good God, ſhe cried out, I falſe to my dear huſband's bed!" which ſhe ſcarcely uttered before ſhe fell into ſtrong convulſions, and thus continued long; 'till, at length, a dangerous diſorder is brought upon her; and the nice delicacy of her temper will, perhaps, never permit her to be reſtored to perfect health. "Poor woman, replied I, how much do I ſympathize with her! but as ſhe has a tender huſband, who muſt be nearly touched at this diſtreſs, ſhe cannot want all the ſofteſt lenitives which the beſt affection can apply. And when reaſon and religion ſhall offer their kindly conſolations; when ſhe ſhall reflect, that no virtue is beyond the ſtroke of calumny, that no reaſonable perſon can hear her enemy's tale, without abhorrence, ſhe will recover her wonted vivacity; and her innocence and virtue will ſhine the brighter and the more valued, as they have ſuffered ſo unjuſtly, and been ſo cruelly injured."

"This Lady's caſe, ſaid a Gentleman who ſat by, brings to my mind that of poor *Imogen* in Shakeſpear's play of *Cymbeline*; ſhe, you know, was traduced to her husband, tho' on another

account; and her expoſtulation on the occaſion, is extremely beautiful and affecting;

False to his bed! What is it to be falſe;
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock, and clock? If ſleep
charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myſelf awake?—That falſe to's bed!

"Now you have mentioned this paſſage, can you recollect, Sir, (ſaid a Lady) another, in that ſame tragedy, and a very fine one, on *ſlander*; it will be perfectly *apropos* to the ſubject of our converſation."

"You mean the following, Madam, he replied:

——No, 'tis *ſlander*
Whoſe edge is ſharper than the ſword; whoſe
tongue
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile; whoſe
breath
Rides on the poſting winds, and doth *belye*
All corners of the world! Kings, Queens,
and ſtates,
Maids, matrons, nay the ſecrets of the grave
This viperous ſlander enters!"

NUM-

NUMBER XXXVI.

In faith and hope, the world may diſagree;
But all mankind's concern is charity;
All muſt be falſe, that thwart this one great end;
And all of God, that bleſs mankind or mend.

POPE.

IT is a pleaſing reflection to every ſincere *chriſtian*, that the characteriſtic doctrine of his religion, is approved by the beſt *reaſon*, as it is productive of the higheſt happineſs. Let whatever ſyſtem be embraced, whatever mode of faith be approved, the benign and gentle ſway of *benevolence* muſt be admitted; and *love to each other* will ſtill be a diſtinguiſhing duty of humanity. It muſt be confeſſed, that no religion ſo abſolutely commands, ſo ſtrongly enforces; urges by ſuch motives, or encourages by ſuch hopes, this amiable principle, as the religion of *Chriſt*; *whoſe commandment* it is, a commandment peculiarly *his*, that "his diſciples ſhould love one another, *even as he hath loved them.*" And can love be carried higher than we ſee it in his bleſt example! *Greater* love than this hath *no man*, that a man lay down his life for his friends! But the ador-

able

able Redeemer advanced ſtill farther. — *He* laid down *his life* for *his enemies!* By this ſhall all men know that we are his diſciples, if after his precept and pattern, we *love one another!*

As it is pleaſing to the *Chriſtian* to contemplate this mark of excellence in the faith which he embraceth; ſo, let me add, that it muſt be pleaſing to the *Engliſhman* to obſerve the happy prevalence of this divine and god-like principle in the preſent times. We ſee works of charity and benevolence flouriſhing on all ſides around us; we ſee the hearts and the hands of our generous countrymen open to the relief of affliction and woe; we ſee the children of ſorrow and pain, of diſtreſs and ſuffering, welcomed to houſes of mercy, and tended by the aſſiduous care of pity and gentleneſs. We ſee the helpleſs orphan ſheltered, the weeping penitent ſnatched from imminent deſtruction. We ſee the lenient hand of mercy held forth for the ſupport of every unfortunate, even from the infant down to the hoary head. — Nay, we ſee, to the particular praiſe of our national benevolence, of our true chriſtianity, the *enemy* fed and cloathed, and *bleſſings* poured upon the heads of thoſe whom heaven hath made our priſoners, as it were to favour us with an occaſion of the nobleſt bounty.

I care not that ſome aſſign ungenerous motives to theſe excellent acts; I care not that

ſome,

ſome, whoſe narrow hearts cauſe them to clinch cloſe their griping hands, would deny this laudable ſpirit, and debaſe theſe honourable efforts of benevolence :—bleſſed be God that ſuch a ſpirit prevails! Bleſſed be God that ſuch excellent acts are performed! Bleſſed be God that ſo many ſufferers are relieved; ſo many tears wiped from the eye of anguiſh; ſo many joyful ſongs of thankſgiving heard from the lips of the comforted and reſtored!—That ſome may happen to contribute to ſuch works from illiberal motives, is neither to be doubted or denied: but that the heart which propoſeth, that the hands in general which execute, can be deficient in the trueſt *Philanthropy*, no man can aſſert; no good man would even ſuſpect. Nay, were not a real ſpirit of chriſtian love and humanity diffuſed largely amongſt us, it would be impoſſible to carry into execution ſuch undertakings as we daily behold thriving with the utmoſt ſucceſs, and aſſiſted with the largeſt—I had almoſt ſaid—*unbounded* liberality!

The writer of this too takes a peculiar pleaſure in obſerving, that he is happy in the knowledge and acquaintance of many, whom he could eaſily point out,—but their *works* point them out better—whom, he is aſſured, no narrow and worthleſs motives urge to the conſtant exerciſe of benevolence; from whom the wretched incitements of vanity and pride, are far removed, and whoſe ſouls the tender touches

of

of Chriſtian affection ſo nobly influence, that ever attentive to the well-being of their fellow-creatures, they are never more bleſt, than when they can contribute to it; when they can bring relief to *individuals*, when they can add honour, and happineſs to their country!—For that theſe works of humanity add *honour* to our country, is indiſputable; and we may be allowed to rejoice, that no age can be found in the Britiſh annals more diſtinguiſhed for ſuch works of Love. That they add, that they will continue to add, *happineſs* to our country, may alſo be preſumed with due humility; ſince the happineſs of nations, as well as of individuals, depends upon the favourable protection of *providence*; and we are well aſſured, that with works of this ſort, the Almighty ruler of the world is *well pleaſed*.

"Go on, then, my countrymen, go on with your uſual zeal, alacrity, and beneficence; go on to conſider (as you do) with attention, wiſdom, and compaſſion, the wants and ſufferings of your fellow-creatures; yield chearfully to the benevolent impulſes of humanity! And may every labour of love proſper in your hands! May every deſirable bleſſing from Heaven fall upon your own heads."

While I was indulging, with the utmoſt ſatisfaction, this train of thought in my arbour, ſhaded from the intenſe heat which we have lately felt, ſleep ſtole inſenſibly upon me; and Fancy, ſtill

ſtill purſuing the ſame ideas, preſented to me in viſion the *Genius* of our *country*; her countenance ſhone with unuſual vivacity, and ſhe walked forward towards a temple, which was ſo bright, that I could not look upon it; and from whence, methought, was heard the moſt enchanting ſound of muſic, that ever raviſhed human ear. "Bleſt Genius of our favoured iſland, ſaid I, whoſe is that temple, and why art thou haſtening thither?" "Behold that train, replied ſhe, and aſk no more." When turning round, I ſaw a number of radiant perſonages, each bearing in their hands an emblematical device, as it ſeemed; but which, upon approaching nearer, I found to be the *plan* or *account* of the ſeveral public *hoſpitals*, and other *charities*, which at preſent are known in our nation. One of the radiant company informed me, that as the Great Ruler of the world was pleaſed to employ the miniſtration of *Angels*, ſo had he delegated each of them to be the *guardians* and protectors of the ſeveral good *works* whoſe names they bore in their hands. And now (the celeſtial miniſter went on) at the requeſt of *Britannia*, we are advancing to the place of God's peculiar reſidence, to offer up to him, with theſe works of love, our prayers more grateful than incenſe; beſeeching that he would vouchſafe his bleſſing upon the iſland over which *Britannia* preſides; that he would defend it from danger, crown it with glory, and fill it with his knowledge and love."

love." As viſions are not always conſiſtent, ſo it happened with mine; for, methought, all of a ſudden, theſe bright *guardians* of our *charities*, together with the *genius* of our iſland, were withdrawn from ſight; and whilſt I was regretting the loſs, a voice, as of a trumpet, ſounded forth, — and I heard — "Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God: They ſhall be had in everlaſting remembrance." This was all I could diſtinguiſh; for my heart was troubled within me, and my countenance changed. When, lo! Britannia came forth from the temple; on her right hand was the Angel of Wiſdom, on her left the Angel of Courage. Behind her followed the celeſtial miniſter of *Plenty*, and the guardian of *Commerce*; I ſaw the lovely Angel of *Benevolence*, ſmiling, as he paſſed, with ineffable ſweetneſs on the *guardians* of *Britannia*'s charities, and applauding them to an Angel, brighter and fairer than all the reſt, whoſe name I found was PIETY.—Struck with the divine form, I was about to fall down and adore, when the attempt awakened me from my ſleep; and though I regretted the loſs of ſo pleaſing a *viſion*, I could not help indulging a hope, that there might be more than meer imagination in it.

NUMBER XXXVII.

Great, good, wiſe, wonderful, eternal King!
——— *Who looks down*
On all that ſoars, and ſpans immenſity.

YOUNG.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,

ONE excellence of the Chriſtian religion, I obſerved in a former paper, is, that "it reveals to us the nature of God more clearly than any other religion in the world." Now as a right knowledge of God is the foundation of all religion; (for as our notions of God are, ſuch will our worſhip and our practice be:) ſo, if we conſider what God is, we ſhall immediately diſcern, that without revelation, we could never have any juſt idea of him; while the revelation which gives us juſt ideas of him, thus far recommends itſelf to our attention, and has one criterion of truth and excellence.

It is mentioned as a mark of the wiſdom of Simonides, that he *heſitated* to deliver his ſentiments, reſpecting the Deity. Cicero, in his treatiſe of the *Nature of the Gods*, thus introduces the ſtory. "Should you aſk me, ſays that elegant Roman,

Roman, to define what God is," I ſhould adopt the procedure of Simonides, who, when the ſame taſk was impoſed upon him by the King of Syracuſe, deſired *one* day to conſider of it. The next day, when the ſame queſtion was again put to him, he requeſted *two* days more: after this he deſired *four*, and ſo on for a conſiderable time, doubling always his demand. At length, when the King, with ſurprize, demanded the reaſon of this, he replied, *That the more he meditated on it, the more incomprehenſible it appeared to him!* For I ſuppoſe, continues Cicero, that Simonides, who was not only an excellent poet, but alſo a man of extenſive knowledge and wiſdom, was bewildered in a variety of opinions, each more ſubtle and abſtracted than the other; and being uncertain which of them came neareſt to truth, he deſpaired of finding that truth at all."—By the way, one cannot help commiſerating the ſituation of theſe thoughtful and inquiſitive men in the heathen world, who were unable to arrive at any degree of certainty reſpecting that, whereupon all religion depends; whoſe underſtandings were too *capacious* to ſuffer them to reſt in the popular opinions; and yet too *limited* to reach the heights, and to attain ſatisfactory notions, of the divine nature.

Unenlightened human underſtanding can never attain ſuch notions. Conſider only that God is a pure ſpirit, and can never be repreſented to

the groſs ſenſes of men; that men have no conception at all of pure ſpirit, how it exiſts, or what it is; and you will not wonder that imagination wandered ſo widely; that every thing was deemed to be God, but that which really is ſo. The ſenſes are to us the only inlets of ideas; they are the foundation of all our knowledge; we can therefore have no *direct* conception of any thing, which is not introduced to our knowledge by one or other of the ſenſes; and if the ſenſes make no report from without, we are all blind and ignorant within.

Hence it came to paſs, that in the *heathen* world there was not even the moſt diſtant ſuſpicion of that true and rational nature of God, which the Chriſtian revelation hath brought to our knowledge. They never dreamt of a ſpiritual incorporeal being, exiſting from all time, filling all ſpace, almighty in power, all-wiſe in his doings, perfect in goodneſs, and unbiaſſed in juſtice. Nay, ſuch is the light which Chriſtianity hath diffuſed, that the meaneſt mechanic, and the moſt unlettered herdſman amongſt Chriſtians, will give you a more rational and ſolid account of the nature of God, than the very wiſeſt of the heathen world, than Socrates or Plato, than Cicero or Ariſtotle, after all their moſt elaborate inveſtigations, could have done.

It is indeed melancholy to obſerve them diſputing, whether the *world* or the *air*, or the *ſky*,

were *God*; and more melancholy ſtill to ſee them paying worſhip to a legion of deities, whoſe infamous actions would have done diſgrace to the moſt contemptible of mortals! Who can help lamenting to ſee men offer up the moſt valuable gifts—(ſometimes even their own *children*) to cruel, luſtful, drunken, thieviſh, quarrelſome gods; who, ſo far from being allowed to quaff nectar, and eat Ambroſia, on Olympus, ought to have been degraded for their crimes to the moſt afflictive puniſhments in the gloomy territories of Pluto!—How could it be expected, that the worſhippers of ſuch deities ſhould ever excel in the practice of morality? Why ſhould they feel remorſe or reluctance upon the perpetration of the groſſeſt iniquities: Could the votary of a Venus be chaſte? Could the worſhipper of a Bacchus be ſober? Why ſhould he, who offered an human ſacrifice on the altar of a Saturn, be merciful; or he be honeſt, who attended the temple of a Mercury?

Let it not be ſaid, that theſe were the opinions of the vulgar; while the wiſer thought better, and contemned theſe fables.—The wiſer did not think better, they could not think better; their moſt philoſophical ſpeculations were not a whit more rational; and they all, with one conſent, bowed the knee, and did homage to the acknowledged deities of their country. The ſon of Syrach hath amply declared the whole truth.

"Surely

" Surely vain are *all men* by nature, who are ignorant of God, and could not, out of the good things that are ſeen, know him that is; neither by conſidering the works did they acknowledge the work-maſter; but deemed either *fire*, or *wind*, or the *ſwift air*, or the *circle of the ſtars*, or the *violent water*, or the *lights of heaven*, to be the *Gods* that govern the world, &c."

Nay, to ſhew that human nature is ſtill, and at all times the ſame, look only to thoſe nations who at preſent ſit *in darkneſs and the ſhadow of death* (to uſe the ſcripture phraſe) who are under the bondage of *idolatry* and *ignorance*, and you will find, that their conceptions of the deity are as groſs, abſurd, ridiculous, and abominable, as the moſt abject of the heathen world. And it cannot fail peculiarly to ſtrike an attentive obſerver, that this deep ignorance of the deity is diſcernible amongſt thoſe, who otherwiſe excel in arts and underſtanding, and who are deficient in no branch of civil policy. For a proof, let your obſervations be turned to one of the greateſt nations perhaps in the world, to the Chineſe; and while you admire their elegance, you will deplore their ignorance in the things of God, and behold them with concern proſtrated in the temple of the fouleſt and moſt deteſtable idols.

The truth is, God is too far diſtant, and the human faculties are too confined, ever to be able to ſearch him out, or to trace his adorable perfections;

fections; and, therefore, ſo long as mere imagination paints him, he will always appear as the creature of ſuch imagination; and the man who bows down to a *garlick* or *onion*, will bow down to as reaſonable a God, as he that adores *Feretrian Jove*, *Dagon*, or *Vitzliputzli*.

How great, how ineſtimable a bleſſing then is that divine *revelation* to mankind; and how ſtrong an argument of its truth, is, the amiable and elevated idea, which it gives of the Deity; which, though reaſon, unaided, could never diſcover; yet reaſon, in its beſt cultivation, perfectly approves! Here we are taught to worſhip no local or ſubordinate God, whoſe agency is confined to certain limits, and whoſe power is reſtrained, by the dread of Tartarus. Ours is a God, who from eternity to eternity is the ſame; who, preſent throughout all his works, ſeeth every thought, noteth every word, obſerveth every action; whoſe Almighty *fiat* ſpoke all this wonderful ſyſtem into exiſtence; and whoſe unerring wiſdom hath preſerved it from the beginning! Watchful in his fatherly providence, the minuteſt concerns of his creatures are open to his view; and a ſparrow falleth not to the ground unnoticed by him. Glorious in holineſs, no mixture of imperfection ſullies the untarniſhed purity of his nature. He is *Light*. He is *Love!* Infinite in goodneſs, every creature drinks of his exhauſtleſs bounty; angels, men, and all created

things live in the fulneſs of his undiminiſhed grace and benignity. Nor are his attributes and perfections in any degree of oppoſition: though he is boundleſs *Mercy* and *Love*, he is alſo ſtrict and unbiaſſed *Juſtice!* Willing to impart bleſſings to his creatures, he wooes them by all means to that which is the ſole fountain of bliſs, to a ſimilitude with himſelf; but if they chuſe not that ſimilitude, *juſt* and *holy*, as he is, they deprive him of the power of being gracious and good. For it is an eternal and unſhaken truth, that to be happy *with*, we muſt, in ſome meaſure, be *like* God.

And as he is a *Being* of all imaginable *Moral* perfections, ſo are his glory and greatneſs repreſented in the Chriſtian ſyſtem, as the moſt exalted, and as far beyond the moſt elevated conceptions of mankind. He dwelieth in light unapproachable. Thouſand thouſands of the nobleſt ſpirits, angels and archangels, miniſter unto him! And ten thouſand times ten thouſand ſtand before him! But, alas, language is faint to expreſs his glory! In one word, our God is an eternal, pure, and bleſſed ſpirit; perfect in happineſs; conſummate in holineſs; the fountain of mercy; the father of comfort; the God of love; and the juſt rewarder or puniſher of the whole human race!

But for the cleareſt and fulleſt ideas of his nature, which our preſent condition is capable of

comprehending, let me refer to that book in which theſe things are ſo graciouſly revealed to us. The more we ſtudy it, the more elevated will be our conceptions of the Deity; and we ſhall acknowledge that it is one criterion of the truth of Chriſtianity, that no religion gives us ſo juſt and clear notions of God, as we receive from it.—I know that there are not wanting ſome who will object, that "the doctrine of the Trinity, which is the fundamental doctrine of Chriſtianity, is *not* agreeable to reaſon; and that conſequently the Chriſtian religion gives us not either a *juſt* or *clear* notion of God."—As I do not care to repeat what I have ſaid; for a full anſwer to this objection, I refer to my 20th number, where I have fully conſidered this point; and, as I have had the pleaſure to be informed, to the ſatisfaction of ſeveral of my readers.

Give me leave only to remark in concluſion, that if the notions, which the *heathens* entertained of their gods, render them in ſome degree inexcuſable, when deficient in the practice of virtue; how much will the knowledge of the *Chriſtian*, and his perfect information on this ſubject, ſerve to condemn him, if he be wanting in that virtue, which the nature of God ſo forcibly recommends; if he be a ſlave to that vice, which is ſo abſolutely contradictory to every repreſentation, which the Chriſtian religion gives of God? How can we expect to eſcape puniſhment, if we do

not endeavour to be holy as God is holy; pure as he is pure; merciful as he is merciful! Nay, what can we have to plead for ourſelves, and in behalf of our deviation from purity and rectitude; when not only the nature, but all the laws of God propoſe heaven to us, on the terms of our abhorring and avoiding all that is contrary to the *holineſs* of God, and conſequently to our own *happineſs*. Let me add; How can we ſuppoſe ourſelves entitled to any of the promiſes and privileges of Chriſtianity, if we neglect to conform ourſelves to the pattern of *Jeſus Chriſt*, God manifeſt in the fleſh; therein to give us the faireſt and fulleſt diſplay of the moſt amiable and endearing perfections of the deity, and to engage us to an imitation of them, by every motive of gratitude and love. If then we expect the rewards, purchaſed by his meritorious ſufferings, let us contemplate the duties propoſed by his gracious wiſdom, and enforced by his own bright example; never doubting of his peculiar favour, while we tread in the ſteps of his *humility* and *devotion*, his perfect *reſignation* and univerſal *charity*.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

M.

NUM-

NUMBER XXXVIII.

Pallida mors æquo
Pulſat pede, pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres. HOR.

IT has often been remarked, that nothing more engages our attention than hiſtorical accounts of the laſt moments of great men. The Czar *Peter*, certainly deſerves the title of *Great*; and I doubt not, but the following relation of his death, drawn up in the *Ruſſian* language, by *Theophanes* Biſhop of *Novogrod*, will be acceptable to our readers in an *Engliſh* dreſs. We ſhall leave them to moralize upon the ſubject, and upon the impartiality of that univerſal leveller, who advances with his victorious dart, as intrepidly to the bed of the mightieſt monarch, as to the pallet of the humbleſt peaſant.

" The importance of the perſon, ſays my author, exacts from us a juſt and faithful relation of the deceaſe of our ſovereign, whoſe death we can never ſufficiently lament. We naturally wiſh to know the manner of their exit, whoſe lives and examples we ſo much admired: nor indeed without reaſon, ſince as one has well ſaid, *To go off the ſtage of life decently, is equal to acting the greateſt part upon it.*

The diſeaſe, which deprived us of *Peter the Great*, a prince above all others deſerving immortality, was the ſtrangury: he was firſt ſeized with it about the end of the year 1723. To get ſome relief from the extreme pain of the diſorder, he repaired the ſpring following to the ſpaw waters of *Olonetes*, as he had often done; but that remedy was leſs powerful than the diſeaſe; from which indeed it procured a little reſpite, but did not work a perfect cure.

Hearing at *Moſcow*, where he intended to crown *Catharina*, his moſt auguſt ſpouſe, that a diſcovery was made of waters in *Muller*'s iron works of the like quality, he went thither alſo in the beginning of ſummer; and having drank theſe waters a few days, he ſeemed to be ſo well recovered, as to think the cauſe of his diſeaſe quite removed. But the event has proved, that he was miſtaken in his apprehenſion.

For he was no ſooner come from Moſcow to *Peterſburgh*, than the malady returned; although in intervals it was reſpited, and the prince ſeemed now and then to be in better health. But the diſeaſe ſometime abating, and again increaſing, at length proved fatal, by a total ſtoppage of urine, and an ulcer in the bladder. And ſuch a difficulty of urine came upon him, that in the ſtrangury, which was very frequent, he was miſerably racked with pain: and, though a man of the firmeſt patience at other times, would

would cry out outrageouſly under his torture. He intimated the exceſs of his pain, by a philoſophical ſaying to the ſtanders by, namely, *That he was a ſtriking inſtance, how miſerable a creature mortal man is.*

His ſickneſs was ſoon diſcovered to be incurable: but he himſelf was the firſt of all apprehenſive of his approaching fate; finding his pains to continue and grow upon him, and by his ſkill in anatomy, perceiving the diſtemper to work in his very bowels, he did not conceal his apprehenſion: for a few days after he began to lie on his ſick bed, he commanded the chapel, in the great hall of the palace, to be adorned in the accuſtomed manner for the celebration of the euchariſt, and after confeſſion, he devoutly refreſhed himſelf with the myſtic ſupper of our Saviour.

In the mean time, all the phyſicians in *Peterſburgh*, ſave one laid up in the gout, being called to a conſultation, enquired into the caſe with the greateſt diligence, whether there was any hope of a recovery, or any help to be had from their art: who, though they made no declaration of the caſe being deſperate, yet their confuſion and deſpair was not to be concealed. But the cleareſt indication of what was to be expected, was the ſtate of the patient; his ſtrength being ſo much impaired and broken, that notwithſtanding the violence of the diſtem-

per increaſed more and more, his ſhrieks were fainter and fainter; and in making water, he vented himſelf in hoarſe accents, or in continued and heavy groans.—Then, through the whole palace, nothing but lamentation was to be ſeen or heard.—Hitherto three or four ſenators only were in waiting night and day, but at this time all were come together: The biſhops and Archimandrites (or abbots,) attending to ſolace and ſtrengthen him in his laſt hours, together with two generals of the firſt rank, ſeveral lieutenant generals, colonels, captains, and the chief of the nobility. In a word, a great concourſe of people, beſides domeſtics, filled the palace; nor in ſo great a multitude was there one but expreſſed his ſorrow in ſome way or other. Some could hardly ſuppreſs their tears, others weep'd and ſobb'd, others walked or ſat down ſilently, but as it were languid and dejected. The face of ſorrow was different, not as I ſuppoſe from any difference of affection, but diſpoſition; and I truly believe, the affliction was general at the inſtant fate of ſo great a king and heroe, and of ſuch a father.

But the diſtreſs and grief of her majeſty no repreſentation can poſſibly equal. In her we ſaw ſorrow in all its ſhapes, tears guſhing out, an awful ſilence and amazement, and preſently groans and ſighs; ſometimes ſhe vented herſelf in

in doleful, but affectionate and becoming cries; ſometimes ſhe ſeem'd to ſwoon away.

Thus miſerably and variouſly diſtreſſed, ſhe ſate day and night by the bed of her royal ſpouſe, nor would ſhe retire, till he required her to take her reſt, leſt ſhe ſhould deſtroy herſelf: whereby this beſt of princes teſtified in his laſt moments his conjugal affection to the beſt of wives; and which was a proof of his prudence and tenderneſs, often commanding the princeſſes his daughters to withdraw, when they would come into the room where he lay, to prevent, as is ſuppoſed, too frequent occaſions of grief in himſelf, and a total dejection of ſpirits in them.

We are obliged further to relate, but in few words, what care was taken in a chriſtian way, of the ſoul of this dying perſon, and how religiouſly he died. As ſoon as it was notified that his majeſty was dangerouſly ill, the ſynods appointed public prayers for his recovery in all the churches of the city and neighbouring villages. His majeſty, to engage more people to pray that God would be gracious to him, iſſued out through his empire a general act of grace for malefactors condemned for treaſon, for embezzlement of the public ſtock, and for other crimes, to be releaſed from priſon (debtors to private perſons excepted) and to be ſet free from puniſhment, and abſolved from mulcts and fines.

On the 26th of January, 1724-5, when the danger he was in was yet more flagrant, the biſhops and archimandrites then preſent, offered up the uſual prayers for the ſick, and anointed him with the holy oil.

On the 27th, at two o'clock in the morning, it was viſible that the prince was quite ſpent, and near his end; then were called in the biſhops of Pleſkowand Twere, and the archimandrite of Czudow monaſtery, who approached to exhort him as a dying perſon: and here the prince, under the anguiſh of the moſt exceſſive and incredible pains, and when he could ſcarce with ſigns expreſs his aſſent to their admonitions, diſplay'd an impreſſion on his mind of the moſt holy piety; for when one of them made mention of the death of Chriſt, and of the divine bleſſings which are procured by it, and admoniſhed Peter that it was now the time to think of nothing elſe; and that he ſhould for his own ſupport, meditate on that which he had frequently inculcated to others, (for in common diſcourſe he many times copiouſly and learnedly had diſcuſſed the queſtion concerning free juſtification of a ſinner through the merits of Chriſt Jeſus) he preſently ſprang up and endeavoured to ſupport himſelf; and being a little raiſed by his attendants, with eyes and hands lifted up as high as he could, though faultring in his ſpeech, he broke out into theſe words,

That

That it is, which at length can quench my thirſt, that alone which can refreſh me.

Juſt before the admonition he had moiſtened his mouth with julep (as he was obliged to do very often) and, by way of alluſion, he uttered theſe words, and again and again repeated them.—The monitor further exhorting, that he ſhould, without any diffidence, confide in the mercy of God; that he ſhould believe his ſins to be forgiven through the merits of Chriſt, and that the grace of eternal life was near at hand. To this he doubled his reply, I believe and I truſt. When again the monitor exhorted him to a prayer of faith, and produced theſe words, which they recite, who with us come to the Lord's ſupper, *I believe Lord and confeſs, that thou art Chriſt the Son of the living God, who cameſt into the world to ſave ſinners, of whom I am chief*; he added, *I believe Lord and confeſs, help thou mine unbelief!* All this, which was admirable, he uttered feelingly, and with a chearful countenance. And now fainting away and ſinking, he reply'd to many other points ſuggeſted to him by a nod, by lifting up his hand, or applying it to his breaſt.

And now he ſeemed to give up the ghoſt; at the news of which the ſenators and chief officers of the army, with crowds of people, entered the apartments, and with tears and lamentations preſſed the hand of the prince. He lay

a while ſpeechleſs, ſaluting every one with his looks; and then with great difficulty ſaid, Hereafter. Whether by that he would have a vacant place to himſelf free from moleſtation (for his little apartment was thronged with people) or he ſpoke of the time after death is doubtful. —So all retired—

But ſuch was his ſtrength of body yet, that notwithſtanding he ſeemed every moment about to expire, he continued fifteen hours in the agonies of death, and though he did nothing but groan continually, and beat his ſide with his right hand (for his left was ſeized with the palſy and motionleſs) yet whenever the monitor came near him, (which he did now and then) and put him in mind of the vanity of the world, of eternal joys juſt at hand, and the price of the blood of the ſon of God, whereby he ſhould obtain them, he would make freſh efforts to riſe up and form a ſign of a croſs with his hand, or lift it towards heaven. And what was yet more ſtrange, he laboured even to modulate his groans into accents of praiſe, and to clear up his countenance, and would have embraced his monitor. At this time came in the Archimandrite of Trinity monaſtery, and addreſſed his majeſty, whether he would pleaſe to have the Lord's Supper adminiſtered to him a ſecond time; if this was his pleaſure, to ſignify it by holding up his hand; he inſtantly held up his hand, and

ſo

ſo repeated his reception of the Lord's Supper. Neither after this did the monitors ceaſe in their turns to comfort and confirm him: nor did he himſelf omit, by ſigns and geſtures, to expreſs his aſſent to them, till about four in the morning he was almoſt motionleſs, and ſeemed to faint away. Then the biſhop of Twere uttered ſome pious admonitions in his ear, and prayed to God in the uſual forms of prayer to be merciful to him. But all perception was ſoon gone, and he could not groan nor even pant any longer; and while all about him were doubtful, whether he was alive or dead, before they could be well aſſured that breath was gone out of him, he expired Jan. 28, at four o'clock in the morning.

Now were heard the cries of all there preſent, the empreſs ſhrieked out aloud, being half dead, and ready to fall, had ſhe not been ſupported; in an inſtant every apartment was filled with lamentation; the whole palace ſeemed to eccho with complaints, and the grief of every one was exceſſive.—Thus died Peter the father of Ruſſia, and one of the greateſt princes of Europe.

G.

NUMBER XXXIX.

Quanquam animus meminiſſe horret. VIRG.

WHEN a man narrowly ſcrutinizes into his own heart, how little ſatisfaction ariſes from ſuch an inſpection! His goodneſs many times extends no further than to languid and impotent reſolutions; whence he hath the mortification to ſee, that his virtue is daily periſhing in its bloſſoms; while vice deeply roots itſelf in the corruption of his nature, derives additional ſtrength from the luxuriance of the ſoil, and is hourly making bold advances to maturity. At the ſame time that prepoſſeſſions and prejudices enthral his mind, they likewiſe enervate the powers of exertion, and thereby preclude to the captive all proſpect of enlargement. Paſſions are clamorous, temptations are numerous, and reaſon too frequently is of inſufficient force to ſilence the former, and to repel the latter. Thus his breaſt reſembles a chaos, where diſcord, darkneſs, and confuſion maintain their empire, and triumph over the boaſted authority of man. Diſappointed, and diſpleaſed with the picture, which his own boſom exhibits of himſelf, he is naturally led to enquire into the cauſe of this involuntary deformity. Some writers

ters have endeavoured to ſolve all difficulties by affirming, that the creation of ſuch a ſtrange compound as man, was neceſſary, to preſerve a due ſcale and gradation of Beings. Others aſcribe all our errors and defects to the *fall*, and thereby impute to the firſt parents of mankind, the moral evil diſcoverable in the ſpecies. But without entering upon a diſcuſſion of theſe ſubjects, I would obſerve that the human mind in its preſent ſtate wears the appearance of an ancient ſuperb ſtructure, which hath formerly been injured, and defaced by hoſtile fury. There ſtill remain ſtrong marks of its primitive grandeur, although ſeveral of its nobleſt apartments are ſo miſerably maimed and neglected, that they are now become, as it were, *an heritage for the dragons of the wilderneſs.*

It is a common obſervation, that neither the beſt of men are exempt from faults and follies, nor the worſt altogether deſtitute of worth and virtue. But ſometimes there is ſuch a mixture of good and bad qualities, ſo great a contrariety both of ſentiment and conduct in the ſame individual; that when we ourſelves ſit upon the trial of ſuch a character, we are even conſtrained to ſuſpend our ſentence; and our judgment is not only embarraſſed by the interſperſion of ſlighter crimes; but it is alſo frequently perplexed and obſtructed in its deciſions, when actions of the blackeſt turpitude have been perpetrated

petrated by men, whoſe general behaviour hath correſponded with the ſtricteſt rules of virtue and benevolence. Hiſtory, ſacred and profane, furniſhes us with ſtriking inſtances of the brighteſt excellencies, and the fouleſt blemiſhes, concentered in the ſame perſon. Oftentimes that predominant paſſion, which conſtitutes the very heroiſm of goodneſs, ſhall aggravate every feature of vice, if once it be inliſted under the banner of wickedneſs. That natural warmth of St. Peter's temper, which rendered his zeal for his injured maſter ſo conſpicuous, betrayed him into the moſt horrid oaths and execrations. But there is no neceſſity of a recourſe to ſuch diſtant examples, we ſhall find ſufficient ſcope for reflection upon topics of this nature amidſt the occurrences of our own times. Nor will the ſubſequent ſtory be a bad comment upon the hints already advanced; or too faint an illuſtration of the deplorable conſequences, which now and then follow upon an unlimited indulgence even of the beſt of human paſſions.

An innkeeper at a town in Normandy had eight children. His wife, whom he loved with the utmoſt tenderneſs, died of a fever, after fourteen years cohabitation. He was inconſolable for a while; but at length he emerged from his grief, and transferred all his affection to the fruits of his marriage-bed. The income ariſing from the profits of his buſineſs, was an incom-

incompetent maintenance for his family. Hence ſeveral of his ſons and daughters, when they had attained to a proper age, quitted their father's houſe, and entered into ſervitude. So ſtrong was the innholder's attachment to his children, that he regarded their departure in the light of a temporary baniſhment. However, there yet remained at home his eldeſt and his youngeſt ſon, who practiſed every filial duty to ſupply the deficiency of his abſent comforts. Prior to this period commenced the laſt war between France and Great Britain: In the progreſs whereof the French compelled into the ſervice a multitude of young fellows, who were averſe to the profeſſion of arms. It unhappily fell out, that the innkeeper's youngeſt boy, a lad about ſixteen years of age, was ſeized upon by a recruiting party, and hurried into Flanders. The diſtreſs of the poor father at this melancholy incident, would probably have been inſupportable, if his brother, who was the miniſter of the pariſh, had not uſed every argument, which reaſon and religion ſuggeſted, to alleviate the pangs of the bereaved parent. But although a courſe of time had aſſwaged the ſeverity of his ſufferings, yet his ſorrows were occaſionally quickened by the piteous tales the youth tranſmitted to him, of the many hardſhips he underwent abroad; by repeated applications of this neceſſitous ſon for money; and by

by the inability of the father to gratify the preſſing requeſts of a ſtarving child.

After ſome years were elapſed, there rode an officer into the yard of the inn; who alighting from his horſe, called aloud for the landlord. The maſter of the houſe obſerving, that his gueſt by his apparel was a man of rank, approached him with deference. At which time the officer, fixing his eyes ſtedfaſtly upon his hoſt, acquainted him, that he was juſt then arrived from Tournay, and had been deſired to inform him of his ſon's health. The landlord's fond heart bounded at the mention of a perſon ſo exceedingly dear to him, and he was urgent with the gentleman to perpetuate his converſation upon this engaging theme. But the ſoldier replied, that he was neceſſitated to pay a few viſits in the town, and would take a more favourable opportunity to ſatisfy every enquiry of his hoſt.

About ten o'clock at night the gentleman returned to his inn, and told the landlord, that he had invited ſeveral friends to dinner the next day. Wherefore he directed a plentiful and elegant entertainment to be provided. At this protracted ſtay of his gueſt the innholder ſecretly rejoiced, hoping thereby to hear many particulars about his boy in the Netherlands. The officer complaining of fatigue, and deſiring to be conducted to his bedchamber, the man

man of the houſe catched up a candle, and lighted him to his apartment. No ſooner were they both entered, but the gentleman drew a purſe of gold from his pocket, and gave it to the landlord, with a charge to take care of ſo valuable a depoſit. Then wiſhing him a good night, and reminding him of the morrow's engagements, he ſhut the door, and haſtened into bed.

N.

NUMBER XL.

Quanquam animus meminiſſe horret. VIRG.

THE following day the Abbe called upon his brother, and with great complacency in his countenance, enquired after the Officer's health. The innkeeper told him, that the Officer was well, and had ſet out early in the morning on his return to the army. It is impoſſible, rejoined the Abbe with a ſmile. That very Officer will moſt aſſuredly dine with you to day, and give you ſuch a hiſtory of your ſon, as muſt be productive to you of a degree of joy, very little inferior to rapture. The landlord was aſtoniſhed at theſe myſterious words, and aſked his brother, if he was formerly acquainted with the gentleman. To which the miniſter made anſwer in the affirmative. Who is he? ſaid the innkeeper with

with great emotion. The whole ſecret, returned the Abbe, ſhall be revealed to you at dinner. Hereupon the innholder appeared extremely agitated, and peremptorily aſſerted the departure of his gueſt at break of day. Indeed it cannot be ſo, replied the Prieſt. There is a happineſs in reſerve for you, my dear brother, which my heart ſtruggles to diſcloſe. But the obligations I am under of ſecrecy, will not permit me to unfold this intereſting riddle.

The maſter of the inn, whoſe face abundantly beſpoke the perturbation of his breaſt, ſtared upon the miniſter with a peculiar wildneſs in his eyes, and ſeemed entirely deprived of all power of utterance. Ah! my brother, cried the Abbe, this is too, too much. I cannot any longer keep you in this painful ſtate of ſuſpence. I beſeech you to recollect the features of the military gentleman. Pray tell me, if you cannot trace out the lineaments of your darling ſon, under the badge of diſtinguiſhed merit. This eclairciſſement had nearly proved fatal to the landlord, who turned very pale, trembled in every joint, and immediately ſunk down in a ſwoon. The aged churchman blamed himſelf for the temerity of his proceedings, and wiſhed a thouſand times, that he had ſuppreſſed this affecting part of his narrative. But ſince he could not retract his ſtory, he cheriſhed hopes, that a fuller explanation of every circumſtance might deliver

deliver his brother's mind from this diſtraction of contending paſſions. Wherefore when the unhappy man was recovered from his fits, the miniſter tenderly intreated him to compoſe the turbulency of his thoughts; and further informed him, that his ſon, by a late ſignal diſplay of volour, had been rewarded with an hundred louis d'ores and a lieutenancy. That the dear youth, noticing the officious aſſiduity of his father, preſently inferred from thence his parent's ignorance of him; now diſguiſed, as it were, by his improved ſtature, and the ſuperiority of his attire. That pleaſed with this uncommon adventure, he had apprized his friends thereof, and appointed them to dine with him, that they might ſhare the joys of the family upon his diſcovery of himſelf. To all which the Abbe ſubjoined, that this worthy and amiable child had brought his indigent father a purſe of money, to obviate his preſent neceſſities, and to prevent future anxieties.

Scarce had the uncle mentioned this ſuperlative inſtance of filial goodneſs, before the innkeeper dropped to the ground, writhed with frightful convulſions, while the eccleſiaſtic looked with inconceivable ſurprize upon the ſervants, who ſtood ſpeechleſs round their ſeemingly dying maſter. Amidſt theſe ſcenes of confuſion, the maid recollected, that there was a vial of hartſhorn drops in a cloſet pertaining to the bed-chamber, where the

officer had lain the preceding night. As ſhe was running up ſtairs for the medicine, ſhe was purſued by the miniſter, who endeavoured to arreſt her in her flight, that he might learn from her, if it was poſſible, the true cauſe of theſe ſtrange and formidable occurrences.

With thoughts more diſturbed and embroiled than the ſtormy deep, he entered the chamber; where, finding that his ſtrength and ſpirits were haſtily departing from him, he threw himſelf upon a couch, which was accidentally at hand. After he had continued a few minutes in this fainting ſtate, he opened his eyes, and thought that he ſaw ſomething like an human form lying under the bed. The figure powerfully attracted his ſight for a while. But when the Abbe had gazed long enough to aſcertain the reality of the object, he ſtarted up from his recumbent poſture, and collecting all his ſhattered powers into one effort, eagerly dragged the body from its concealment. To his inexpreſſible conſternation, horror, and anguiſh, the mangled corps proved to be the remains of the military ſtranger. The pious clergyman, penetrated through his very ſoul at this ſhocking ſpectacle, fetched a deep groan, and inſtantly fell dead upon his murdered nephew.

By this time the inn-holder was reſtored from thoſe dreadful contorſions, which had threatned his immediate diſſolution. Raiſing himſelf out

of

of the chair, in which his domeſticks had ſeated him, he deſired to be taken before a magiſtrate, to whom he confeſſed every particular of this bloody tragedy. It ſeemed that the eldeſt ſon was the firſt who propoſed the deſtruction of the officer. The father heard the overture with deteſtation; but the young man having bound himſelf in a joint bond with his father for the payment of a large ſum of money, and hourly expecting his parent and himſelf to be thrown into a jail, urged the neceſſity of making the ſoldier's purſe their own property, as the only expedient to ſecure themſelves from the miſeries of confinement. The father warmly remonſtrated againſt the purſuit of ſuch impious meaſures; and likewiſe obſerved, that the guilt thereof would be highly inflamed by the extraordinary confidence which his gueſt had repoſed in him. The ſon intimated that he thought it cruel uſage to be made ſubject to the penalties of a bond, for which he had received no pecuniary conſideration, and which he had entered into upon no other motive than the preſervation of his father from the reſentments of his creditors. The parent bewailed their complicated misfortunes; but perſiſted in ſuffering the utmoſt extremities, rather than embrue their hands in blood. When the young fellow noticed, that his arguments made no impreſſion, he then artfully enumerated the ſore afflictions which his youngeſt

brother

brother endured in Flanders from cold, penury, and toil. Nor did he fail to inſinuate, that now an occaſion preſented itſelf of ſuccouring the wretched youth, who was daily ſurrounded with famine, diſeaſe, and death. The pitiable father burſt into a torrent of tears, and haſtily ſaid, Whatever we are to do, let us do it immediately.

Thus the lacerated heart, although it had reſolutely maintained its ground againſt the piercing ſollicitations of poverty, the approaching terrors of a priſon, and the importunate clamours of an undone child, nevertheleſs fell a ſudden ſacrifice to the inordinate tranſports of parental affection.

N.

NUMBER XLI.

——— *Ye harveſts wave to* HIM,
Breathe your ſtill ſong into the reaper's heart
As home he goes, beneath the joyous moon.

THOMPSON.

MY heart felt the higheſt ſatisfaction, as I journey'd lately through one of the moſt fruitful counties of our kingdom, to behold the ground covered with ſuch rich crops of ripened corn; and to ſee ſo many parties of laborious ruſtics,

ruſtics, occupied in the delightful taſk of gathering in the copious harveſt. " The *rye*, white and hoary as it were with age, waved its bearded billows, and gave a dry huſky ruſtle before the breeze.—The *wheat* laden with plenty, and beautifully brown, hung the heavy head; and invited by its bending poſture the reapers hand, —Plats of *barley*, and acres of *oats*, ſtood white or whitening in the ſun. Upright and perfectly even, as though the gardeners ſhears had clipped them at the top, they gratified the ſpectator's eye, but gladdened the farmer's heart.—*Beans* partly clad in native green, partly transformed and tawny with the parching ray, were preparing the laſt employ for the crooked weapon.—Some of the grain lay flat, in regular rows on the new-made ſtubble. Some was erected in graceful ſhocks, along the briſtly ridges. Some conveyed homewards, on the loaded waggon, nodded over the groaning axle;—and to finiſh the proſpect of plenty, amidſt the brown fields roſe verdant groves of *hops*, which hung in profuſion, from the bending *poles*, and ſeemed to court the hand of the gatherer.

The villages, as I paſſed through, appeared almoſt to be empty, and their inhabitants poured into the plains. Here were perſons of each ſex, and of every age.—The luſty *youths* ſtooping to their work, plied the ſickle, or ſwept with their ſcythes the falling ranks. The blythe

damſels followed, binding the handfuls into ſheaves; or piling the ſwarths into haſty cocks. —Diſperſed up and down were the *children* of the needy, gleaning the ſcattered ears, and picking their ſcanty harveſt.—Nor were the *old* people abſent; but crawling into the ſun, or ſitting on a ſhady eminence, they beheld the toils,—the pleaſing toils they once ſuſtained.

This is the moſt joyful period of the countryman's life: the long expected crown of all his labours;—for this he broke the ſtubborn glebe, and manured the impoveriſhed ſoil; for this he bore the ſultry beams of ſummer, and ſhrunk not from the pinching blaſts of winter. For this he toiled away the year in a round of ceaſeleſs, but willing activity: *Knowing* that *the huſbandman muſt labour before he partakes of the fruits.*—And will not the bleſſed hope of everlaſting life; will not the bright expectation of conſummate bliſs, animate us with an equally chearful reſolution both to reſiſt the temptations, and diſcharge the duties of our preſent ſtate *?"

But this is not by any means the only leſſon of religion or morality, which a ſerious and contemplative mind may learn from a view of the fields, when white to the harveſt. Our Saviour, who generally drew inſtruction from, and formed his ſacred parables upon objects the moſt

* See Hervey's Theron and Aſpaſio.

moſt near and familiar, has applied this to one of the moſt awful occaſions, which the human thought can ever conſider. *The harveſt*, ſays he, in explaining one of theſe parables, *is the end of the world*; *and the reapers are the angels!* Who then that beholds the wheat fall beneath the ſtroke of the ſickle; carefully gathered by the hands of the reapers into ſheaves, and prepared for the garner;—can fail to contemplate, that great, that important day; when he that ſowed the ſeed, the Son of Man, the dread Lord of the harveſt ſhall ſend forth his angels, and they ſhall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them who do iniquity; and ſhall caſt them into a furnace of fire; there ſhall be wailing and gnaſhing of teeth! The righteous too ſhall then be gathered—gathered as precious ſeed into the celeſtial garner—and then ſhall they ſhine forth as the ſun in the kingdom of their father!

Againſt the terrors of that day, we either ſolace or delude ourſelves with the opinion of its diſtance. It is yet afar off, and therefore we will not provide for it. But had the farmer, during the ſeaſon of ſowing, indolently ſat down, and forborn to labour, under the opinion, that it was yet a long time to the harveſt; that yet many months would intervene, before the ingathering would come: in vain would he have lamented his folly in the months of harveſt, and

curſed his neglect of the proper ſeaſon. Wiſer than to act thus abſurdly, he breaks up the glebe with his toilſome plough, commits the grain to the faithful ſoil in its appointed time, and performing all the neceſſary acts of husbandry, waits for the produce with patience, and reaſonable expectation; and by the goodneſs of providence, he is but rarely diſappointed in ſuch expectation. Deſire we to reap a happy harveſt in that day; deſire we rather as good ſeed to be gathered into the garner of God; we muſt be careful not to omit this precious ſeed time; this ſeaſon of mercy and grace; repentance muſt break up our fallow ground; the word, the ſeed of life, muſt be ſown in our hearts; we muſt be careful to root up every evil and noxious weed; and to procure a plentiful ſupply of the dew of grace, and the light of life to nouriſh the young and tender plants, and to raiſe them up to perfect ripeneſs, for the approaching harveſt.

It may be proper juſt to remark, that as neither the farmer's toil, without the benediction of heaven, foſtering rains, and invigorating heat; nor the benediction of heaven, without the farmer's toil, would have produced this copious plenty, which crowns the ſmiling vallies, and enriches the rejoicing hills;—ſo neither can the chriſtian expect to produce a crop of graces and virtues acceptable to the great Judge, either by

by his own endeavours, without the aſſiſting grace of God, and the indulgent mercies of Jeſus Chriſt; or thro' thoſe mercies and by that grace alone, without any co-operating endeavours of his own.

And methinks, this fine image, held out to us, in the book of Nature, ſerves abundantly to ſilence all thoſe noiſy diſputants, who have talked ſo much, and ſo abſurdly, on one hand, of the irreſiſtibility of Divine Grace, and on the other, of the ſelf-ſufficiency of the human powers: That Grace is abſolutely neceſſary to our performance of works pleaſing to the moſt high, that without it we can do nothing, we can bring forth no fruit; let the vanity of the farmer's labours ever teach us, who plougheth and ſoweth, but reapeth no increaſe, if the hand of Heaven with-holds the warm influence of the ſun, and the fattening gifts of the clouds. On the other ſide, let the folly of a weak reliance on Grace, and on Chriſt, without ſuitable efforts of our own, without a zealous and uniform attention to duty, be ever obvious to our reflection, while we behold the farmer anxious for his harveſt, and uſing every proper method to ſecure it. Without labour and diligence on his part, without kindly ſeaſons on the part of Heaven, he would never reap into his garner the wiſh'd for increaſe: and let the Chriſtian be well aſſured, that, as without the Grace of

Chriſt, he can do nothing, ſo that Grace will never be with him, unleſs he works with it, uſing every means appointed, and obſervant of every duty enjoined. Then may he expect alſo to reap at the final harveſt, and to appear there with joy, bringing his precious ſheaves with him!

And is there indeed ſuch a day approaching! A day when every work ſhall be brought into Judgment; a day, when every man ſhall be rewarded according to his deeds; and that by a ſentence the moſt alarming;—for it is irreverſible, and it is everlaſting! Of how ſmall eſtimation appears every earthly purſuit or poſſeſſion, when the ſoul, in ſecret meditation, ſeriouſly contemplates this intereſting ſcene; in which every human creature is concerned; for we *ſhall all ſtand before the judgment ſeat of God!* Concerned in the neareſt degree; for our chief, our ſole happineſs or miſery is at ſtake—happineſs or miſery, that ſhall know neither change nor end! Let us not expect to appear with comfort and boldneſs at that hour, if unmindful of it, and inattentive to it, we tread in the paths of vice, of folly and diſſipation; the husbandman who ſows tares only, and pernicious weeds in his fields, can never expect to fill his barns with rich ſheaves of wheat. And while we are ſo fondly courting the unſubſtantial ſhadows of this world; let us only indulge one moment to

ſilent

ſilent reflection, and ſuppoſe that hour was preſent, when we ſhall look, " *and behold a white cloud, and upon the cloud one ſitting like unto the ſon of man, having on his head a golden crown, and in his hand a ſharp ſickle.* When it ſhall be ſaid, *Thruſt in thy ſickle, and reap; for the time is come for thee to reap; for the harveſt of the earth is ripe. And he that ſitteth in the clouds ſhall thruſt in his ſickle: and reap the earth.* Let us only imagine ourſelves preſent—as preſent we ſhall aſſuredly be—and aſk our hearts, which part we would then chooſe to bear, that of the *Tares*, condemned to burning; or that of the *good Seed*, gathered into the houſe of God; whether we would wiſh to ſtand in the character of guilty, ſelf-condemned, and miſerable outcaſts, or of happy and approved ſons, welcom'd by all the hoſt of Heaven, into the realms of felicity?—As no man can heſitate a moment in his choice; let no man prepoſterouſly enhance his own condemnation by practices, which as much oppoſe his happy appearance hereafter, as they contradict his ſober and beſt judgment here.

As I preſume many of my readers may do my papers the honour to take them on a party with them, in their ſeveral excurſions, during this fine ſeaſon into the country; I hope theſe reflections will neither be unpleaſing, or unprofitable; I ſhall therefore beg leave to reſume them, as there are various other particu-

lars, which we may learn from a ſurvey of the *fields*, where the *goodneſs* and *wiſdom* of God are written in very legible characters.

NUMBER XLII.

Thou tho' inviſible, art ever ſeen!
And ſeen in all! the great and the minute.
Each globe above with its gigantic race,
Each flow'r, each leaf, with its ſmall people ſwarm'd,
To the firſt thought, that aſks, "from whence," *declare*
Their common ſource.

YOUNG.

THE evening was calm and ſerene. All nature was huſhed in pleaſing ſilence, ſave that the *ſea*, at the feet of the neighbouring cliffs, rolled in its reſtleſs foamy billows, and ſent forth its continued murmurs from the ſhore: — When to purſue my contemplations on the *harveſt*, I walked into the fields, beneath the modeſt luſtre of the ſilver *moon*, who ſhed an unuſual ſplendor, as ſhe *walked in brightneſs* and majeſty through the ſkies. There is a peculiar grandeur in the ſcripture images. I never behold the moon, but I am charmed with that expreſſion which I have juſt now uſed, and which is an expreſſion of *Job*'s. "*The moon walking*

walking in brightneſs!" But if the expreſſion charms, ſhall we fail to be delighted with that gracious deſignation of providence, which has ordained the *moon* a longer continuance, and a fuller light, in the ſeaſon of *harveſt*; when the laborious countrymen, willing to ſecure the golden ſtore, extend their toils to a later hour, and of conſequence longer want, and more rejoice in the favourable attendance of the *harveſt moon*. We will leave philoſophers to account for this extraordinary *phænomenon* in nature; it ſhall be enough for us to acknowledge, that it is undoubtedly the wiſe and benign diſpoſal of nature's God, a God ever regardful of his creatures welfare.

Not long ſince theſe hills and vales all around me, which look ſo rich and joyful with their plenteous *ſheaves*, were barren and brown; but ſee the ſhining plough-ſhare turns the ſtubborn glebe; ſee the ſower ſtalks over the plains, and caſts forth his liberal handfuls: See, "the harrow follows harſh and ſhuts the ſcene!" And thus man hath done his part; for the reſt he relies, confidently relies on the favour of heaven; and doubts not to convey to his garner, in its ſeaſon, full *ſhocks* for ſingle *grains*, loads that will make the bending axle crack, for his liberal handfuls! —How amazing is the work of vegetation! who would conceive that life, that beauty, that increaſe ſhould ſpring from cor-

ruption and death. But we have unerring truth to prove this, as well as conſtant experience; *nothing is quickned except it die!* The wheat fomenting corrupts, before it ſhoots downward its *radicle*, or rears upwards its tender and green *head* to the ſun! How expreſſive as well as beautiful an emblem of that capital truth in the chriſtian revelation, "the reſurrection of the body." Which as a ſeed is ſown in the grave, ſown in corruption, to be raiſed in incorruption; ſown in diſhonour to be raiſed in glory. For we muſt obſerve, that as it is not the ſame *ſeed*, the ſame in form, appearance, *&c.* which was ſown, that ſprings up; but a plant far exceeding it in beauty and elegance; ſo will it be with our future bodies: theſe which we now wear, in this mortal ſtate, are but the ſeeds of thoſe whch we ſhall put on at the reſurrection: and we are allowed to gather, from this alluſion of St. *Paul*'s, that the latter will as much exceed the former in glory and beauty, as the lovely and flouriſhing *plant*, in its perfect verdure, exceeds the coarſe and comparatively inelegant ſeed. *Our vile body*, ſays the ſcripture, *ſhall be faſhioned like unto his glorious body, according to his mighty working.*—And when nature holds forth to us ſo ſtriking an emblem of this great and important concern to mortals, are we not aſhamed to profeſs a

doubt,

doubt, much more a *diſbelief* of ſo intereſting an article?

The warmth of the ſun, and the dews of heaven, whatever elſe may be neceſſary, are abſolutely ſo, to the work of vegetation. It cannot be carried on without them. And if either be with-held, or given in too great proportions, the languid plant withers, and the diſappointed huſbandman mourns!

What a leſſon of dependance upon God, doth this teach us; and how much ſhould it lead us to adore his exuberant goodneſs! He bleſſeth us with fruitful ſeaſons, and abundance of increaſe. But, if he pleaſed, how eaſily could he with-hold from us the bread of life; and cauſe pale famine to lay waſte our land! Should he hide his life-giving ſun behind the thick clouds; and commiſſion, in wrath, thoſe clouds to diſembogue their immenſe treaſures on our plains; —or ſhould he command that ſun to flame forth with intolerable ardor, and to dart forth his rays intenſe, upon the parched and thirſty earth, to which every ſupply from above was denied, and all whoſe fountains in conſequence were drying up — how ſoon ſhould we feel the malignant effects; how forcible ſhould we be compelled to confeſs our own impotence, and *Jehovah*'s power! Let us be careful to confeſs it properly; and to engage its beneficent regard, by a grateful remembrance of the hand which

feeds us; and by a lowly aſcription of all to him, when we receive that all in the moſt copious profuſion. Services of fear, are the ſervices of ſlaves; love and gratitude are expected from ſons.

The word of God is compared to ſeed: the work of grace, to the growth of plants. Plants, as we have ſeen, cannot flouriſh without the *ſun* and the *rain*. The influences of *Chriſt* and of the *Spirit*, upon the ſoul, are compared to theſe. *Chriſt* is, in every ſenſe, the *light* of the world — the *ſun* of righteouſneſs. The *holy Spirit*, is as *water*, as *dew*, to the mind. It is finely ſaid by the prophet, in reference hereto, *I will be as the dew unto Iſrael; he ſhall grow as the lilly, and caſt forth his root as Lebanon.* From hence we are pleaſingly taught, of how great neceſſity it is for us to ſecure the influences of theſe, if we wiſh the word of God, the ſeed of life, to flouriſh and bring forth fruit in our ſouls. Their influences are to be ſecured, by a diligent attendance upon thoſe means which are appointed to convey thoſe ſupplies; and by a cautious and conſcientious obſervance of thoſe duties, which we owe to God, our neighbour, and ourſelves. Thus ſhall we bring forth abundantly, ſome *thirty*, ſome *ſixty*, and ſome an *hundred* fold.

Thirty, *ſixty*, or an *hundred* fold, great as it may ſeem, is no marvellous or very extraordinary

nary increaſe for that grain, which at preſent we conſider, more eſpecially; the *wheat*, I mean, which is, perhaps, as prolific, if not more ſo, than any other production of the ſame nature. An abundant proof of the wiſe and fatherly care of God; who hath made that, which is moſt uſeful to man, moſt abundant. An obſervation which by no means terminates in the object of our preſent reflection. We read, from unqueſtioned authority, of *three* and *four hundred* ears from *one ſeed* *. And truly, when we remark the prodigious quantity of ſeed, diſſeminated through every department of nature, we cannot wonder at this prodigious, though, to us, incomprehenſible liberality of the bounteous Creator's hand. How truly, — and, at the ſame time, how beautifully, is it ſaid, *He openeth his hand, and filleth all things living with plenteouſneſs!* — And how much ſhould this aſtoniſhing fertility in nature ſtimulate us to an increaſe in every good word and work! We ſee the mighty ruler of the univerſe, glorious in all his operations, contemns the niggard coldneſs of illiberal parſimony; and rejoices in the boundleſs profuſion of generous plenty! In whatever we are

* Two inſtances of this kind were ſeen at Rome in the days of Auguſtus and Nero. But they are trifling to what the author of "Nature diſplayed," tells us of the Maize, one grain of which he aſſures us will yield an increaſe of two thouſand.

are ſparing, let it not be in virtue: let us go on from grace to grace, from ſtrength to ſtrength, from excellence to excellence; adding continually to that treaſury, where every work of faith, and labour of love, is ſafely lodged,——and whence they ſhall hereafter be drawn, to our endleſs and unſpeakable felicity. For he who now travels along the road of this life, bearing his precious *ſeed* with him, ſhall *doubtleſs*, (we are informed) *ſhall doubtleſs come again with joy, and bring his ſheaves with him!*

There is another particular in the *wheat*, which muſt not be paſſed over, as it ſerves to diſplay the care of that *providence*, which the obſervant eye cannot fail to trace in the minuteſt inſtances; that is, its capability of enduring all the hardſhips, the froſts and ſeverities, the ſtorms and tempeſts, of the winter. As it is neceſſary to its maturity and perfection, that it be ſown early, and continue all the winter months in the ground; this certainly is a proof of a ſuperintending governor and director; ſince no other cauſe, than that of unerring wiſdom can be found adequate to ſuch an effect.—Obſerve we too, that though the grain appears above the earth, not long after it is ſown, yet it riſes to no great height, till the danger of the wintry blaſts is over; very ſlow and almoſt imperceptible is its increaſe, till the milder zephyrs breathe gently upon it, and only

wave

wave its yielding ſtems, not roughly level it with the plain, or tear it from the root. Indeed we are told, that the *froſt* and *ſnows* are peculiarly ſerviceable to the crop; ſo far from harming the tender grain, they ſerve to promote its fertility, to feed it with their *nutritive* particles, and to wrap it up, with their *white* and *vivifying* mantle.—But though ſlow in its increaſe, till the approach of ſummer, equally quick are its ſteps to maturation, when the time of harveſt advances: Inſomuch that it then ripens more in two or three days, than otherwiſe in two or three weeks.

Learn we from theſe particulars, not to be too much diſcouraged, if we perceive the growth of our graces, and our progreſs in holineſs to be ſlow and almoſt imperceptible. This may be a ſource of diſcontent to the ſoul, anxious to approve itſelf in the ſight of God; but is in reality no foundation for uneaſineſs and deſpondency. It is enough for us, if the true ſeed is ſown, if we are careful to perform our parts, and live under the influence of thoſe heavenly ſupplies, which alone can bring our graces to maturity and perfection; and which will undoubtedly bring them to perfection, if we wait, and patiently endure. *Endure* even the chilling ſtorms of affliction, and the howling blaſts of trial and trouble; which ſo far from harming our ſpiritual growth, ſhall rather

rather tend to promote and forward it. For afflictions are to virtue, what *froſt* and *ſnow* are to the grain; *profitable*, and, in ſome caſes, *neceſſary*. And when we have weathered out the winter, the nearer we approach to that great day of harveſt, on which the ſovereign huſbandman ſhall reap us into his garner, we may hope, that we ſhall *ripen* with greater celerity; ſhall haſten more and more to perfection, the more haſtily we ſpeed towards the place of univerſal reſt; and ſhall come, (to uſe the fine words of the ſacred writer) *to our grave, in a full age*, an age *full* of *years*, and full of *fruits*, *as a ſhock of corn cometh in in its ſeaſon*.—For

The ſoul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new lights, thro' chinks, that time has made;
Stronger by weakneſs, wiſer men become
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they *view,*
Who ſtand upon the threſhold of the new.

WALLER.

NUMBER XLIII.

Tunc omnia rebar
Conſilio firmata Dei.

CLAUDIAN.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,

I Believe that many ſerious and contemplative minds have been frequently embarraſs'd, in their reflections upon the hurtful animals of the creation. But I am thoroughly perſuaded, that all the difficulties which occur in ſuch ſpeculations, ariſe from the imperfection of our knowledge. We know very little of the ſyſtem around us: Whence it is no wonder that we are loſt and confounded, amidſt the various exhibitions of Almighty Power. Anatomiſts aſſure us, that there are, in the human ſtructure, many appearances, which are inexplicable. The uſes of that conſiderable organ, the *ſpleen*, are by no means ſatisfactorily aſcertained, even at this period. I have learnt, by incidental converſations with the *faculty*, that there are ſtill numberleſs doubts reſting upon the deſigns and ſecretions of the moſt important *Viſcera*. I am told that the *brain* is ſuch a complicated piece of divine workmanſhip

manſhip, as to puzzle the moſt curious and diligent enquirers into this ſtupendous fabric. If we are ſo poorly acquainted with *ourſelves*, how cautious and modeſt ought we to be in our ſtrictures upon ſubjects, which are of a more extrinſic and foreign nature?

But, with your permiſſion, I will endeavour to give an air of novelty to my further ſentiments, by cloathing them in the dreſs of a Fable, which, perhaps, may not be altogether unacceptable to the younger part of your readers.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant.

The folly of paſſing an haſty and derogatory judgment upon the noxious Animals of the Creation.

A FABLE.

The BEAU *and the* VIPER.

A Beau imported freſh from *France*,
Whoſe ſtudy was to dreſs and dance;
Who had betimes in *Gallia*'s ſchool,
Grafted the coxcomb on the fool;
Approach'd a Grove one ſummer's day,
To ſhade him from the ſcorching ray:
When ſtrait a Viper's folds were ſeen,
Sparkling with azure gold and green.
The Beau indignant, vain, and proud,
Repreſs'd his ſteps, and cry'd aloud:

Deteſted

Deteſted fiend! forego the light,
Avaunt, thou torture to my ſight;
To every reptile a diſgrace,
And fatal to the human race.
'Tis ſtrange philoſophers maintain,
Nature created nought in vain;
For what emoluments can ſpring
From the fell ſcorpions deadly ſting?
Or, what avail the viperine bands,
Marſhall'd on *Libya*'s burning ſands?
What ills ariſe, when locuſts reign,
Whoſe armies deſolate the plain?
Well may their legions ſcatter fear,
When famine follows in their rear!
What herds bewail the tyger's jaw?
What flocks the wolf's inſatiate maw?
How many feather'd tyrants ſhare
The ſpacious empire of the air?
Rivers deſtructive hoſts contain,
Devouring myriads crowd the main:
Thus when we view this nether ſphere,
Nor goodneſs nor deſign appear.
The Viper rais'd his angry creſt,
An honeſt warmth inſpir'd his breaſt:
His hiſſings ſtruck the fopling's ear,
And ſhook his daſtard ſoul with fear.
Inglorious wretch! the Viper cries,
How dare you broach infernal lies!
If ought's defective in the plan,
'Tis that ungrateful reptile, man.

Come,

Come, lay your haughty airs aſide,
For emptineſs ſuits ill with pride;
Science and worth diſclaim all part,
When levities engroſs the heart.
What, tho' in borrow'd gold you ſhine,
Pale is your gold, compar'd with mine:
Your veſtments boaſt a garter-blue,
My azure is my native hue:
You to your Taylor owe ſucceſs;
A Viper ſcorns fictitious dreſs.

You call me fatal to your race—
Was ever charge ſo falſe and baſe?
You can't in all your annals find,
Uninjur'd Vipers hurt mankind.
Uninjur'd men in miſchief deal,
We only bite the hoſtile heel.

Do not we yield our lives to feed *,
And ſave your vile diſtemper'd breed?
When leproſy pollutes your veins,
Do not we purge the loathſome ſtains?
When riot and exceſs prevail,
And health, and ſtrength, and ſpirits fail,
Doctors from us their aids derive,
Hence penitential Rakes revive;
We bleed to make the caitiffs dine,
Or drown to medicate their wine.

You aſk, my poiſon to what end?
Minute philoſopher, attend.

Nature

* Upon ſome occaſions Vipers are dreſſed and ſerved to table like eels.

Nature munificent and wiſe,
To all our wants adapts ſupplies.
Our frames are ſuited to our need,
Hence grey-hounds are endued with ſpeed.
But, ſceptick—doth not ſpeed imply
Or legs to run, or wings to fly?
Theſe are by birds and beaſts engroſt,
Speed cannot be the Viper's boaſt.
Lions by force their prey ſubdue,
From force their regal pow'r they drew:
But ſtrength, altho' the Lion's fame,
Was never known the Viper's claim:
Obſerve, when I unroll my length—
Say, is my ſtructure made for ſtrength?
My jaws are form'd by nature weak,
Hence poiſon lurks within my cheek:
As lightning, quick my fangs convey
This liquid to my wounded prey:
The venom thus inſures my bite,
For wounds preclude the victim's flight.
But whence this painful juice, you cry,
To make the wretched captive dye?
Why not poſſeſs'd of ſtronger jaws?
Or arm'd like ſavage brutes with claws?
Can ſuch weak arguments perſuade?
Aſk rather, why were Vipers made?
My frame compleat in every part,
Proclaims aloud my Maker's art.
I ne'er at birds, or beaſts repine,
Nor wiſh their different talents mine.

To

To me my poiſon's power and wealth;
To thankleſs man 'tis partial health.
In this benevolent deſign
My various organs all combine.
'Tis to the ſame important end,
That all my purple currents tend,
From ſtreams, which gave my venom birth,
My healing pow'rs derive their worth.
Thus by the ſame myſterious tide,
Health and deſtruction are ſupply'd.
Strike out the poiſon from my frame,
My ſyſtem were no more the ſame.
Were I deny'd the means to kill,
Wou'd not my prey elude my ſkill?
Death muſt await the viper's brood,
Precluded all returns of food.
Were our extinction to enſue,
Your ſpecies wou'd be ſufferers too.
For to our family and merit
Phyſicians owe their fees and credit.
  Now learn, 'tis arrogance in man
To cenſure what he cannot ſcan.
Nor dare to charge God's works, with ill,
Since Vipers kind deſigns fulfill:
But give injurious ſcruples o'er;
Be ſtill, be humble, and adore.

N.

The END *of* VOL. I.

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